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 itBut 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 meI 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 rearrangeBut 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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