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Anima "The Purple Bottle"

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I've gotta big big big big heart beat, yeah I think you are the sweetest thing I wear a coat of feelings and they are loud I've been having good days Think we are the right age To start our own peculiar ways With good and friendly homes You get me freaked freaked freaked on preakness Never met a girl that likes to drink with horses Knows her Chinese ballet Must admit you smell like fruity nuts and good grains When you show my purple gaze A thing or two at night Make me sick sick sick to kiss you and I think that I woud vomit But I'll do that on mondays I don't have a work way I like it when I bump you an accident's a truth gate I'm humbled in your pretty lense I'll hold you don't you go Sometimes you're quiet and sometimes I'm quiet. Hallelujah! Sometimes I'm talkative and sometimes you're not talkative, I know... Well I'd like to spread your perfume around the old apartment Could we live together and agree on the same wares? A trapeze is a bird cage even if it's empty and definitely fits the room And we would too

And my dear dear dear khalana I talk too much about you Their ears are getting tired of me singing all the night through Lets just talk together You and me and me and you And if there's nothing much to say Well, silence is a bore

I've gotta big big big big heart beat, yeah I think you are the sweetest thing I wear a coat of feelings and they are loud I've been having good days Think we are the right age To start our own peculiar ways With good and friendly homes

Sometimes you're quiet, and sometimes I'm quiet, hallelujah Sometimes I'm talkative, and sometimes you're not talkative, I know... Sometimes you hear me when others they can't hear me. Hallelujah! Sometimes I'm naked and thank god sometimes you're naked. Well, hello...

Can I tell you that you are the purple in me? Can I call you just to hear you, would you care? When I saw you put your purple finger on me There's a feelin' in your bottle Found your bottle, found your heart Gives a feeling from your bottled little part

Gotta crush, high Thought I crushed all I could Crushed all I can then I touched your hand Crush high Don't want it to stop 'Cause stories of your brother make my crush high pop And you couldn't really know, cause it's in my toes And sometimes I wonder where that crush high go Crush high then I go and take some pills Cause I can't do all of my dos and still feel ill

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