

Imaginary Ordinary

Architecture in Helsinki

We're in a restless way, when the fireflies come
And they light the light, where there once was none
I won't think about next week, I won't think until tomorrow
Just a sight for sore eyes disguised as a fly

And not a single soul in these woods ever saw a jaw drop so low
as is mine at the moment
And not a single soul in these woods ever saw a jaw drop so low
as is mine at the moment

Imaginary Ordinary, it's you that I belong with
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