

Bed Bugs

CocoRosie

The bed bugs sleep on the ledge
Above the canyon
They'd called us the restless river
That follows the scent of sublime hay
Their hand [?] had trance
Among the slippery rocks
Of sudden wood
Of sudden wood
We get one chance
Of abandoned force
Where soon we'll grow a frosty town
But I remember
The sparkle of roosters
I break apart the dark
We cuddled in white/whale silk
Of two wee sleeping rats
We felt
We felt

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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