

# Lucy Rose, Bikes

I fall asleep  
In front of the TV  
I forget  
What I'm thinking  
So don't you wanna know  
Is it any easier  
So don't you wanna know  
Is it fine to close your eyes

We're going round and round  
And up and down  
Turning something inside out  
We driving from the backseat  
Holding on too tightly  
We're going round and round  
And up and down  
Turning something inside out  
We driving from the backseat  
Holding on too tightly  
The colours they merge they scream and shout

Watch my mind  
Try and work things out  
I think it's clear  
Three days later it's wrong  
So don't you wanna know  
Is it any easier  
So don't you wanna know  
Is it fine to close your eyes

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The colours they merge they scream and shout

Listen up, listen here  
Everybody scream out loud  
Listen up, listen here  
Everybody scream out loud  
Listen up, listen here  
Everybody scream out loud  
Listen up, listen here  
Everybody scream now

We're going round and round  
And up and down  
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Holding on too tightly  
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Holding on too tightly  
The colours they merge they scream and shout