

Counting Stars on the Ceiling

Stars

Les soleils couchants
Rev^atent les champs
Les canaux, la ville enti^{re}
D'hyacinthe et d'or
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumi^{re}
L^Ã , tout n'est qu'ordre et beaut[©]
Luxe, calme et volupt[©]Took a taxi with Jean last night
It was late and it was raining
We live far away from each other
And there was no desire
I think it was more the dark night
Or some lonely feelingWhen we got home, we were alone
We fell in love with that feeling
When we got home, we were alone
We fell in love with that feelingRain since Tuesday
Barely found my way to the shop
For the milk in the morning
And the news of the world had turned around
Then I heard you calling
Saw you turn the darkened corner
Then you were goneWhen I got home, I was alone
I fell in love with that feeling
When I got home, I was alone
And I counted stars on the ceilingWhen I got home, I was alone
And I fell in love with that feeling
When I got home, I was alone
And I counted stars on the ceiling
I fell in love with that feelingWhen I got home, I was alone
I counted stars on the ceiling
I fell in love with that feeling
I fell in love with that feeling

Songwriters

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