

I Need A Home For My Hands And Head

Seabear

Sunday promises
I cannot wait till eight
and black is black
and white is white
you can't escape your troubled mind
she is climbing in the sea
she is swimming in the trees

and everyday is just the last time that I see you
and darling, I need a place to stay
does your pocket have any space?
send me into bed and under the sheets
and I heard somewhere that our lips want to meet
and I'll make you a coat out of rain
I made it with the hell in my veins
the words that I should have said
go in the back of my head
you can leave if you want
just leave your little hands with me

you don't need it and I don't want it
I don't need it and you don't want it
signed teenage love