

## Milan

## High Highs

I know you're gonna leave me  
I know  
You're gonna find the door  
And fly to Milan, with the wind  
I'm coming back to earth, back to earth

I know you're gonna leave me  
I know  
Whatever way the wind blows  
Tied up with twine, we fell in the sea  
We will never be, never be

And you know they won't believe you at all  
Won't you take me home  
Won't you take me home

You know they won't believe you at all  
And the summer ends  
We're spinning in