

Live In Dreams

Wild Nothing

Sitting on the cigarette butt front porch
I could ask you "are you dead like me?"
Call me what you will, but call me again
It's true I don't talk too much

Because our lips won't last forever
And that's exactly why
I'd rather live in dreams and I'd rather die
Because our lips won't last forever
And that's exactly why
I'd rather live in dreams and I'd rather die

Pretty face could you make the jump with me?
I'm dying just to let things go
Do you remember the lightening storm?
It was the first time that I really felt you

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We've got eyes on the back of our heads
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