

Up

Sing Street

It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning,
She's running magical circles around my head,
I hitch a ride on a dream she's driving,
She turns to kiss me, I crash back into bed.
Across the street on a grayed-out Monday,
I see the girl with the eyes I can't describe,
And suddenly it's a perfect Sunday,
And everything is more real than life. I think I'm back in the dream,
I think I'm back on the ceiling,
It's such a beautiful feeling. Going up,
She lights me up,
She breaks me up,
She lifts me up.
You find a mixture of bounding perfection,
You've gotta read but you don't wanna reach the end,
'Cause what if everything beautiful's fiction?
And this reality's just pretend? And then I'm back in the dream,
I'm looking up at the ceiling,
It's such a beautiful feeling. Going up,
She lights me up,
She breaks me up,
She lifts me up. Up to the stars, she shows me,
Dame Street, Georgia Street, miles below me,
Up and the world won't let us down.
(Oh oh oh oh)
Going up,
(It's two o'clock on the edge of the morning)
She lights me up,
(She's running magical circles around my head)
She breaks me up,
(I hitch a ride on a dream she's driving)
She lifts me up.

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