

My dreams are low, they're sick and must be addressed
They're young girl's dreams.

True some do it and shoot
Like the penny-lit stars
What I was just rude

Like the scary hairs on our singing hoof
Like the scary hairs on our singing hooves
They move

A family fool, but it's you,
I can swoon inside me
Then you'll accept my things

A coloured star, but I feel strong
Luck when bound lonely to Lars
When I'm empty headed

See 'n saw bounce me back to you'
Will you?
See 'n saw bounce me back to you'
Will you' Oh will you?

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