

Bombay Bicycle Club, Luna

I will bathe myself
Then I'll wait you for the night
Colors fading, afraid at this sights.
You're changing in the light
Oh why, is your face so pale and white?

There's a lot of words to call out
Just waiting for the perfect utter
Down when the word start shaking
I'm ready for you to find out.
To find out, to find out, oh, oh!

Now the night has fled
Just like everything I said
When the moon was high instead.
Now the sun goes soft and..
You burn through my mind again and again
And again and again!

There's a lot of words to call out
Just waiting for the perfect utter
Down when the word start shaking
I'm ready for you to find out.
To find out, to find out, oh, oh!
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