

Black Mass

Creeper

Now Madeline, your friends don't understand the thing we have,
You sit up nightly on the bed.
Leave the tv in the corner on,
Sometimes you don't quite know what's going on.
Your mother swears it's in your head. I sit outside your house, waiting. So can I come over?
I know I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have.
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
of all the boys. Let me tell you now, Madeline, when you were young did you think we would wed?
I always did but never said.
In the summer, in your favourite dress when all your first loves left you such a mess, I'd come on over none the
less. I sit outside your house, waiting. So can I come over?
I know I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have.
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
of all the boys. Darling I see you with those open sleeping eyes.
In the night time under moonlight, under sweeping starless skies So can I come over?
I know I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have.
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
of all the boys.

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