

Particles

Damon Albarn

When the night patterns the room
And black sands return
I will drift away from land
As the sky begins its burn
Only you, darling, can call me back in

For the particles enjoy us
As they aligned on your skin

The nearer the fountain
The nearer the fountain, more pure the stream flows
And sweeter the river, into which love grows
I have cried for you darling
Are you coming back to me?

For the particles enjoy us
As they aligned on your skin
The particles enjoy us
As they aligned on your skin