

Break The Bed

Odds

I live under a giant cloud
Well, it's my shield, and it's my shroud
At home on the range
But alone in a crowd
I plug my ears when it gets too loud
So get that kinky noise out on the stage
With your spinning curls in a purple rage
The sun in our eyes
And the burning sage
You're all alone, then you turn the page
Could it be? Yeah, it could be
Could it be that you're for me?
I'm looking right to your head
Talking to you seems to wake the dead
With what now you just said
I think we're gonna break the bed
Hands in the air and knees on the ground
Don't be surprised if I fall around
We were over the water
When the plane went down
It was over my head, and you let me drown
Could it be? Yeah, it could be
Could it be that you're for me?
I'm looking right to your head
Talking to you is gonna wake the dead
With what now you just said
I think we're gonna break the bed