

Transmission

The Getaway Plan

We, we could fall off the earth
Between the sheets I know

I'm having trouble sleeping
Been counting sheep
I think I'll miss your supple heart the most

Feel free
To push me first
How else am I supposed to know?

And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe

But your lips, they feel...

And we, we could fall to the floor
Between your thighs I know
This lifestyle has been sleeping
Been counting hours
Until the clouds become thick smoke

Let's just fall... [x3]

And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe

And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe