

Laura

Lush

Mirror maid, tummy ache
Make-up run
Lipstick girl, black stick curl
In the New York sun Inside out, you know about
My silly game
Even though you don't know
About my name Where I've been
What I dream
What I've seen Clumsy eyes realize
How to write the word
Basically, you sing for me
When I am hurt Stoned and blind, never mind
Luckie's song
Press the keys, I can be
Where you belong I'm a fan
Of your hand, ooh I'm in love
Cry above, ooh
And I'm a fan
Of your hand
Every man, ooh

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