

Flight of Fancy

Interpol

Who reigns in that silence
When you sleep in the afternoon
You reach out to emptiness
Until the reaching out feels empty too

We'll come to my darling or
We'll wake up to someone new
Who makes up the fundamental you

This was made for me
This is make believe
Like slight of hand
And a custom vagrancy of mind
I demand it
It's just my agency
My flight of fancy

You reach out to freedom
You reach out to be consumed
There's a part of you starving
There's a part of me that over blooms

The sun stains the ocean
The pink house returns to gloom
And becomes the fundamental
The elemental hue

This was made for me
This is make believe
Like slight of hand
And a custom vagrancy of mind
I demand it
It's just my agency
My flight of fancy

Flight of fancy