

From a Closet in Norway (Oslo Blues)

You+Me

I would rather be any place but here
Spin the bottle or roll the dice, my dear
'Cause I can't care, I can't seem to break my fall
It seems I would rather be any place at all
So if the world is round now, why
Can't we have everything?
'Cause the highs are so high
These lows are killing me
Killing me
Hmm, killing me
I remember when wind would make me cry
And I remember when wasn't afraid to die
I wish I'd never and, never fallen in lie
So take this soul I sold, I'm going back in time
So if the world is round now, why
Can't we have everything?
'Cause the highs are so high
These lows are killing me
Killing me
Oh they're killing me
Seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live
It seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live, oh
Seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live
It seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live

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