

Roscoe, Roscoe  
Everything is beautiful to me lately  
Things are quite unreal to me now  
Sitting on a cloud up in my tree, lately  
But I guess you'll never know  
There's all these dreams we share, Roscoe

Roscoe, Roscoe  
Once upon a time I was a girl, maybe  
Brought into this world (Hey!), Roscoe  
Strip away the colors from the scene, baby  
I wanna think someday you'll know  
There's all these dreams we share, Roscoe

Hey, Roscoe  
I do wanna believe in you  
You made up your mind  
It's an easy thing to do  
But lately I see what you've turned into  
A locked up-self in a shallow bed  
On a journey with no exploring  
In your house, locked up in your house

Roscoe, Roscoe  
Everything is beautiful to me  
Things they seem unreal to me now  
There's an empty cloud up in my tree, lately  
And I hope someday you'll know  
There's all these dreams we share

Roscoe, I do wanna believe in you  
You made up your mind  
It's an easy thing to do  
But lately I see what you've turned into  
A locked up-self in a shallow bed  
On a journey with no exploring  
In your house, locked up in your house

Roscoe, I do wanna believe in you  
You made up your mind  
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In your house  
Locked up in your house