

From Your Favourite Sky

I Am Kloot

Do you dare, Take a breath
Do you dream of a tragic death
I know you do
Do you wail, do you weep
Do you sing yourself to sleep
You delicate flower

And so what is love? And who am I?
To dare to pull the stars from your favourite sky

You were born, Far from joy
You're every girl and boy
you know you are, you know you are
And you dress, Like a dame
And you burn on a catholic flame
By the hours, by the hours

And so what is love? And who am I?
To dare to pull the stars from your favourite sky

You possess, s'avoir faire
Put cheap bleach on your hair
You know you do, You know you do
Do you dare, Take a breath
Do you dream of a tragic death
You delicate flower

And so what is love? And who am I?
To dare to pull the stars from your favourite sky
And so what is love? And who am I?
To dare to pull the stars from your favourite sky