

# Talking

Stella Donnelly

We could open windows  
Fix the fridge light and replace the phone  
Maybe it will fix us  
If we spend our lives on country roads

Writing 'bout the weather  
In a playground we're not supposed to roam  
I scattered all the eggshells  
In the hallway for when you get home

I'm on your waterbed  
Wishing I was you  
I know you want me dead  
My talking's killing you

Calling out to no one  
Think we might need a professional  
This post code poppy playground  
While a ships off sheep out off the coast

I'm on your waterbed  
Wishing I was you  
I know you want me dead  
My talking killing you  
I'm on your waterbed  
Wishing I was you  
I know you want me dead  
My talking killing you  
I know you want me dead  
My talking killing you  
My talking killing you