Sylvia

Jan Akkerman

Sylvia is missing
Dark stars tattooed across her face
Tiny bruises black and blue
The dedication on her arm
Reads "Love and hate", yeah, yeah
Passing through the underground
Sylvia is coming down
The queen has lost her crown today
She wants to fall into a deep, deep sleep
So she can forget herself
She wants to fall into a deep, deep sleep
So she can forget herself
Run away to London
Lipstick tainted powered painted
Perfume in her hair
Run away to London
A thousand cold caresses
Couldn't keep her there, yeah, yeah
The fingerprints of strangers
On the ugly bedroom floor
Reveal the only traces of what Sylvia is for
She wants to fall into a deep, deep sleep
So she can forget herself
She wants to fall into a deep, deep sleep
So she can forget her self
Passing through the underground
Sylvia is coming down
The queen has lost her crown today
She wants to fall into a deep, deep sleep
So she can forget herself
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