

Haunt // Bed

The 1975

I'm sorry that your dad's dead
I hope you amend it
I think I've lost a lot of my friends
Through belief that I'm an instrument

Well fuck me if you must then
Treat me like an old friend
I can't exist within my own head
So I insist on haunting your bed

If you could only hear what I said
You'd see that

I'm not scared
I'm not scared
I'm not scared
I'm not scared
I'm not scared
I'm not scared

Spin car round push your head down down down
Smashing to the ground with you
There's been a piece of glass found and a terrible sound
What if what they're saying is true?
Oh I prefer it in you bed; television set

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