Annie (Oh Muse, You)

Austra

Too dark to see in there Fools took you in: beware! Your armour in the air You got hooked now: I'll be damned! Keep notes with a photograph I walk with peace and darkness Instead of rolling over Aching, you stay below HereGo on, Get off The groundI would win if I reeled it in The land, calm reasoning How luck can be so grim You need a lift, my friend! Now, look me in the eyes Swimming backwards, feet denied Almost home, then I lose it all

HereGet off
The groundOh muse, you - you're there

I think you know that I belong

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