

Trews, The

"Thru Me Cool"

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Shades blue, black or white, I walk in the room.
A dream like tulupe in a garden of gloom
Girls are jealous and boys are drawn
While she's leaving I'm already gone
A 100 Sigmond Freuds can't describe what I'm on
Like a kid who cries crazy when his mother is gone

I'm a sleepless soul awake
Cause I can't take my mind off her pretty face

She's so cool that she could walk right through me
I'd tell a lie but she would see right through me
Wish I could fly and make it up to her tree
She's so cool that she could walk right through me

When she plays her flute it sounds so sweet
The peasants bow down cause she's elite
She's the reason why poets write their song
A demented love story that's gone all wrong
I see her walking and loose control
A blues man singing without a soul

I'm asleep but so awake
Cause I can't take my mind off her pretty face

She's so cool that she could walk right through me
I'd tell a lie but she would see right through me
Wish I could fly and make it up to her tree
She's so cool that she could walk right through me

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