

Patterns of Fairytales

The National

Tonight there isn't any light under your door
I guess you must be somewhere breathing
Where skin and everything still know what they are for
And blood remembers where to go I fell in love with you, no matter what you say
But you were right about the reasons
To turn a magdeline into the month of May
I shoulda known the magdeline was me So I'm turning on the stereo
And I'm lining up the names
On the mixes I made before you And I'm turning into fairytales
With glitter and some glue
Everything we ever planned to ever do Tonight there isn't any light under your door
I guess you must be somewhere breathing
In patterns unfamiliar to the one you're underneath
I pinned those patterns in my coat So I'm turning on the stereo
I'm turning into fairytales
Yes, I'm turning on the stereo
I'm turning into you

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