

Royksopp, This Must Be It

Waiting for a beam
To break through here
A chain way vision
All bright and clear
And they talk
And they dance
I was expecting something pure
With a golden hair
Arms full of bracelets
And smoke in the air
And they talk
And they dance
Here comes darkness
Just afternoon
Waiting for a sign
If I survive Ill worship the moon
Or something
Anything
Chorus
This must be it
Long for bliss
First it was so quiet
Now I know Im not alone in here
(And they talked,
And they danced)
Two omens collide in my open hand
Making me a viewer
I am what I have seen
And they talk
And they dance
Your hand on my hips
Speak friendly to me
Ive been studying for years
Patiently
Is this as far as you can take me?
Chorus
This must be it
Long for bliss