

Caroline Polachek, Hopedrunk Everasking

Starlight in the tunnel
Kind of familiar
Hope-drunk ever-asking
How does it feel to know?
Your final form?
So old, so new

Pull close to me
And never be alone
Ooh

Real life is a rumor
Under the theatre
Deeper, dig it deeper
Till the meanwhile slows
They'll find our bones
And yet, they won't

Pull close to me
And never be alone
Ooh Ah

Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah, ah

Dawn is just a headspace
Night is a feeling
Hope-drunk ever-asking
Centuries come and go
They'll find our bones
And yet, they won't