

## Intercontinental Sigh

Catatonia

You ran out of stories and the night is long  
Like the iciest winter we struggle, the bond is gone  
Traps sprung in conversation  
And your silence is welcome

Someone somewhere must be having more fun than this  
Someone somewhere must be having more fun than this

You dream yours and I'll dream mine and we'll be happy  
For when I sleep, I am who I always wanted to be  
We dream our love will grow  
Your fake Brando, my fake Monroe

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