

Spitting Image

Freelance Whales

I watched you flare up from the ink
Nocturnal glances were surrounding
Our legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our hands get tied to our minds and
We keep on talking in our sleep
Caspian power moves within me
My circulation thermohaline
Our fingers swell up and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea
We all seem to have big plans
We all seem to have
Our legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea
We all seem to have big plans
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Songwriters

JACOB STUART HYMAN, KEVIN JOSEPH READ, CHARLES CRISS, JUDAH DADONE, NICOLE

MOURELATOS

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