

Castles

Magneta Lane

So you wait for those stars to align,
Do you take that,
I won't take that,
Blood and the lust and the moon drive me wild
Dear I've earned that,
You can't just have that

Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles
When does this all get better,
Baby, I was born clever
Still I have a dead head in my hands
As I cry through the tremors
To believe this gets better.
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,
There's something better
Where's the sun, here it comes
Here it comes.

If you plan to leave by the door
Forget her
Is it done, is it done?
Keep me.

They will march to the beat of my drum
Lover's bite them,
Coward's need that
So I trace all the lines in this poem
Born with small hearts;
Love won't fix that.

Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles
When does all this get better,
Baby, I was born clever
Still I have a dead head in my hands
As I cried through the tremors
To believe this gets better.
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,
There's something better
Where's the sun, here it comes
Here it comes.
If you plan to leave behind the door
Forget her
Is it done, is it done,
Are you done.

Oh, I have a dead head in my hands
When does all this get better?
Baby, I was born clever.
Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles,
And I'll laugh through the tremors,
And believe this gets better.
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,
There's something better
Where's the sun, here it comes
Here it comes.
If you plan to leave behind the door
Forget her
Is it done, are you done,
Is it done?

I don't want to write sad songs,
There's something better
Where's the sun, here it comes
Here it comes.
If you plan to leave by the door
Forget her
Is it done, there's the sun, baby.