

Notes From The Underground

Sarah Slean

Notes from the underground
Where the mice must write our lives down.
In the night, I hear you calling out to say
It's all right, love, you're in good hands

Tears on a borrowed bed
'Tween walls that are painted somebody else's red.
If you hear me cry out, calling out to say
It's all right love, you're in good hands

Still out on the roof
Howling at the moon
Exiles
Another exile in the kingdom
Still out on the roof
All I need is you
Exiles
Oh, we are exiles
We two.

Love with the love they hide.
Dream with the dream the cast aside.
Oh the truth will form and fall apart again.
It's all right love, you're in good hands.

Still out on the roof
Howling at the moon
Exiles
Another exile in the kingdom
Still out on the roof
All I need is you
Exiles
Oh, we are exiles
We two.

They don't trust the likes of you and I
They kick our verses aside
But we know the road is wide, that's why

Still out on the roof
Howling on the moon
Exiles
Another exile in the kingdom
Still out on the roof
I'm a dreamer too
Exiles
We are exiles
We two