

Poetry & Aeroplanes

Teitur

There was a party last night, last night
Cigarettes and empty bottles, empty bottles
Better open up this window, this window
Need some air to clear my head, clear my head

Alone in these strange beds
I think that I've travelled enough
Poetry and aeroplanes
I am tired of waiting for love

Tend to fall asleep in the fast lane, in the fast lane
Sometimes sinking low in the high life, in the high life
No more happy songs of heartbreak, oh' heartbreak
Or playing white knight misunderstood, misunderstood

Alone in these strange streets
I think that I've walked them enough
Poetry and Aeroplanes
I am tired of waiting for love

Another night I lie awake
In woken dreams of faith and fate
Hope my love don't come too late
Hope my love don't come too late

Alone in these strange beds
I think that I've travelled enough
Poetry and Aeroplanes
I am tired of waiting for love