

## Interlude

### London Grammar

Grey stares beneath the moon  
Tonight I'll be dreaming of you  
People and rhythm instead  
And there you'll be  
There you'll be inside my head

Hmmm, I will dream of you  
Hmmm, you'll dream of me too  
Hmmm, your hands, they're on my face  
Hmmm, there would be no better place

Some miracle man must have shot me  
While I wake. I never ran fast enough  
Oh my mistakes  
Would you really want me  
In the light of day, that very same man  
Shot flaws right through my face

Hmmm, I will dream of you  
Hmmm, you'll dream of me too  
Hmmm, your arms curled round my waist  
Hmmm, there would be no better place

Could you have your arms around my  
Could you have your arms around my