

# Bikes

## Rubblebucket

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?

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

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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