

Dusty Beds

Fences

If I knew her doubt was at stake, between her legs
And fucking catch me leaving, 'cause life's that way
I'll stay in drowned, inside her mouth
She'll kiss me and she'll sniff me and she'll keep me around
Inside her purse, like a chorus and a verse
Neatly on some paper with a heart ? on down the words
Roll over and touch me, angel
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Roll over and touch me, angel
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Wooden beans and gritting teeth
A cheque is on the freezer can you sign it for me?
with no ideal, no self-esteem,
This place is a coffin and I'm ready to leave
I'm drying out, yes, in and out,
Can't make my fucking mind, I'd better figure it out
Roll over and touch me, angel
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Roll over and touch me, angel
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Roll over and touch me, angel
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Nothing ever happens (happens, happens)
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Nothing ever happens (happens, happens)
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
Nothing ever happens (nothing ever happens)
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds
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Nothing ever happens (nothing ever happens)
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds

Songwriters

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Published by
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