

# Teitur, Poetry And Aeroplanes

There was a party last night, last night  
Cigarettes and empty bottles, empty bottles  
Better open up this window, this window  
Need some air to clear my head, clear my head

Alone in these strange beds  
I think that I've travelled enough  
Poetry and aeroplanes  
I am tired of waiting for love

Tend to fall asleep in the fast lane, in the fast lane  
Sometimes sinking low in the high life, in the high life  
No more happy songs of heartbreak, oh' heartbreak  
Or playing white knight misunderstood, misunderstood

Alone in these strange streets  
I think that I've walked them enough  
Poetry and Aeroplanes  
I am tired of waiting for love

Another night I lie awake  
In woken dreams of faith and fate  
Hope my love don't come too late  
Hope my love don't come too late

Alone in these strange beds  
I think that I've travelled enough  
Poetry and Aeroplanes  
I am tired of waiting for love