

12 Rounds "Pleasant Smell"

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Lulu's in the back room
Screaming in her cell
I'd like to switch her off
But I don't feel so well

You could move closer
I think you have a pleasant smell
You could move in with me
Into my pretty hell

Dream on, dream on, come
Dream on, dream on

Oh yes, you're such a good boy
Bringing in my tea
Scratching at my blood
Shoots me with sympathy

Don't breathe on me
When you are full of alcohol
I just love it when you're down there
'Cause you look so small

Dream on, dream on, please
Dream on, dream on, come

Footsteps in my blood at night
Breathing in me strong, slipping in my rising
Keep me up, keep me awake
I wish that they'd be gone, so come on

Dream on, dream on, please
Dream on, dream on

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