

Looking Glass Sea

Erasure

(a. bell / v. clarke) Sweetheart, say you love me,
I'll fly you too the moon.
The choir of stars above me,
Will sing out a heavenly tune.
A rythm divine if you're so enclined,
The perfect melody. We'll go down to the water,
And sail on a looking glass sea. Sweetheart, be my honey.
Lily a la lune.
The fire flies above me,
A will of the whisp, a lovely perfume.
A vision in white, a flame in the night,
In perfect harmony. We'll go down to the water,
And sail on a looking glass sea. Throw out the rope and cast a drift,
See where the midnight hour takes us.
Be the captain of my ship,
And hoist the anchor with a kiss. Sweetheart, say you love me,
I'll fly you too the moon.
The choir of stars above me,
Will sing out a heavenly tune.
A rythm divine if you're so enclined,
The perfect melody. We'll go down to the water,
Down to the water, and sail on a looking glass sea.

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