

Black Mass

Creeper

Hey!

Now, Madeline
Your friends don't understand the thing we have
You sit up nightly on the bed
Leave the TV in the corner on
Sometimes you don't quite know what's going on
Your mother swears it's in your head

So I sit outside your house, waiting

So can I come over?
I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
Of all the boys

Well, let me tell you now, Madeline
When you were young did you think we would wed?
I always did but never said
In the summer, in your favourite dress
When all your first loves left you such a mess
I'd come on over none the less

So I sit outside your house, waiting

So can I come over?
I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
Of all the boys

Darling, I see you with those open sleeping eyes
In the night time under moonlight, under sweeping starless skies
Now can I come over? I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy of all the boys
Of all the boys

Hey!

So can I come over?
I'm not a dream that you wish you'd have
If faced the choice, you'd dream so coy
Of all the boys