

Royksopp, Little Rhymes

stairs to nowhere climb
I take them all the time

crawling on my knees
walking that old fine line

and when I'm
alone and scared
I think of little rhymes
they would make no sense to you
but I make them all the time

and times, all mine
and times, all mine

it's the little pills you find
crushed to dust
rolling out of sight

they end up in the strangest places
but I take them all the time

and times, all mine
and times, all mine

when everyone is false
i tell them I'm just fine

i can't remember their names
but I fake them, all the time

and times, all mine
and times, all mine
and times, all mine
and the times, all mine

and when I'm alone and scared
I think of little rhymes

they would make no sense to you
but I make them all the time