

Cantatonia

"Bulimic Beats"

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I thought we'd escape
I packed a fishing-line and counted on it
I thought we'd escape
I packed a fishing-line and counted on it

But dreaming is for moonrise
And moonlight ails these tired eyes

I treat him like a lady
I treat him as I would he unto me
Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money
With silicone and poetry
But it's the end of me

I thought it could change
I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange
I couldn't get there
Behind his wall of Sunday papers
I thought it could change
I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange

But dreaming is for moonrise
And moonlight ails these tired eyes

I treat him like a lady
I treat him as I would he unto me
Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money
With silicone and poetry
And it's the end of me

And here I am
Here I am
Here I stand
Here in my kitchen where I'm familiar with every brand

Here I am
A front line of labels where I witness custard's last
stand

Here I am

