

Mystery Jets, Making Dens

I have a plane,
One of the few
With roundels on its wings.
Lullaby for me and for you,
When it flies high it sings

Rock me to sleep
With que sara,
Dear monde do you suppose?
As I feel my eyelids close,
The otherside is not so far.

I dug a hole
Under the ground
And made myself a den.
It's there that I can be found,
Not if you return but when.

There's a place
A place called Hell,
Spend some time there,
In the dark I cast a spell
To bury all,
All of my fears.

Oh D... (?)
Oh D...
Oh D...
I would but I couldn't spell your name.

Once I fell from a great height,
'Are you ready? I've come for you'
A voice spoke from the graveyard (?)
'Not yet' I said,
'Got some things to do.'

And all this time I've been making dens,
And I'm still making them now.
And I know, I know
I can never make ammends,
But I've got to reach you somehow.

I can tie my laces (Ohh Oh)
On my own shoes and I can (Ohh Oh)
Count up to to thirty too.

Oh D... (?)
Oh D...
Oh D...
I would but I couldn't spell your name.

I'm sorry
There are so few words
... (?)
I waited
A long time
And I never, never came back.
I see you often
In everyday places
I want to ... (?)
But I can't find the words.
But I can't find the words.
And I can't find the words
Oh I can't find the words.

And I can't find the words.
And I can't find the words.
They won't come.

(La la la la la)