

Cyclefly, Whore

I sit and wait for hours, my destiny abused.
Climb into your tower, all covered up in blue.
You might as well be asking me.
Would you be my, would you be my whore?
Would you be my, would you be my whore?
I contemplate the daybreak, its bottled up inside.
I'm waiting on the daybreak, with shadows in my mind.
You may as well be asking me.
Would you be my, would you whore?
Just for the daytime, just for a while, and make me smile.
If I could make you smile