

8stops7 "Bob Dylan"

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Bobby's in the basement making his movie,
He paints a little picture but not to be cheesy.
He wants this little girl to believe in him easy,
Bristles to the canvas imagining he feels high.

Inspiration of my heart search for light out of the dark.
All the pictures in my heart lie awake there in my fog.
This oasis in my arms I approach it with disarm.
Though it might do me some harm stop to catch me if I
fall.

Bobby's in the basement making his music,
He never won't stop though not to abuse it.
If there's some other way that they only would use it,
He lives another day but they always refuse it.
Lacerations of my heart.
Dropped down in pieces in the dark.
Mixed the words up on this page.
Makes the purple turn to beige.

Inspiration of my heart search for light out of the dark.
All the pictures in my heart lie awake there in my fog.
This oasis in my arms I approach it with disarm.
Though it might do me some harm stop to catch me if I
fall.

It's just like Bob Dylan says...

Stop depression of my own walk the only road I know.
If I am only dreamin' then I am not that far from it.
So the strength that grows from seeds worship
creativity.
If I am only dreamin' then me an' Bob are not that far
today.
So long as I'm young.

Bobby's in the basement making his music.
I search the beaches walk the sand.
I cut my feet on broken glass.
Strap the sandals on my feet.
I'm running down but I still hit the street.

Inspiration of my heart search for light out of the dark.
All the pictures in my heart lie awake there in my fog.
This oasis in my arms I approach it with disarm.
Though it might do me some harm stop to catch me if I
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Bobby's in the basement making his movie,
He paints a little picture but not to be cheesy.
He wants this little girl to believe in him easy,
Bristles to the canvas imagining he feels high.
High.
Inspiration of my heart.
Desperation of my heart.

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