

Faker

Miike Snow

Last call for everything
A pool of emmaline's delirious
She lingers like a chain
It's more than grave but not too serious

Send your reverie to me, faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker

I am so wide awake
The wind is moving blossoms through the door
It's more than I can take
But half as much as what it was before

Send your reverie to me, faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker