

You're All Around

The Felice Brothers

Coffee and eggs
Pale winter legs
Your skin on my skin
Blue wallpaper grin
Light a smoke as your head tosses
"Say your a good boy but you can't stay
Go on now don't count your loses
You might be really lost someday"

You're all around
You're all around
You're all around

Broke on lashes flat
Flat tire and an empty tank
Lungs full of blood and smoke
Trunk full of all the things I own
Walk down the road cut through the fields
Your voice caught in the reeds
My shirt caught in the reeds
Your perfume on breezes

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