

# Beautiful Song

CSS

Flying high on the rug  
With the ones you know  
With the ones you love  
With the ones you trust  
Riding the van, the bus  
The plane... again  
And hit the sounds  
Needed air to breathe, needed work to kill  
A nice table to sit, a clean pillow to dream  
Needed streets to ride, another place to start  
It's better to break a bed, than to break a heart

I want to grow wrong  
If we do, we can stop the time tonight  
Bring all the bad ones  
You know you got it raw and yes we got it right

Feeding lies with stories, making up a weird glory  
Young puzzles on dark lights  
Twisted minds, how we got it?  
Numbers try to resist, through your watch they disappear  
On our memories we can't trust, all the voices talk too much  
On the photos you'll see what matters for someone  
Like me, like he, like she...  
Like me, like he, like she...  
It's better to break a bed than lay down and sleep

I want to grow wrong  
If we do, we can stop the time tonight  
Bring all the bad ones  
You know you got it raw and yes we got it right

How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?  
How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?  
How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?  
How many times, times, times, times...

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