

Rocks

Dry Cleaning

No need for life story, no need for haircut
A blob for America
A blob
You confide in the wrong people every time

Feels bad
Rocks in my dreams
Use some bread to dip
I want you, your boots...
Rocks are in my dreams

I want to overwhelm you
But the sequins and gems are really scratching me
I kind of changed
Uh uh oh, for real
The wind is blowing the planes around

Rocks in my dreams
Rocks are in my dreams

Bloody big houses everywhere, split up into flats
And so many evil trees
And they belong to all of us
So many evil trees
I'm sick
Let's check Jean's Ouija board
Crying doesn't always mean someone's sad, laughter doesn't always mean...

Rocks in my dreams
Boat trip burnt my eyes
Why?
Rocks are in my dreams
Rocks