

Choking on a wishbone,
In the firing line of lovers,
Who will never slow down.

And I won't let you steer,
Comandere the atmosphere,
Since you suggested running away,
It's romantic.

Hit the redial,
Maybe we should sigh a while,
Save our second wind for sentimental warm weather.

Four forever,
Two together,
We'll play dead,
We'll play dead,
We'll play deadly.

Should we make believe you remember me
From a holiday delayed by a storm?
Should we chance our arms alarms
To set high noon until the shiver in the river is gone?

Hoping you might whistle,
Get all dizzy 'cause I found the reason why you're around,
If I won't stay sincere talk you through the tangles.

Can you chase me till you my feet touch the ground,
And go dancing,
Tambourin style walking in a single file,
You whisper half thoughts to me.

Should we make believe you remember me
From a holiday delayed by a storm?
Should we chance our arms alarms
Set to high noon until the shiver in the river is gone?