

Louisiana

Underworld

I feel asleep last night
On a roundabout A cloud of wings
From the glass around you
Light reflects
The sun on your skin When you touch me
Bullets in conversation
On a crowded train
Quietly violent When you touch me
Planets in sweet collision
Quietly violent I fell asleep last night
On the underground The air there breaks
With the light around you
The darkness breaks
Whenever you walk in When you touch me
Planets in sweet collision
When you touch me
Bullets in conversation
Quietly violent
Quietly violent

Songwriters

RICHARD DAVID SMITH, KARL HYDE Published by
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