

My girls a real smoke show
I'm barely keeping up
Does her face from her phone
On the north bound hackney bus
Skull crusher in the back seat
I make poison out of everything
Would it kill you to believe in me
I need a deprecating fantasy

She's turning round baby
With a screech and a yell
Said that dream wasn't real
But that's just not the way it feels in my head

In ten years we'll summer
At your fathers English home
We'll pick strawberries look at childhood photos
Our neighbors here are off a bit
Like they're all coming down from it
Throw your legs across my arms and hips
A fever dream, a sleeper hit

She's turning round baby
With a screech and a yell
Said that dream wasn't real
But that's just not the way it feels in my head
Don't know if I want it to end
Don't know what I want
I've only ever been inside of my head

You and I don't wanna die but we don't wanna suffer
You and I could never die but we don't wanna suffer

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