

Tripod

"Bedhead"

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It's a crash of the egos
As temperature climbs
And the long, sunny people
Reveal the sidewalk pride
It's a chase to the seaworld
Eleven million times
And the brain just isn't fun
When the thoughts refuse to shine

It's time to wake up this dream
As mother shakes her bedhead
But I guess what I mean
This dream...

Some say it's good
Some say it's a dream
But not me

It's the slap of the domino
Yells forty-two
And Owen thinks he's got it
Til the sun bleaches him through
And the laughs, they all echo
Burning feet off flies
As he screams like an ant
Who's lifting up his eyes

It's time to wake up this dream
As father shakes his bedhead
But I guess what I mean
This dream...

Some say it's good
Some say it's a dream
But not me

It's time to wake up this dream
As everyone shakes their bedhead
But I guess what I mean
This dream...

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