

Lyrics by Tim Fox
Music by The Sticking Straight Ups

I'm Gonna

I don't want to hit the mattress yet
Wanna go outside and find a hole in the sky
Wanna lay you down on the farthest mountain side
So far out the times will never find us

What I'm trying to say-- what I mean
What I'm really trying to say

I can't keep seducing dementia
The blues as the here we go again
I want a bed that has more life than any table
I want blood and bone and mind reconciled

What I'm trying to say-- what I mean
What I'm really trying to say

We're gonna climb up this town's mountain
Gather breath and reclaim kindness
And if we're ever coming down
We're gonna be storming down
We're gonna eat this choke of a city
It's fallen thumbs and buildings
We're gonna find ourselves a mattress
And we're gonna believe in it

What I'm trying to say-- what I mean
What I'm really trying to say

I don't want to find the mattress yet
I want mystery before expecting it
I want all our living hurried up
I want the speed of sound while sitting
I want the build up of a journey
I want the mountain deep inside us
I want the sky to break above us
I want to find the perfect mattress
Shoulder breath and tenderness
The perfect fit