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Beef Supreme ''Flora''

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[Verse 1] You keep bleeding through the fresher paint Foggy like the halo on a saint You can't be in my dreams anymore You can't walk right in through the front door

[Verse 2] Of course you'd find me, where else would I be? Thought you'd find your way back eventually Standing, sipping coffee by the sink Give yourself confusion, time to think

[Verse 3] You keep bleeding through the fresher paint Lost, well, I can tell you where you ain't You can't be in my dreams anymore You can't walk right in through the front door

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