

Faker

Miike Snow

Last call for everything
A pool of Emmalines delirious
She lingers like a chain
It's more than grave but not to serious
Sending your reverie to me
Faker
Into the mouth of green morning
Faker I am so wide awake
The wind is moving blossoms through the door
It's more than I can take
But half as much as what it was before
Sending your reverie to me
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Into the mouth of green morning
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Into the mouth of green morning
Faker

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