

# 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 room We 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 sleep Pries 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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