

Onlinedrawing, Aeroplanes

I remember the time with you on the station
We were dancing on tile
it was cold, I was barefoot
It was her TV show, it was our celebration
It's criminal to let these things go by

There was light coming in, like windows on aeroplanes
It was church afternoon, we were ready for something
We are mourning for good, we are laughing at evening
Slowing down
It's criminal to let these things go by

My friends will all be famous
This world cannot contain us
We'll be first time going out
and going out again
going out...

What a relief
We're all okay
What a relief
We're all okay

My friends will all be famous, famous
This world cannot contain us, contain us
We'll be first time going out
and going out again

It's criminal to let these things go by...