

Ode To Serotonin

Nightmare Of You

Suddenly spritely budding through the billows
The sun is bobbing heavenly against the trees
With bees buzzing
They're sucking nectar from a flower
And if we could have this hour for a lifetime
We'd smile blinkingly
Laughing till we're gagging violently
O soaring dove, I'm quite sure this is love!

I'm utterly depraved, let's do it on your terrace
And the rain will catch the notches on our backs
Exchanging spit through our sloppy kisses
Where the water tastes like perfumes of the docks
We're meant symmetrically!
And hand in hand we're strolling gorgeously
O soaring dove, I'm quite sure this is love...

O soaring dove, I'm quite sure that this could be love...