

Milan

High Highs

I know you're gonna leave me
I know
You're gonna find the door
And fly to Milan, with the wind
I'm coming back to earth, back to earth

I know you're gonna leave me
I know
Whatever way the wind blows
Tied up with twine, we fell in the sea
We will never be, never be

And you know they won't believe you at all
Won't you take me home
Won't you take me home

You know they won't believe you at all
And the summer ends
We're spinning in