Poplar St

Glass Animals

When I was a boy I lived on Poplar St
Just a little child with plasters on my knees
Watching all the world from high up in the trees
I saw Mrs Moore sleep around with Mr KeatsI feel like a new man
Red flowers in my bed
Breathe straight through the crisp air
Dead flowers in the sandI am a true romantic
Free falling love addict
I am a true romantic
Free falling love addict, yeahMama always called that woman prosti-tits
For wearing lower cuts than most and red lipstick
One night Mrs Moore she made her eyes at me
Pulled me through her door and stuck her teeth in deep
I feel like a new man
Red flowers in my bed
Breathe straight through the crisp air
Dead flowers in the sandI am a true romantic
Free falling love addict
I am a true romantic
Free falling love addict, yeahAnd all your days are gone
Sitting on the floor
In your underwear
Begging me for moreAnd all your days are gone
Sitting on the floor
In my underwear
Begging you for more
I feel like a new man
Red flowers in my bed
Breathe straight through the crisp air
Dead flowers in the sandI am a true romantic
Free falling love addict
I am a true romantic
Free falling love addict, yeahJust another boy who lived on Poplar St
Tangled up in lust and her exotic needs
One night Mrs Moore she called collect to me
I don't love you anymore she said and ceased to be
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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