

Nightmares

Two Feet

Take all the photographs (photographs)
Plot your life out on a graph, X and Y, go
I fell in a pit of snakes (pit of snakes)
At twenty three, at twenty three

Boy, fuck, I'm high around you
They want me dry like Chardonnay
My dreams are in the spreadsheets
Don't test me now, I can't come back

All the grass was golden-green (golden-green)
The money controlling me, so, I must go

Boy, fuck, I'm high around you
They want me dry like Chardonnay
My dreams are in the spreadsheets
Don't test me now, I can't come back