

Melatonin

Silversun Pickups

She ran into the wall
So sweet and unknown
A worn comatose After six milograms
We're talking again
Who would know
Sweet and so low
Who would know My brain doesn't produce any
I'm soaring without anything She said i'm taking my time
And now we'll move on with everyone
I'll see my friend soon again My brain doesn't produce any
I'm soaring without anything We said aloud
That we can't pull out

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