

## Wet Dreams

### The Growlers

I haven't had the guts  
No I haven't had the balls  
To tell you all about  
The thoughts I can't keep out

Don't want to fall asleep  
I don't want to fall asleep  
I've been running out of ways  
To kill all of the sheep

She's been coming in my head  
There's a devil in our bed  
I cannot keep her concealed  
And I can't shake that she ain't real

She tells me that you're dead  
That you just picked up and left  
And knowing that she lies  
Doesn't dull her piercing eyes

When the moon has come and left  
She's still fucking with my head  
Dragging me into bed  
And never letting me forget

She's always coming in my head  
There's a devil in our bed  
I cannot keep her concealed  
And I can't shake that she ain't real

As my consciousness slips  
I fall into her grip  
We drink the devil's blood  
Inducing psychedelic trips

She's got oceans in her hips  
And linos in her tits  
And when you're lying in my arms  
She's still tugging on my dick

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It's not easy coming clean  
But my urges can not wean  
I used to fight and now I fiend

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