

Thymethymethyme

Ghostpoet

Maybe it's time
To find out where I really want to be
Maybe it's time
To step outside, I know you sick of me
Well darling we have tread this road a million times
And my feat can't take no more
Maybe it's time
Maybe it's time

Way past the minimum
Lampshade eyes are flickering
I'm like, out in the cold like bate snowglobes
But always do them told
And polka-dots seem to hypnotize
Then lie
Maybe they won't this time
I'll try
The sushi out, feeling a bit at a time
Leave less crumbs on the line

See you again soon
Straight sand dune
I had overweight dreams of the moon
But things kinda change when you don't come hither
Tick enough box, stand, deliver
Sitting on fence cos I can't lose pence
Won't do squat but you [?] rent
Lordland issues like Monopoly
All aboard down to the sea