

Bugs

Emma Louise

Lay me down in the grass, let the bugs take my mind, build a home with my thoughts.
And they'll build me a house,
I don't mind if it's small all I need is a room with a roof and four walls.

And I know its not much, I don't have much.
Would you stay here? would you stay here?
And I know its not much, I don't have much
Would you stay here?
Would you stay here?
Would you stay here with just my love, with just my love?
With just my oh oh oh...

And we'll pack what we own, we won't leave much behind but a note and a few footprints on the road.
And our friends don't have to know,
Cause we want what we got and we need what we want in this box we call home.

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