

Crayons

"Belle Laide"

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Did your imagination get you down
Thoughts get lost in a sound
That makes you seem more like her
Romance dies at midnight
But love can last till closing time
Babe, belle laide where did you go
I miss you so
Can we be friends
Is this the end
Wait until you see this beautiful young girl
She's on your right stands on her tip toes
And she's all alone
Anything that's missing are the things I can't see
And does it really matter
She wont know
And does it really matter
Oh no, I didn't think so
The last romantic thought of mine died
As soon as I looked from your eyes
To those overly revealing, healing thighs
That choke me as I try to say hi
And gods pulling on my puppet strings
Always make me say the wrong things
Babe, belle laide
If only I knew the right words to win your heart
To win your
Maybe I wouldn't be falling apart
Just like I am right now
Does your imagination get you down
Voice that fills you full of doubt
Does your imagination get you down
Voice that comes and stares you down

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