

Patrick Watson

"Sleeping Beauty"

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She hangs beneath the sky
Her eyes pass the sea

She talks and explodes
Broken peace
In this beautiful sheet

He chews her back to the crowd to the cold
Starting if you fall
Seeing this secret beauty

He spews her around to the floor
And opens up the door
To the plastic music

Thinking of sleeping beauty chained
To her dress, and to her braid
Thinking of sleeping beauty chained
To her dress and to beauty

She's my sleeping beauty

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