

Serenade

The Naked and Famous

Oh, darling, I don't think this serenade
Is gonna carry through, is gonna carry through
You're screaming and you're fighting with your brain
And the battling war drives you back and forth, driving you insane

You're crying, you're crying, you're crying
Oh, but the salt tastes so divine
This love, this love, this love
Is what I want, is what I want

It's been a while since she had spoke to you
And she passed some words, but then you passed a fire
Memories flooding back into that part that you want to forget
And you wanna kill, oh, and you wanna kill

You're crying, you're crying, you're crying
Oh, but the salt tastes so divine
This love, this love, this love
Is what I want, is what I want

You drank far too much wine
A dizzy spell to block out all the sunshine
But it didn't do you justice for the crime of love
No it didn't do you justice, it didn't do you justice all for her

Oh, love, listen to me, you got it hard but soon it will be easy
The crime of love was tried but you did not succeed
No, it didn't do you justice, it didn't do you any good
It didn't do you justice, no, it didn't do you justice all for her