

Interlude

London Grammar

Grey stares beneath the moon
Tonight I'll be dreaming of you
People and rhythm instead
And there you'll be
There you'll be inside my head

Hmmm, I will dream of you
Hmmm, you'll dream of me too
Hmmm, your hands, they're on my face
Hmmm, there would be no better place

Some miracle man must have shot me
While I wake. I never ran fast enough
Oh my mistakes
Would you really want me
In the light of day, that very same man
Shot flaws right through my face

Hmmm, I will dream of you
Hmmm, you'll dream of me too
Hmmm, your arms curled round my waist
Hmmm, there would be no better place

Could you have your arms around my
Could you have your arms around my