

Menzel Idina, Larissa's Lagoon

down in larissa's lagoon
she sits by the light of the moon
she's hearing voices in her head
she must be strong
she must not give in to the song she's hearing voices in her head
down in larissa's lagoon
her guests-they sleep in seperate rooms
but her father comes to tuck her into bed
she's lost her mind got no control and there's no where else to go when her
father comes to tuck her into bed
but larissa woke up one morning singing hallelujah
remember me for my passion, the paradise that I imagined
hallelujah...
down in larissa's lagoon
the skies-they never look blue
'cause someone's spiked this rain
with a little extra juice
she thinks she's being fallowed, any minute she'll be swallowed
someone's spiked this rain
with a little extra juice
but larissa woke up one morning singing hallelujah
remember me for my passion, the paradise I that imagined
hallelujah...
hallelujah...hallelujah
hallelujah...hallelujah
down in larissa's lagoon
there is no force that's greater
looming deep within a very very very troubled girl
she stays awake for hours
picking out the sweetest flowers
to lay upon the grave of a very very troubled girl
but larissa woke up one morning singing hallelujah
remember me for my passion, the paradise that I imagined
hallelujah