
Klimt 1918

There's a city, on the top of the mountains
I used to go there as a child
And there's a forgotten forest there
Full of those drunken trees
They look like they're falling apart you know
Just like the people there, those fools
Oh no, don't get me wrong it's, it's a wonderful place
I'm actually headed towards the mountains right now
My train should arrive any minute now
You can follow me if you want
I mean if you have time

Birds are leaving over here

I saw them sail away
They looked just like saints
Little one

I heard myself whisper your name
I was asleep in a dream
Then you woke me up
Little sun

The way you look at me now
These lights that used to shine
I've been blowing them out
Little one

Well I remember those few nights
When the sky it stared right back at us
Felt so small standing next to you
Little moon

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written by Siċ½DERBERG, KLARA MARIA/Siċ½DERBERG, JOHANNA KAJSA
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