

# Apocalypse – Cigarettes after sex

You leapt from crumbling bridges watching Cityscapes  
turn to dust

Filming helicopters crashing In the ocean from way above

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

You've been locked in here forever And you just can't say  
goodbye

Kisses on the foreheads of the lovers wrapped In your arms

You've been hiding them in hollowed out pianos left in the  
dark

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

You've been locked in here forever And you just can't say  
goodbye

Your lips, my lips

Apocalypse

Your lips, my lips

Apocalypse

Go and sneak us through the rivers

Flood is rising up on your knees

Oh, please

Come out and haunt me, I know you want me

Come out and haunt me

Sharing all your secrets with each other Since you were  
kids

Sleeping soundly with the Locket that she gave you

Clutched in your fist

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

Got the music in you baby, tell me why

You've been locked in here forever And you just can't say  
goodbye

You've been locked in here forever And you just can't say  
goodbye

Oh, when you're all alone

I will reach for you

When you're feeling low  
I will be there too

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych