

Dead Stock Paradise

The Pillows

Sick for motorbike
I was daydreaming alone
Sick for motorbike
I don't know what to begin with
Sick for motorbike
The air of my room is foul
Sick for motorbike
I will do anything for drive

Let's go beyond my depth
You, too, are against me
Tell me frankly what your ideas on my paradise

Walk with long strides
I was daydreaming alone
Walk with long strides
But my soul was dry and stiff

Let's go beyond my depth
You, too, are against me
Tell me frankly what your ideas on my paradise

oh Look, something just flashed.