

Bruises

Jet

Can't live inside of a dream
I can't live inside of a dream
I'm changing my mind next week
I'm changing my mind next week
Bruises up my arms and strange love
Who the hell am I?
I want to tell you everything
I can't make up my mind

Living inside of a dream
I'm living inside of a dream
And everything's nothing I need
This I don't believe
The bells of Birmingham are ringing
And who the hell am I?
I want to tell you everything
I can't make up my mind