

## Mr. Want

Elisa

I want to tear out half the pages  
I want to create a different colour  
I want to roll your thoughts and smoke 'em  
I want to crush this bitter softness

but Mr. Want is dead  
he was sick for a long time  
I would have liked to have known him  
but he left too soon  
now Mr. Want is dead  
he was sick for a long time  
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but he left too soon

I want to bathe in the sea of rescue  
I want to knit a sweater for the moon  
I want to steal your breath and sell it  
I want to pour honey on the blade

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yeah... soon... yeah... soon  
yeah... soon... yeah

I want to escape this endless freedom  
I want to laugh like summer lightning  
I want to ignore your best seduction  
I want to love with all my hatred

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