

May Seem Macabre

Peter Bjorn and John

We're both swept up in white
Through misty eyes they say the fabric's nice
Your eyes shut peacefully
Your hair's combed straight and we are both washed clean
We're pale and cold and dry
They've done their best to make us go in style

May seem macabre, but it's beautiful

If the body hosts our souls
They're homeless now and circle over us
Can still inherit a sense of belonging
When they're seeing us as two
Sculptures lying entangled
I never felt as home as when I'm next to you

May seem macabre, but it's beautiful

You're white from powder
Our mothers talk as if they were best friends
May seem macabre, but to have you there
Makes leaving seem fair, makes leaving seem fair