

Agoraphobia

Deerhunter

Cover me, cover me
Come for me, come for me
Cover me, cover me
Comfort me, comfort me

I had a dream
No longer to be free
I want only to see
Four walls made of concrete

6 by 6 enclosed
Soon we're on video, oh, oh, oh
Feed me twice a day
I want to fade away, away

Cover me, cover me
Come for me, come for me
Cover me, cover me
Comfort me, comfort me

And after some time
I know I would go blind
But seeing only binds
The vision to the eye

I'd lose my voice, I know
But I've nothing left to say
It is nothing left to pray
No echo in this place