

Hooverphonic, Bohemian Laughter

I'm in love, I'm in love with Morticia
I'm in love with too many things
I'm in love, I'm in love with a film star
I'm in love underneath her wings

I'm possessed with bohemian laughter
I'm not impressed the morning after

Somewhere deep somewhere deep I make choices
Somewhere deep I keep it clear
Somewhere deep down deep I need boxes
Somewhere deep I know she's near

I'm possessed with bohemian laughter
I'm not impressed the morning after

I can't give up, can't give up, I can't give up
I can't give up, I can't give up, no
I like it faster

In my head, in my head there's a whisper
In my head her lashes blink
In my bed, in my bed I hear breathing
In our bed we know where to begin

I'm possessed with bohemian laughter
I'm not impressed the morning after
The morning after, the morning after
The morning after