

Murder By Death, Como Panuelos Blancos De Adios

quickly the sound comes
shaking the window
stands near the glass sign-
breaking silence
waking from charming sleep.
to raise the covers from her.
and after that conception
brings the horizon to see abroad
fifteen, waving a flag
hes leaving on it between his bags
packed tight sitting with the thought in his mind
sail waving the sea
waving to himself

"maybe its love"
he thinks drinking in the air, the smell is pressing on his face and waving,
as he stands there swinging with the trees. fifteen and drunk on lips,
the ones he kissed felt like they were her.
felt like they were her.

carrying some stars in his pocket.
thinking to give gifts
she comes crying the window
wondering will she miss him when he stood there.