

## Spoonfull "Pillow"

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Head is on the pillow, pillow is on the bed  
The bed holds the man on which you're walking round  
the edge  
And hold my hand so I don't tumble down the side  
Like humpty-dumpty did  
Break my shallow, watch my heart  
hit the floor on some other shit

I like it when you wear your hair  
all wrapped up in a cloth  
I'm sure there's a proper term  
But i don't know what it's called  
you've always been more cultured than me  
I'll do the usual maneuver  
head back my over my feet until i look suitable

I know you hope or think or pray  
That one day I could pay for dinner  
With my own money  
But you'd be wrong, just like you always are

I used to dream that you and me  
could lose the keys and shoot the breeze  
For two to three hours without having to fly the coup  
and leave

stretch my arms out, knuckles up and palms down  
And flap my fucking wings to the rythm of every song  
out  
Until they finally break apart and from out that limo  
When i could put the feathers back into my pillow

c:  
It's been a long time  
You don't look a day over me  
You don't look a day over nineteen  
You don't look like a stranger to me  
(But, you know... who knows)

Head is on the ground, ground's above the sewers  
in Paris where all the pigeons fly to me like i'm america

put my hands up in the sky to tell 'em that i'm  
innocent  
either shoot me down or give me ground for what my  
sinners is

Yeah, I like it when you tell me I'm a criminal  
Say it loud so all the lady prison guards can hear it too  
put the gun back in the holsters and run  
tell all of 'em my that's just a god that sits under the  
sun  
and hits you right back when you feel like something  
was done  
To make it work but you'd be wrong again  
just like you always are

I probably shouldn't never turned around and waved  
goodbye again  
should've played the role of possum until i could die  
again  
hi again, it's me i taught you how to hate  
i taught you how to choke without taking food off your  
plate

You taught me if I toss the fish in line  
into the lake enough times  
something's gonna take the bait  
and look what happened

you get mad at me around the time i get mad at myself  
an the fact that my brain is scattered all around the me  
doesn't help  
I'm never crying over spilled beans find the dust pan  
and sweep it up,  
put into a grinder, brew and drink it up

it's kinda like coffee if you take the time to make it right  
drink too much too long and it could keep you wide  
awake at night

After way to many bottles thrown at the cobblestones  
i'm just gonna hobble home and tell you that i'm sorry  
too drunk to know the meaning but i know that it's true  
Especially when i could bald it up and throw it at you

It's been a long time  
You don't look a day over me  
You don't look a day over nineteen  
You don't look like a stranger to me  
But it's been a long time  
you don't look a day over me

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