Bikes

Lucy Rose

I fall asleep
In front of the TV
So I forget
What I'm thinking

But, oh, don't you wanna know?
Is it any easier?
Oh, don't you wanna know?
Is it fun to close your eyes?

We're going round and round, and up and down
Turning something inside out
You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly

We're going round and round, and up and down
Turning something inside out
You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly

The colours, they merge
They scream and shout

I wash my mind
Try and work things out
I think it's clear
But three days later, it's wrong

But, oh, don't you wanna know?
Is it any easier?
Oh, don't you wanna know?
Is it fun to close your eyes?

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Turning something inside out
You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly

We're going round and round, and up and down
Turning something inside out

You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly

The colours, they merge
They scream and shout

Listen up, listen here
Everybody scream out loud
Listen up, listen here
Everybody scream out loud
Listen up, listen here
Everybody scream out loud
Listen up, listen here
Everybody scream now

We're going round and round, and up and down
Turnin' something inside out
Round and round, and up and down
Turnin' something inside out
Round and round, and up and down
Turnin' something inside out
Round and round, and up and down
Turnin' something inside out

You're driving from the backseat
Holding on too tightly
We're going round and round
(Turnin' something inside out)
You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly
You're driving from the backseat
You're holding on too tightly

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