

Sleater-Kinney, Lora's Song

And the more I lie perfectly still
More or less, who can tell
And I let my hand go back at your face
Break a wish, iron cage

But you, you must be real
Or having too long time
But you, you're too surreal
Switching through the place you find

Still, still, perfect and proud
Wear, tear, half a cloud
Won't you be late, wait, lost in your bed
Make a wish, rip it to shreds

But you, you must be real
Or having too long time
But you, you're too surreal
Switching through the face you find