

Ben Lee, The Debt Collectors

in my dreams they come in to collect
I got something that they want
and I dont know what it is
but you hid it in my luggage
like a needle in a haystack
so Im running like a criminal
Im sneaking round each corner
in a phone booth, through a window
and the air is cold around me
and Im runnin
for my life

borrow beg or steal
everything is real
one day you might feel
all right again

so I kissed you on the lips
you were sleeping
like a racehorse in the evening
all that power of motivation
and the endless broken omens
and I dont know if I love you
but I really wanna own you
and Ive kept you like a secret
from the moment that I found you

we can make a deal
everything is real
one day I might feel
all right again

and I can write my way out of this pain
thats a promise that you made me
in a letter that you sent me
from Chicago on a freezing day in winter
now I feel a little lighter
but it really doesnt matter
cause this love is not obedient
and its got its own agenda
and it wants to take me over
and it wants to pull you under
and it would like nothing better
than to tear us both to pieces
and it wont do
what its told

show me how you feel
everything is real
one day itll be
all right again

one day itll be
all right again