

Rem

"Motorcycle"

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Too much wine has crossed my mind
and closed the gates.
Shadows move all across my room
in waves of late.

I almost think this table is alive.

Chorus:

Black motorcycles.
Nothing could go further in the dark.
Circle and cycle.
Now it's going to change,
you say nothing stays the same.

Stay, I'm afraid.
I sleep all day.

A thousand hours are in your mouth.
I dreamed our learning and
now its time to dream our turning out.

Repeat chorus.

Mmmm hmmm...

This is on, it can't be wrong.

Repeat chorus.

Goodnight, sweet Michael.
Now you're going to change,
you say nothing stays the same.

Free and wild, an amazing child.
You'll be my end.

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