

# Renaissance Affair

## Hooverphonic

Sweet relief calms me down  
Makes me drown, lost and found  
Neighbors complain, sheets are stained  
Hotel shower the best around Spacing from Paris to New York  
Silver sunglasses, silver phone  
Connect us to someone who doesn't know  
Of these feelings we can't control People they want us to fall down  
But we won't ever touch the ground  
Were perfectly balanced, we'll float around  
Til no one is near, do you hear this sound Spacing from Paris to New York  
Silver sunglasses, silver phone  
Connect us to someone who doesn't know  
Of these feelings we can't control This strange feeling captures us  
It generates this huge fuzz  
I miss you all the time I must face  
I miss your touch and your embrace

Lyrics provided by

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