

## Hours

Lemuria

We don't kiss, we just lay there  
I got your nose in my hair  
Hands on my hips and you're wondering:  
Am i ticklish  
Yes i'm ticklish everywhere you touched  
It's morning the alarm screams  
You have to go soon, you have to get out of bed  
It's cold when you move  
This is torture, it's fucking horrible  
You don't want to leave