

# From a Closet in Norway (Oslo Blues)

## You+Me

I would rather be any place but here  
Spin the bottle or roll the dice, my dear  
'Cause I can't care, I can't seem to break my fall  
It seems I would rather be any place at all  
So if the world is round now, why  
Can't we have everything?  
'Cause the highs are so high  
These lows are killing me  
Killing me  
Hmm, killing me  
I remember when wind would make me cry  
And I remember when wasn't afraid to die  
I wish I'd never and, never fallen in lie  
So take this soul I sold, I'm going back in time  
So if the world is round now, why  
Can't we have everything?  
'Cause the highs are so high  
These lows are killing me  
Killing me  
Oh they're killing me  
Seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live  
It seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live, oh  
Seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live  
It seems the dying are the only ones that really know how to live

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