

Erasure, Looking Glass Sea

(A. Bell / V. Clarke)

Sweetheart, say you love me,
I'll fly you too the moon.
The choir of stars above me,
will sing out a heavenly tune.
A rythm divine if you're so enclined,
the perfect melody.

We'll go down to the water,
and sail on a looking glass sea.

Sweetheart, be my honey.
Lily a la lune.
The fire flies above me,
a will of the whisp, a lovely perfume.
A vision in white, a flame in the night,
in perfect harmony.

We'll go down to the water,
and sail on a looking glass sea.

Throw out the rope and cast a drift,
see where the midnight hour takes us.
Be the captain of my ship,
and hoist the anchor with a kiss.

Sweetheart, say you love me,
I'll fly you too the moon.
The choir of stars above me,
will sing out a heavenly tune.
A rythm divine if you're so enclined,
the perfect melody.

We'll go down to the water,
down to the water, and sail on a looking glass sea.