

Tookah

Emiliana Torrini

Take me down to the corner of a million miles
Where time is a waste of time
Find me a pleasant tomb and a wishing bone to be left alone with
h
I'll be waiting by the phone line

Tookah, you're mine
Said the girl, you left her so divine

Come down to the corner of my pain
It's been rigged, yeah, anyway
I've been a lonesome babe more than I ever told

And breathe
Oh, your mind is a pleasure tomb
Drifting along the gold, gold road and
Latch your senses over mine

Tookah, you're mine
Said the girl, you left her so divine
Tookah, you're mine

And breathe
Oh, your mind is a pleasure tomb
Drifting along the gold, gold road and