

White Lips Kissed

Mew

Wake me up
Only nightmares take me in
Through these walls the winter bites
A draft from all sides Why did you not include me
On your list?
Let me in through the ceiling
White lips kissed Our love is a fickle love
Keeps itself locked in a suitcase
To be ready to go
Always I won't cry
When the silver lining shows
But you're right you understand
You ride with both hands Worryin' is the
Breathin' that you need
So there won't be far to fall
You mustn't climb tall Things that are
Supposed to mean lots
Leave you cold
And with a malady of the soul Our love is a tricky love
Bet you know this
Bet you noticed
Bet you know, which is why I should know better than
Anyone ever could
Soon as I let go
Everything falls apart I won't cry
When the silver lining shows
But you're right you understand
You ride with both hands Worryin' is the
Breathin' that you need
So there won't be far to fall
You mustn't climb tall Wake me up
Only nightmares take me in
Through these walls the winter bites
A draft from all sides Of course you can
There are diamonds in demand
It's a shame and as you know
The stain will not go

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