

Wet Dreams

The Growlers

I haven't had the guts
No I haven't had the balls
To tell you all about
The thoughts I can't keep out

Don't want to fall asleep
I don't want to fall asleep
I've been running out of ways
To kill all of the sheep

She's been coming in my head
There's a devil in our bed
I cannot keep her concealed
And I can't shake that she ain't real

She tells me that you're dead
That you just picked up and left
And knowing that she lies
Doesn't dull her piercing eyes

When the moon has come and left
She's still fucking with my head
Dragging me into bed
And never letting me forget

She's always coming in my head
There's a devil in our bed
I cannot keep her concealed
And I can't shake that she ain't real

As my consciousness slips
I fall into her grip
We drink the devil's blood
Inducing psychedelic trips

She's got oceans in her hips
And linos in her tits
And when you're lying in my arms
She's still tugging on my dick

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It's not easy coming clean
But my urges can not wean
I used to fight and now I fiend

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