

You've only to say good night  
Then all these dreams will be yours  
Can I turn out the light  
And hum your favorite "wee small hours"

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The blinds hide an open view  
On a city that feels renewed  
And I count my age by days 'cause that way  
Years go by slower

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It felt good to go astray  
To find this surprising place  
And nothing can soothe me more than to know  
Nothing is over

Sky high  
Hundreds of stories  
Into the clouds

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