

Spiral Beach

"Casual T"

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Casual T by Spiral Beach

Untell all my fortunes, so I don't know what they will be.
If an accident happens,
Then I can die, laughing, looking into those high
beams.
Don't tell me what happens.

(Ohhh)
Ridin on a bicycle, lookin like a casual T.
But now I can see that,
The wheels keep spinning, and I'll be underneath.
Like it was Manhattan.

(Ohhh)
Ohh,
Accidents happen.
Why should you wait,
All of us sleep in the end.
Accidents happen.
Let's have one today,
All of us sleep in the end.

Flyin to the sun, I wanted you to follow me.
But now I see that,
The sun is made of butter, melted at my feet.
But I can't believe it.

(Ohhhh)
Ohh,
Accidents happen.
Why should you wait,
All of us sleep in the end.
Accidents happen.
Let's have one today,
All of us sleep in the end.
All of us sleep in the end.
All off us sleep in the

