

Beds

Linoleum

The room's spinning again
She can't seem to remember getting into this mess
Don't try and pick her face up off the floor
And all the while she waits for sleep
That never comes, she'll twist her feet
They tangle in the crumpled sheets
She's always in
He's tired of borrowed beds and feeling nothing
As living takes its toll upon his teeth
His kisses don't seem hungry any more
And all the while he waits for sleep
That never comes, he'll twist his feet
They tangle in the crumpled sheets
He stumbles in all shining eyed with laughter
She's never been that steady on her feet
They fall together blindly to the floor
And all the while he softly sleeps
She lies awake and listens to him breathing
Entangled in the crumpled sheets
They're always in
And all the while he softly sleeps
She lies awake and listens to him breathing
Entangled in the crumpled sheets

Songwriters

FINCH,CAROLINE ANNE/JONES,PAUL ANDREW/NICE,DAVE/TORNERO,EMMA
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