

The Magic Hour

[Kimbra](#)

I had a plan, was all made up
an angel was sent, for keeping all troubles away.
'Cause lady and I, we could not stop
as cool as a sigh, as volatile as something you say. I had a dream, a simple plot
I held out my hand as if she'd never pushed it away.
The sun is still there, except it's not
beside her I care to linger even though it's not safe. Godawful I adore you
angels were there before you
nothing can stop what we do
it's breaking us up in two. Hey maybe should we ask it
could our friends be worthier.
Like things we trust for if we must
We must burn them.
And burn them good, real friends they would
be understanding if it came to us
and us we must we must turn to
the God of small things.
The God of small things. I had a plan, was all made up,
as good it was then the magic hour seemed to be fading.
'Cause lady and I we could not stop
as cool as a sigh, as murderous as something you say. Godawful I adore you
angels were there before you
nothing can stop what we do
it's breaking us up in two. There is room if you can trust|
for anyone like us.

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