

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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