

Renaissance Affair

Hooverphonic

Sweet relief calms me down
Makes me drown, lost and found
Neighbors complain, sheets are stained
Hotel shower the best around

Spacing from Paris to New York
Silver sunglasses, silver phone
Connect us to someone who doesn't know
Of these feelings we can't control

People they want us to fall down
But we won't ever touch the ground
We're perfectly balanced, we'll float around
'Til no one is near, do you hear this sound

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This strange feeling captures us
It generates this huge fuzz
I miss you all the time I must face
I miss your touch and your embrace