Desire Lines

Lush

It's raining in this room
And it's so hot outside this room
I don't know no one here
I don't want to be here
In this roomWe hold parties in our sleep
We fill ourselves up in our sleep
And I'll heal you when you're ill
Though it's hard keeping still
In our sleepPries the hair out of her mouth
Whilst the circus is heading South
While we search in the sand
Don't ask them to understand
Why they cover up, up their hands
And their mouths

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