Location

Luca Belloni

I am starting to sense your location
You are somewhere in the attic
Looking something close to tragic
Knitting t-shirts and your mattress
I'm floating up the stairwell
The my toes grazing the cedar
Thinking softly what a tender we live in
And what a flammable heart I've been givenYou could be in several different places
I am sensing your locationI am starting to sense your location
You are somewhere in the basement
Beating on a makeshift drum kit
Songs that I can hardly stomach
I'm floating up the stairwell
With my fingers shaking frantic
Thinking softly what a concrete mess we live in
And what an icebox heart I've been givenYou could be in several different places
I am sensing your location
You could be in several different
I am starting to sense your locale nowI am starting to sense your location
In an old abandon mansion
In the country side of England
Spirits trapped inside the linens
And you're feeling quite at home there
Also feeling somewhat lonely
No one sees you in your pixelated fishnets
And your black and orange barrettesYou could be in several different places
I am sensing your location
You could be in several different
I am starting to sense your locale nowOh please believe the ghost in me
Is doing what I can to find you out

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