

Asleep

Wild Nothing

Tell me why you burn and then
I've got to make it real again
At least as real as it
Can be these days
Oh is it a blast until you're gone
The cat's on the doorstep
We were planting flowers in your lawn

But it's too long
It's too long
Nothing is wrong
Nothing is wrong

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I've got to make it real again
At least as real as it
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Oh is it a blast until you're gone
The cat's on the doorstep
We were planting flowers in your lawn

But it's too long
It's too long
Nothing is wrong

The thick smoke of the street in the middle of the night
And I'll climb up to heaven
And peer through your window
Take the curtains out from your bedroom
And wrap myself up in them til I fall asleep