

Melatonin

Silversun Pickups

she ran into the wall
so sweet and unknown
a worn comatose

after six milograms
we're talking again
who would know
sweet and so low
who would know

my brain doesn't produce any
i'm soaring without anything

she said i'm taking my time
and now we'll move on with everyone
i'll see my friend soon again

my brain doesn't produce any
i'm soaring without anything

we said aloud
that we can't pull out