Bunny Rose

Braids

I don't really want to fall in love again
The laying of cold flowers offered by fate, your friend
(See) when your darling greets you with the tears streaming down their face
Getting on their knees, I miss you, well we all die anywaysSo what's the bad with being alone, while we're living?
Why the sorrow and the groan, of curling up with a stuffy?
That lives long after you do, named my bundles of cotton
Piggy Tishan and Bunny Rose
They wait for me to come home, home, home
To lie upon my throne, throne, throne
They wait for me to come home, home, home
To lie upon my throne, throne, throneI don't really want to give myself again
The act of being naked in front of a friend
(See) When their eyes digress from their softer pure place
Their smile taking form from the thirstiness, they so often hid awaySo what's the bad with being alone, while we're living?
I don't want to aimlessly throw, my love around like it's notheing
Maybe I could just have a dog, whose fur is soft like the sunshine
I'll name him Lion Leon Snow
He waits for me to come home, home, home
To fly upon my throne, throne, throne
They wait for me to come home, home, home
To lie upon my throne, throne, throne

Songwriters
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