

Athelete, In The Library

Keep your finger on my lips
We could be a grown up fairytale
Swimming in the library
But we're not going anywhere
She said, "I love it
Oh, I love it when we touch
When we touch on something
We can't find in any book"
At least I'm not on my own
In this ocean of words
At least I'm not on my own
Cover up with blankets
We cover up with blankets from the years
That our parents gave us
To keep out the cold and the unknown
And then the library grew
Into a forest of desire
We cut down some friends that I knew
Who were gonna start a forest fire
At least I'm not on my own
In this ocean of words
At least I'm not on my own
Can't stop the spill
I can't stop the spill
Can't stop the spill
I can't stop the spill
At least I'm not on my own
In this ocean of words
At least I'm not on my own
She said, "I love it
Oh, I love it when we touch
When we touch on something
We can't find in any book";