

From A Closet In Norway

You+Me

I would rather be any place but here
Spin the bottle or roll the dice my dear
Cause I can't care I can't seem to break my phone
It seems I would rather be any place at all
So if the world is round, now why can't we have everything?
Cause the highs are so high, these lows are killing me, killing
me, killing me

I remember when, wind would make me cry
I remember when, wasn't afraid to die
I wish I'd never, never fallen in love
So take this soul I sold
I'm going back in time
So if the world is round, now why can't we have everything?
Cause the highs are so high, these lows are killing me, killing
me, oh they're killing me

Seems the dying are the only ones
That really know how to live
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