

Biffy Clyro, Folding Stars

Take a long hard look at yourself
How did you end up here
The blood drips like red inverted balloons
Tomorrow is a promise to no-one

If you want, follow me and I'll lead you inside
You don't have to run and hide

Eleanor, Eleanor
I would do anything for another minute with you because
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier

In a bedroom with no windows or doors
All the happy people are crying
You can't hold a gaze for a second or two
It always ends in total darkness

Eleanor, Eleanor
I would do anything for another minute with you because
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier
You will be folding stars
You can't ever understand
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier

It ends in a place with no love only hate
And a mirror reflecting the truth
In your eyes, in your face you can't wash it away
From your cold, cold heart

I hope that you're folding stars