

Earthcrosser

Veruca Salt

Sleep little flea,
little boy me. A freak.
Am I clean flea? I feel like men,
(flea, little flea, little boy)
I feel like boys, think I'm peeling.
And the ringing in my ears
from playing too loud.
I hear the ocean,
I hear the crowd.
Disconnected, I am unattached.
An unmade bed
makes me feel like a failure.
Bedroom eyes lead to blurry vision,
blurry vision.
And the ringing in my ears
from playing too loud.
I hear the ocean,
I hear the crowd.
Too pale, too sick, too scrawny
but I'll sleep here anyway.
And the sheets smell like bodies.
Not mine, not yours, not yours.
It's two a.m.
and it's quiet again.
Where's my lip gloss?
And the ringing in my ears
from playing too loud.
I hear the ocean,
I hear the crowd.
And the ringing in my ears
from playing too loud.
I hear the ocean,
I hear the crowd.
And the ringing in my ears
from playing too loud.
I hear the ocean,
I hear the crowd.