

Someone's Missing

MGMT

Someone's telling the toll to me
I'm cut and I'm weeping like a rubber tree
But I don't care who's left behind
Lost revelations that I'll never find

In the long hall pipes are whispering
Blues prepared for anti-christening

Somewhere there's an honest soul
To mirror teeth where neon lures troll
And what's extinct might come alive
A purple smoke in some internal shrine

With a long sigh let the hissing in
Stones deformed by gentle kissing and
All the closed eyes start to glisten
But it feels like someone's missing
Yeah it feels like someone's missing