

Eric Matthews

"The Pleasant Kind"

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Deep inside you, Eric will haunt you
Another music carpet ride
Solemn sheets we hide, the right peak
More love time but yet we know, our time will go
Our bones move slow

Something in you is always hurting
It's a quirky, yearning, bleeding, burning

We'd like to be locked up in a pen
Shop and peel out, all over this land
This promised land, land, land, land
We'd like to be locked up in a pen
Shop and peel out, all over this land
This promised land

And the summer never hurts you
Yours are the pleasant kind
All the elders reek a virtue
In sullen shattered minds

Deep inside you Eric will want you
Quiet beds we ride, it's the right peak
More love time but yet we know, this time will go
Our souls will flow

Into regions you never hurting
Unto reasons yearning, bleeding, burning

We'd like to be locked up in a pen
Shop and peel out, all over this land
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We'd like to be locked up in a pen
Shop and peel out, all over this land
This promised land

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