

## Break The Bed

Odds

I live under a giant cloud  
Well, it's my shield, and it's my shroud  
At home on the range  
But alone in a crowd  
I plug my ears when it gets too loud  
So get that kinky noise out on the stage  
With your spinning curls in a purple rage  
The sun in our eyes  
And the burning sage  
You're all alone, then you turn the page  
Could it be? Yeah, it could be  
Could it be that you're for me?  
I'm looking right to your head  
Talking to you seems to wake the dead  
With what now you just said  
I think we're gonna break the bed  
Hands in the air and knees on the ground  
Don't be surprised if I fall around  
We were over the water  
When the plane went down  
It was over my head, and you let me drown  
Could it be? Yeah, it could be  
Could it be that you're for me?  
I'm looking right to your head  
Talking to you is gonna wake the dead  
With what now you just said  
I think we're gonna break the bed