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