

# Blur, Headist / Into Another

It starts feeling now  
It makes no inference of difference  
It still won't see it's his  
Faint from lack of air  
It makes a whistle with a twistle  
But no one can hear  
Didn't stay long  
I had to go away to stay  
As long as I could  
So I'm happy here  
Cause here is where the heart is  
I know you think that too  
Into another  
You and me  
Am I dead  
Sleep in Harlow's bed  
Into another  
Am I dead  
Sleep in Harlow's bed  
Listening to our tune  
With headphone and volume on  
I can read your lips  
And in a clinical term I've heard it said  
"Everything is beautiful, but nothing hurt"  
Into another  
You and me  
Am I dead  
Sleep in Harlow's bed  
Into another  
You and me  
Am I dead  
Sleep in Harlow's bed