

Best Night

The War on Drugs

I've been wandering by your room
and nothing's coming out
like a spirit through the wind I keep flying
in a dream you point a [knife]
in another dream you die
it's just a dream that we had won to make [down in the night] I believe that i've been cursed
been drowned and reimbursed
Got the feeling I can't move without sliding
I'm a thousand miles behind, with a million more to climb
So it's you I hope survives without fighting Been a soldier from the start
Been released and torn apart
Then inside the only storm, that's been raging
It's a dream so hold a knife
In another dream we'll die
It's just a dream, you won't get lost
Just get down.... in the night

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