She Wants

Metronomy

She sleeps so soft
So soft I tread
Arranging papers
Around the bed
And if she's dreaming deep tonight
I lie with her by reading light
A glass of water by her side
and gone are hopes of getting tiredI'll call the shots
'Til you wake up
Count every second
On every clock
It's getting late
Yeah, that I know
The hours come
The hours go
Then twitching lips
And twitching arms
And there you're lying
Your make up on
And girl if you're dreaming deep tonight
I'll lie with you by reading light
A glass of water by your side
and gone are hopes of getting tiredI'll call the shots
'Till you wake up
Count every second
On every clock
It's getting late
Yeah, that I know
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come
The hours come

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