

Risingson

Sir Lord Baltimore

I seen you go down to a cold mirror
It was never clearer in my error
So you lick a shine upon your forehead or
Check it by the signs in the corridor
You light my ways through the club maze
We would struggle through the dub daze I sink myself in hair upon my lover
It's how you go down to the men's room sink
Sad we talk if how madmen think
I sink myself in hair upon my lover
I don't know her from another miss
I don't know you from another See me run now you're gone, dream on Why you want to take me to this party
and breathe
I'm dying to leave
Every time we grind you know we sever lines
Where have all those flowers gone
Long time passing
Why you keep it testing, keep on tasking
You keep on asking Toy-like people make me boy-like
Toy-like people make me boy-like
They're invisible, when the trip it flips
They get physical, way below my lips
And everything you got hoi-polo like
Now you're lost and you're lethal
And now's about atomic you gotta leave all These good people, dream on Nicer than the bird up in the tree top
Cheaper than the chip inside my lap top
All the variations you could do with me
Nicer than the girl up in your mind you're free
Automatic crystal remote control
We come to move your soul You kinda fade into the background
Like a better smoke'll bring you back round
Like a man slide inside you my dear
Your cheap beer's filled with crocodile tears See 'em run now you're gone, dream on Toy-like people make me
boy-like
Toy-like people make me boy-like I found a reason
I found a reason Dream on
Dream on
Dream on

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