

# Blow Up

## Kid Francescoli

Each night I wake up in heat  
How do you want me to find sleep?  
Your walk is my TV show  
I don't need more, I don't need blow

We don't cook and we don't fix  
Summer wine is all we need  
Seven glasses in a row  
We don't need more, we don't need blow

Rules of the game:  
To help you find the girl you aim  
She loves pain and she loves sugar  
She loves kisses, she loves hazard  
As Alice she takes a pill, as a ghost, she haunts the field  
In the steam her finger draws  
Something smiling, I do not know  
Tic tac, tic tac the end is near  
When winter comes, she disappears  
One means two, boy, don't miss the train  
You are warned, you're not to blame  
Red, yellow, blue, a dancing girl in front of you  
Another thing you cannot see  
Read the book and follow me

I'm in New York and I'm fine  
I've got your love and peace of mind  
Playing on my pillow drums  
And sleeping on your pillow butt

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Summer wine is all we need  
Seven glasses in a row  
We don't need more, we don't need blow  
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When winter comes, she disappears

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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