

Little Dragon, Paris

Oh my god, it's green Safiya. Go!

It's that time to transform
To come around, I'm changing
Ooh, there's an angel knocking at my window
Trying to tell me where to go next
This small town without you
It feels cold, it's creepin'
Moving on, I'll look ahead instead

Spirit divide, drift along
I waved her goodbye, I carried on
Trams pass, my black dress
Folded on a big mess
I'm changing my next flight to Paris

The hourglass it tick-tock too fast for our destiny
I've got a full drawer of letters
Remember it was Paris you said we were gonna meet
Why your answering machine still on?
It's the oddest feeling since you're gone
A part of me drift away with you
And will never return

Spirit divide, drift alone
I waved a goodbye, I carried on
Trams pass, my black dress
Folded on a big mess
I'm changing my next flight to Paris

Spirit divide
I waved a goodbye
Trams pass, my black dress
Folded on a big mess
I'm changing my next flight

(La Su?de est ou je vis
Mais c'est ? Paris que je me sens en vie
Je sens que je pourrais m'épuiser?
Des vacances?
Et ne jamais rentrer)