

Kerosene Dreams

Låpsley

Peace loves the calm waters
I carry my words in my hands
Sleeping in your quarters
I bury my face in your plans

Feather bed bare is it fair now
I don't wanna take it to the court for me to lose

This is a free falling
Drop of a falcon in flight
Fog in the night forming
I can be whatever you want right

Featherweight fighter in the ring now
I don't wanna trip up on a wire too soon

Trees love the wet summer
I carry my heart in a bag
Covered in brown paper
If you put a lighter to that

Paper fine line
There's enough signs
I don't wanna talk about it
I don't wanna lose
Kerosene dreams
There's enough scenes
I don't wanna think about it
I don't wanna bruise

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