

Live at the Swamp

Peach Pit

Come to see that you could be just my type
Dumping your guts on the lawn as we're live at the swamp
Natalie's in psychedelic sideswipe
She's had a couple and coming up tears in her bloom
Charlie's off it too

Holding you is bettering me
And I know you won't say it
Wheeling out over the week
And I'd be down to waste it

Come to see that you and me have timed right
Hit by the blotter as I rip the water in two
Now you've got me folded up in hindsight
As if a day would go by without thinking of you

[?]

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