

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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