

Plastic Hotels, I Bring You Nothing

black and white your flowers bloom
in iron beds and empty rooms
and silhouettes of May and June,
through April showers, haunting you

from castle walls they call to you
in riddles through the night
in silent trance you fold your hands
and wish for black and white
the moon is low and you don't know
if you'll make it through the night
because all remaining wishing stars
have fallen from the sky

in dreams they come
one by one
to sing your lullaby

no more time
will come
so I will run
to where you're calling from

sometimes I hurt for you
sometimes I burn for you

left alone you're counting down the reasons you were wrong
you watch the clock and brush your hair
you know I won't be long

satellites across the sky
point to where you are

I will show you
that I have come
with love no more
for you

I'll sing you a lullaby
close your eyes
close your eyes
I'll sing you a lullaby
close your eyes
close your eyes