

Laura Story

"Parisian Dream"

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You're paintings scratch lines
Of blue and gold and open me up
Was folding into myself
A deck of cards
Face down empty on the shelf

Your song with emphasis on one and two
Then i couldn't keep time
You took me into a dream
An exploding soundtrack
The treasure's mine
But that treasure's mine

I was bent over my chest
An invisible line sinking
But then the light of the lamp
That i held in my blistered hands
You the fuel
And me the fool for not noticing

This chinese junk we're all
Strapping strong and casting lines
Let's fold here together
Clearly better slip out to the rocks

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