

Blunt**"Headist / Into Another"**

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It starts feeling now
It still won't see it's his
It makes no inference of difference
Faint from lack of air
It makes a whistle with a twistle
But no one can hear
As long as I could
Didn't stay long
I had to go away to stay
So I'm happy here
Cause here is where the heart is
You and me
I know you think that too
Into another
Am I dead
Into another
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Listening to our tune
Am I dead
I can read your lips
With headphone and volume on
And in a clinical term I've heard it said
"Everything is beautiful, but nothing hurt"
Into another
Am I dead
Into another
You and me
You and me
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Sleep in Harlow's bedAm I dead

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