

## The Odds

### "Break The Bed"

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I live under a giant cloud  
Well its my shield, and its my shroud  
At home on the range, but alone in the crowd  
I plug my ears when it gets too loud, yah

So get that kinky noise out on the stage  
With your spinnin curls in a purple rage  
The sun in our eyes, and a burning sage  
Youre all alone then you turn the page

Could it be? Yah it could be  
Could it be? That youre for me, yah  
Im lookin right to your head  
And talkin to you seems to wake the dead  
But right now you just said  
I think were gonna break the bed

Hands in the air and knees on the ground  
Dont be suprised if I fall around  
We were over the water, when the plane went went  
I was over my head and you let me drown

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Could it be? That youre for me, yah  
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