

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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych