

Little Bubble

Dirty Projectors

Morning
About the break of day
Here we lay, arm in arm
And cradled by the dawn
How did you sleep?
What did you dream of?
Can you still remember our world in the key of love?
The amount of light that we both know
All the shadow descending from above

We had our own little bubble
For a while
We had our own little bubble
For a while

Morning
There's no one else here
I'm alone in the cold
October light hits like a black hole
Growling greatness
Century of emptiness
It's not enough, whatever I dreamed of
Dreams are dumb and meaningless
Like the days they refract
Blood and dull, empty and sad
I wanna sleep with no dreams
I want to be dead

We had our own little bubble
For a while
We had our own little bubble
For a while

We didn't know one way or other
For a while
We had our own little bubble
For a while