

I was living in a magazin
When you let your ladder down
Jingle in your jeans
There was glitter on the ground

Gloss of freon air
Bells were ringing out

Shined teeth
Grinding up the moon
Nice dream
Lying in your room

I know you're not looking for love
But are you still looking for me?
Can you tell when you've had enough?
When the light's out what do you see?

Shined teeth
Grinding up the moon
Nice dream
Lying in your room

Shined teeth
Grinding up the moon
Nice dream
Lying in your room