

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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