Gabriel Peter "Growing Up"

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folded in your fleshy purse
i am floating once again
while the muted sounds are pumping rhythm
all the walls close in on me
pressures building wave on wave
til the water breaks and outside i go, oh

one dot, thats on or off, defines what is and what is not, one dot two dot, a pair of eyes, a voice, a touch, complete surprise, two dot

growing up, growing up, looking for a place to live growing up, growing up looking for a place to live growing up, growing up, looking for a place to live

my ghost likes to travel so far in the unknown my ghost likes to travel so deep into your space

three dot, a trinity, a way to map the universe, three dot four dot, is what will make a square, a bed to build on, its all there, four dot

my ghost likes to travel so far in the unknown my ghost likes to travel so deep into your space

all the slow clouds pass us by
make the Empire State look high
as you take me in your sea-stained sweetness
it spills, it tingles and it stings
all the pleasure that it brings
til the door has let the outside inside here

well on the floor theres a long wooden table on the table theres an open book on the page theres a detailed drawing and on the drawing is the name i took

my ghost likes to travel so far in the unknown my ghost likes to travel so deep into your space

growing up, growing up, looking for a place to live growing up, growing up looking for a place to live growing up, growing up, looking for a place to live growing up, growing up, looking for a place to live

my ghost likes to travel
my ghost likes to travel
moving inside of your space
my ghost likes to travel
my ghost likes to travel
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moving inside of your space

the breathing stops, i dont know when in transition once again such a struggle getting through these changes and it all seems so absurd to be flying like a bird when i do not feel live really landed here

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