

Lightheaded

Pernice Brothers

Fuel for the workings of my troubled mind.
Thumbing "The Year in Pictures."
Don't recognize the times that it says are mine.

Who were you then, who are you to become?
A drink ring distorts the pages,
Helping the heads to swell and the colours to run.

And I feel so lightheaded.
I hooked my cart to a dying star.

Fuel for the workings of my troubled mind.
Thumbing "The Year in Pictures."
Don't recognize the times that it says are mine.

And I feel so lightheaded.
I hooked my cart to a dying star.
High gloss on a magazine.

Compatibility quiz goes alright.
A classy perfume insert ad breaks free
And smothers me with life.

And I feel so lightheaded.
I feel so lightheaded.
I feel so lightheaded.
I hooked my cart to a dying star.
High gloss on a magazine.
High gloss on a magazine.
High gloss on a magazine.