

Choking on a wishbone,  
In the firing line of lovers,  
Who will never slow down.

And I won't let you steer,  
Comandere the atmosphere,  
Since you suggested running away,  
It's romantic.

Hit the redial,  
Maybe we should sigh a while,  
Save our second wind for sentimental warm weather.

Four forever,  
Two together,  
We'll play dead,  
We'll play dead,  
We'll play deadly.

Should we make believe you remember me  
From a holiday delayed by a storm?  
Should we chance our arms alarms  
To set high noon until the shiver in the river is gone?

Hoping you might whistle,  
Get all dizzy 'cause I found the reason why you're around,  
If I won't stay sincere talk you through the tangles.

Can you chase me till you my feet touch the ground,  
And go dancing,  
Tambourin style walking in a single file,  
You whisper half thoughts to me.

Should we make believe you remember me  
From a holiday delayed by a storm?  
Should we chance our arms alarms  
Set to high noon until the shiver in the river is gone?