She Wants

Metronomy

She sleeps her soul
So soft and trim
Arranging papers
Around the bed
And if she's dreaming deep tonight
I lie with her by reading light
A glass of water by her side
I'm gone in hopes of getting tiredI call her shots
'Til you wake up
Count every second
On every clock
It's getting late
Yeah that I know
The hours come
The hours goThen twitching lips
And twitching arms
And there you're lying
Your make up on them
Oh, girl if you're dreaming deep tonight
I'll lie with you by reading light
A glass of water by your side
I'm gone in hopes of getting tiredI call her shots
'Til you wake up
Count every second
On every clock
It's getting late
Yeah that I know
The hours comeThe hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come

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