

# Notes From The Underground

Sarah Slean

Notes from the underground  
Where the mice must write our lives down.  
In the night, I hear you calling out to say  
It's all right, love, you're in good hands

Tears on a borrowed bed  
'Tween walls that are painted somebody else's red.  
If you hear me cry out, calling out to say  
It's all right love, you're in good hands

Still out on the roof  
Howling at the moon  
Exiles  
Another exile in the kingdom  
Still out on the roof  
All I need is you  
Exiles  
Oh, we are exiles  
We two.

Love with the love they hide.  
Dream with the dream the cast aside.  
Oh the truth will form and fall apart again.  
It's all right love, you're in good hands.

Still out on the roof  
Howling at the moon  
Exiles  
Another exile in the kingdom  
Still out on the roof  
All I need is you  
Exiles  
Oh, we are exiles  
We two.

They don't trust the likes of you and I  
They kick our verses aside  
But we know the road is wide, that's why

Still out on the roof  
Howling on the moon  
Exiles  
Another exile in the kingdom  
Still out on the roof  
I'm a dreamer too  
Exiles  
We are exiles  
We two