Someone's moving 'round inside of me Someone's setting up shop where I can't see But I'm fine, but I'm fine in this melancholy room

Someone opened up my mouth to speak Someone pulled the words back into me

Scream like a silent movie
Call of the curious fingers, feeling my heart
Spring on an Arctic island
Pushing against my ribcage takes me apart

Smile on my Friday face, call it amazing grace Are you leaving so soon? I'm mad as a March hare in June In this melancholy room

Love me, love me

Can you, can you?
Can you see how I fall in the fog? no, ya, no, yeah
Cannot see very far, cannot see far in the fog
Neither I've learned

Tuesday, Wednesday and the whole room
Do you wanna, you know, call,
Give me a call and call your Messiah
You know you must, you know finally telephone