

Faker

Miike Snow

 Last call for everything
 A pool of Emmalines delirious
 She lingers like a chain
 It's more than grave but not too serious
 Send in your reverie to me faker
 Into the mouth of green morning, faker
 I am so wide awake
 The wind is moving blossoms through the door
 It's more than I can take
 But half as much as what it was before
 Send in your reverie to me faker
 Into the mouth of green morning, faker

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