Blackhole

N.LN

Windy, windy
Looking for a better home
Gotta be, gotta be
Running out of light bulbs
Crowded, crowded
Open to a waste can
Yellow car, yellow car
Better be inside thereWake up, wake up
Nothing's gonna harm you
Glass wall, glass wall
Standing on the furniture
Little boy, little boy
Laying on a sleeping bag
Watching, watching
Through the cracks of his eyelidsStranger, stranger
Feeling like a broken stone
Lost him, lost him
Standing on the orange chairs
Alphabet, alphabet
Can't afford a telephone
Black hole, black hole
Nothing's gonna harm you

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