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