

Wombats, The

"Last Night I Dreamt"

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I'm a good friend and an excellent lover
I can fool myself just like no other person can
I'm turning into a twisted man

I haven't got time for any selfless deeds
What I do for you is indirectly for me
I'm a stubborn boy, there's nothing here that you can
break or destroy
Then as I count sheep in my bed
A train of worry pulls us through my head

Last night I dreamt I died alone
Through all my talk of self-defeat
A fearful bomb ticks underneath
Last night I dreamt I died alone
From now I'll curb the cynical speaking
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through
me

Someone once said I don't have any feelings
Well I think that emotions can be misleading
And thinking back
I might have nailed the coffin shut with that

As I tend to cry in a room full of laughter
Is the cheese finally sliding off of it's cracker?
I don't know I'll just prepare myself to let it go

Then as I count sheep in my bed
A train of worry pull through my head

Last night I dreamt I died alone
Through all my talk of self-defeat
A fearful bomb ticks underneath
Last night I dreamt I died alone
From now I'll curb the cynical speaking
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through
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Last night I dreamt I died alone
And apart from when I lost my virginity
I've never been known to frighten easily

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