

# Bulimic Beats

## Catatonia

I thought we'd escape  
I packed a fishin' line and counted on it  
I thought we'd escape  
I packed a fishin' line and counted on it But dreamin' is for moon rise  
And moonlight ails these tired eyes  
I treat him like a lady  
I treat him as I would he unto me  
Give Rose, rose seller a run for her money  
With silicone and poetry  
But it's the end of me I thought it could change  
I'd wake up one mornin' and find nothin' to rearrange  
I couldn't get there  
Behind his wall of Sunday papers  
(I thought it could change)  
I'd wake up one mornin' and find nothin' to rearrange But dreamin' is for moon rise  
And moonlight ails these tired eyes  
I treat him like a lady  
I treat him as I would he unto me  
Give Rose, rose seller a run for her money  
With silicone and poetry  
And it's the end of me

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