The Cynic

Kashmir

So pull me out of this dream
Turn off the television
Put on a romantic vinyl
And come to bed again
Please be my next morning flower
But don't be there all the time
Leave me a couple of hours
Then bring me food and wine[chorus]
Play with me, play with me
Don't tell me how it feels
Don't let it be for real
Don't tell me how you feelI'll make this week disappear
Like I've erased several months
It's turning into a year now
And I'm still a manikin
You're so poetic when you're sad
So tiring when you cry
We could fly out and get married
I think I love you now[chorus]
Play with me, play with me
Don't tell me how it feels
Don't let it be for real
Don't tell me how you feel
Play with me, play with
Don't tell me how it feels
Don't let it be for real
Don't tell me how you feel

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