

Emily & Her Penthouse In The Sky

Bastille

I burned her letters the day Emily hit the grave
'Cause I know, they weren't made for us to ever see
Oh, she'd been busy pouring chaos on the page
Making waves, they crashed too late
Just take the time to look again, you'll see

She was never lost
Weren't just hiding in that room
She had better things to do
Oh, she was never lost
But now we're kicking in the door
On the 92nd floor
Of her penthouse in the sky
Oh, she'd been filling up her time
Making worlds up in her mind
In her penthouse in the sky

Writing a forest full of trees that made no sound
In her head, it drowned out all the noise we make
Those private corridors and countries were her life
Miles away, from our petty ways
Just take the time to turn the page, you'll see

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Never lost
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