

Goodnight

Sondre Lerche

Good day I like you when you're drunk
I only wish I was there
Not trapped upon this bunk
Hurrying to god knows where
In a land far far away
In a low-budget production
I make up stories of you and seduction
You may want to add a thing or two between the lines
Tell me all about it and
I'll try to make the words jump off the page at anytime
Lost in correspondences all day
For the lack of better words I'll choose them carefully and say

I bet you're quite a sight
I can't pretend I don't care
I'm not the jealous kind
But I can imagine they stare
Watching the daylight fly by
While topping my darkest confessions
Reading the things that I write raises questions
You may want to add a thing or two between the lines
Tell me all about it and
I'll try to make the words spill from your pager every time
Girl I could be doing this all day
But the lack of flesh and blood beneath the words leaves me inane

Is it a drug or a word
Maybe just a nice piece of fiction
Won't I ever cease to obsess
Over this universal addiction
In a word you're all that I want
Oh you're the only prescription
But nothing in here seems to match the description
You may want to add a thing or two between the lines
Tell me all about it and
I'll try to make the words jump off the pages all the time
Strange abbreviations can prevent my serenading
you and message number nine
I try to make the sentence last all day
And for the lack of better words I'll choose them carefully and
say
Good night