

Apocalypse

Cigarettes After Sex

You leapt from crumbling bridges watching cityscapes turn to dust
Filming helicopters crashing in the ocean from way above

Got the music in you baby,
Tell me why
Got the music in you baby,
Tell me why
You've been locked in here forever & you just can't say goodbye

Kisses on the foreheads of the lovers wrapped in your arms
You've been hiding them in hollowed out pianos left in the dark
...

Your lips,
My lips,
Apocalypse

Go & sneak us through the rivers,
Flood is rising up on your knees
Oh please...
Come out & haunt me
I know you want me
Come out & haunt me

Sharing all your secrets with each other since you were kids
Sleeping soundly with the locket that she gave you clutched in
your fist...

When you're all alone
I will reach for you
When you're feeling low
I will be there too