

Imaginary Ordinary

Architecture in Helsinki

We're in a restless way when the fireflies come and they light the light where there once was none.
I won't think about next week,
I won't think until tomorrow,
Just a sight for sore eyes disguised as a fly. And not a single soul in these woods ever saw a jaw drop so low as is
mine at the moment.
Imaginary ordinary it's you that I belong with.

Songwriters

BIRD, CAMERON / SUTHERLAND, KELLIE / CECIL, JAMES Published by

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