

Cereal Boxes

Annabelle Dinda

At the top of the stairs, with my back to the air
There are things that I wanted to say
I forget them by now, but I fell so far down
That it doesn't much matter these days
I withdrew far from you

And I landed in an ethereal lot, just a girl
Building castles from cereal boxes
I find myself in a difficult spot
So I go where I can to make everything spotless

On a blue trampoline, with no shoes on my feet
And the TV still blaring inside
You demanded I stay, but I felt far away
So I didn't say much but goodbye
Jumped too high, every time

And I landed in an ethereal lot, just a girl
Building castles from cereal boxes
I find myself in a difficult spot
So I go where I can to make everything spotless

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

In the basement or roof
In the street or the booth
Of a diner I've been to ten times
Someone blinks, I will sink

'Til I've landed in an ethereal lot, just a girl
Building castles from cereal boxes
I find myself in a difficult spot
So I'll do what I can, I don't think I can stop this

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na