

Duh "Brick Catcher"

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Would you like to be inside
Would you like to know all the secrets
I know a place where you can hide
Would you like to know where the bricks are kept

Dreams born of mud
Shaped into clay
In my dreams
You always walk away

Dreams born of mud
Shaped into clay
The bricks that you throw
They always come my way

Would you like to come aboard
These new sheets are calling you
Would you like to be alone
Would you like to take me home

I catch the tricks inside my mouth
I catch 'em all between my teeth
It only hurts when I smile
They always fell out when I eat

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