

Super Honeymoon

Owl City

Glamour and fashion
Models and magazines... a striking runway entrance
Beauty and passion
Stardust and high class scenes of popular teens
When I lived in Denver, I met a millionaire
With ribbons in her blonde hair
I still remember
She was like a princess straight from a dreamy castle in the air

So lovely...
She was everything to me

Both alone in the dark
We long to see the sun
Rise over the Bering Strait
I was sick of the west
When I turned 21
So I moved to the Sunshine State
We played golf on the moon
And tennis on the sun
Like athletes of the afternoon
The solar flares burned my arms
And made her makeup run
On our super lunar honeymoon

I was the youngest son of a congressman
And everything was my fault...
She was a gymnast, happily swinging
On the uneven bars, tucked in a somersault

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