

Just Friends

Deer Tick

When you cry all night
Till you're creating a streaming that falls forever
It's made of dreams
That didn't come true
And I'm sorry, there's nothing more that I can do
When we get together
And take it from my fantasy and we'll re-act them
We'll work on you
Guess we lay motionless staring at the ceiling
With back turned up against the wall
But now I clearly see
Strained to the back of my skull and I'm shivering
All night long
And my skin is clear and you can see what I'm thinking
I'm thinking what I'm about
Oh, the things I've been dreaming, I've been dreaming about you
And only you
Turn the land into eight
And bury it in a parking lot and I'm constantly turned off
I look at the clock
And it's turning into hours and I got nothing to look forward to
'Cause I killed all the thoughts

Songwriters

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