

From A Closet In Norway (Oslo Blues)

You+Me

I would rather be any place but here
Spin the bottle or roll the dice, my dear
'Cause I can't care, I can't seem to break my fall
It seems I would rather be any place at all

So if the world is round now, why can't we have everything?
'Cause the highs are so high, these lows are killing me, killin
g me, killing me

I remember when wind would make me cry
I remember when wasn't afraid to die
I wish I'd never, never fallen in love
So take this soul I sold, I'm going back in time

So if the world is round now, why can't we have everything?
'Cause the highs are so high, these lows are killing me, killin
g me, oh, they're killing me

Seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live
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