

# Interlude

## London Grammar

Grey stares beneath the moon  
Tonight I'll be dreaming of you  
People and rhythm instead  
And there you'll beÂ there you'll be inside my head  
Hmm, I will dream of you  
Hmm, you'll dream of me too  
Hmm, your hands, they're on my face  
Hmm, there would be no better place  
Some miracle man must have shot meÂ while I wake.  
I never ran fast enoughÂ oh my mistakes  
Would you really want meÂ in the light of day  
That very same man,Â shot flaws right through my face  
Hmm, I will dream of you  
Hmm, you'll dream of me too  
Hmm, your arms curled round my waist  
Hmm, there would be no better place  
Could you have your arms around my  
Could you have your arms around my

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