

Microdisney, Town to Town

Got a peaceful feeling
I've found the reason
For taking nothing seriously.
Its the guessing game with
Those waves of flame and,
Sick winter for a thousand years
Me and my ex-lover
Will accept each other,
Help reap the dead harvest,
Town to town.
She's nervous and her
Best friend is waiting,
She's trying to pronounce my name.
Talk all we may she
Can't but conceal
The fullness of her secret heart.
Its our lives,
Its nothing, don't touch me,
Don't call me,
I can't wake up.
Can't help you,
Someone else will,
If you just sit still.
When the daily parade of the troubles you made gets you down,
Just consider the fate of the wide open space from town to town.
Get Oslo, get Glasgow
Hit Bonn and hit Bordeaux,
Fry Dresden, fry Dublin,
Why don't you call me?
I've got nobody.
When the daily parade of the troubles you made gets you down,
Just consider the fate of the wide open space from town to town.
When the daily parade of the troubles you made gets you down,
Just consider the fate of the wide open space from town to town.