Bedlam Friends

Pale Forest

I'm clinging to the red drapes
while listening to eaten tapes
The footsteps booming in my ear
every second a hundred yearsThe walls are tall and white
plenty of room to fly my kite
My skin is slick and yellow
I can see you little fellowLittle insect on my pillow
you may try to run away
But the birds up in the willow
will eat you up if you don't stayI have a little friend in you
and I know you like me too
Crawling beneath the yellow sheets
caressing me with all eight feet

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