

## Haunt // Bed

The 1975

I'm sorry that your dad's dead  
I hope you amend it  
I think I've lost a lot of my friends  
Through belief that I'm an instrument

Well fuck me if you must then  
Treat me like an old friend  
I can't exist within my own head  
So I insist on haunting your bed

If you could only hear what I said  
You'd see that

I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared

Spin car round push your head down down down  
Smashing to the ground with you  
There's been a piece of glass found and a terrible sound  
What if what they're saying is true?  
Oh I prefer it in you bed; television set

I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared  
I'm not scared