

# Mystery Jets, Flakes

This song  
Is one I never thought that I'd play  
But if you want me gone  
There are kinder ways to say  
So long than spitting in my face

They don't teach these things in school  
They just lay down the rules which are there for you to break  
Which are there for you to break

If I'm wrong  
Then dust me off and put me in my place, but  
Drop a bomb  
Shall you blow me away without even a trace?  
I'll be gone and I won't give chase

'Cause when you're in pieces, you pick up the bits, and nothing fits, and the wind blows  
You away  
Oh, the wind blows you away  
Oh, the wind blows you away  
Oh, the wind blows you away

I pray  
There will come a time when I think of you and I smile  
These days  
Everything seems to last only a while  
Remember the names  
For the day when we'd have a child

But the trouble with dreams, they're not what they seem, 'cause when you awake, they fall through  
In flakes  
They fall through your fingers in flakes  
They fall through your fingers in flakes  
They fall through your fingers in flakes