

# 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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