

Odds

"Break The Bed"

Visit "[Break The Bed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I live under a giant cloud
Well it's my shield, and it's my shroud
At home on the range, but alone in the crowd
I plug my ears when it gets too loud, yah
So get that kinky noise out on the stage
With your spinnin curls in a purple rage
The sun in our eyes, and a burning sage
You're all alone then you turn the page
Could it be? Yah it could be
Could it be? That you're for me, yah
I'm lookin right to your head
And talkin to you seems to wake the dead
But right now you just said
I think we're gonna break the bed
Hands in the air and knees on the ground
Don't be surprised if I fall around
We were over the water, when the plane went went
I was over my head and you let me drown
Could it be? Yah it could be
Could it be? That you're for me, yah
I'm lookin right to your head
And talkin to you seems to wake the dead
But right now you just said
I think we're gonna break the bed
I'm lookin right to your head
And talkin to you seems to wake the dead
But right now you just said
I think we're gonna break the bed
I think we're gonna break the bed

Visit [Odds](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.