

Sicamore Trees

Peanut Butter Lovesicle

Candid-queens, dry liquid dreams, white polka-dotted tenor screams
Desert desserts, celtic skirts, to laugh at Rome until it hurts
Lyn' in the mud is a face with a crutch, a crocodile eye and a little boy's hutch
I am the man, crashing through your dreams, a lightning bolt flyin' through the sky and the seams

What's more green than the Sicamore Trees that's why kid's smell fear
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What's more green than the Sicamore Trees, that's why kid's smell fear

Lyrics submitted by Jake.

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