

## Pillow

Fousheé

Parading through my room  
Marijuana conversations with self  
I know my ceiling so well  
The feelings that I can't tell  
I get lost  
Pillow so soft  
Alone with my thoughts it's pleasure  
I swear it's pleasure

Stay up to kiss the moon  
I lie awake express my thoughts to unwind  
I like the view just fine  
Moving on my own time  
I get lost  
Pillow so soft  
Alone with my thoughts it's pleasure  
I swear it's pleasure

Confined we'll find space  
Either way we are contained  
It goes deeper than these walls  
Couldn't make room for your flaws anyway  
You couldn't make me feel this safe

It feels like pleasure