

8 Track

Dada

She pours like red wine
Into me
She crawls like green vine
Wraps around me endlessly

She floats above me
Without strings
She tries to love me
As she loves everything

I really believe she tries to love me
In the meantime
Baby's got an 8 track mind
She plays her records

In the sun
She's warping my mind
Likes to keep me on the run
She burns her candles

In my hand
She wants to know me
But doesn't want to understand
I really believe she wants to know me

In the meantime
Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
And I'm number 9