In the Library

Royal Film Orchestra

Put your finger on my lips
We could be a grown up fairy tale
Swimming in a library
We're not going anywhere
She said I love it
Oh I love it when we touch
When we touch on something
We can't find it any something
Something on my own
In this ocean of words
These something on my own
Cover up the blankets
Cover up the blankets from the years
That our parents gave us
To keep out the cold

And the unknown
Something regrew
Into a forest of desire
Cut down some friends that I knew
Who were gonna start a forest fire
Something on my own
In this ocean of words
Something on my own.
Can't stop the spill.
Can't stop the spill.
Can't stop the spill.
She said I love it
I love it when we touch
When we touch on something
We can't find it any something

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