

Hotel Bed

Geoffroy

Don't get out of bed yet
I'm just catching my breath, she says
You men all the same, quick to turn over the page
Don't rush out of bed yet
Don't make up your mind
For my time hasn't come yet

You build all my hopes up
Walking a fine line the way that you want it
Getting tired of waiting on you
Making sense of your clues
I'll be going going gone
Before you open your eyes

Eyes, eyes
Eyes, eyes

Being the mold doesn't fit you
Since nothing can shake you
As you're terrified of compromises too
Calm and far from spiteful
I just can't be tabled like this
Who am I if I wait around for you?

It's what I've been used to, with you
Guess I got used to the feel of a hotel bed

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Walking a fine line the way that you want it
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I'll be going going gone
Before you open your eyes

Eyes, eyes
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Eyes, eyes
Eyes, eyes