

# I Need A Home For My Hands And Head

Seabear

Sunday promises  
I cannot wait till eight  
and black is black  
and white is white  
you can't escape your troubled mind  
she is climbing in the sea  
she is swimming in the trees

and everyday is just the last time that I see you  
and darling, I need a place to stay  
does your pocket have any space?  
send me into bed and under the sheets  
and I heard somewhere that our lips want to meet  
and I'll make you a coat out of rain  
I made it with the hell in my veins  
the words that I should have said  
go in the back of my head  
you can leave if you want  
just leave your little hands with me

you don't need it and I don't want it  
I don't need it and you don't want it  
signed teenage love