

## Ike Reilly

### "Crave"

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There you are now hangin up in the trees  
Under the moon with your bloodied-up knees  
Smile at the dead as you float on the breeze  
And you never bartered with angels  
The souls are all happy  
And you seem to mean less  
For a second youre beautiful  
For a second youre beautiful  
And your hair is a wonderful mess

Crave me  
Tell your friends how you crave me

Tell the dead how you crave me  
Tell the dead how you needed me

I wanna be the one that you crave  
And then I wanna chase you  
Down past the millwork's lawn  
Into a children's song

Crave me  
Tell your friends how you crave me  
Tell the dead how you crave me  
Tell the dead how you needed me  
How you needed me  
How you needed me  
How you needed me

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