

Bologna

Destroyer

There's an outside chance
You'll never see me again
You'll never see me again
Night comes in on wings
That explains things
That explains things

Children, quiet! The storm's been listening

In
In
Night comes in on wings
Wearing your rings
Parading her furs
Pressing its luck
That explains things
That explains things

There's an outside chance
There's an outside chance
There's an outside chance
Night comes in on wings
Amongst other things
You'll never see me again
Amongst other things
You'll never see me again
You'll never see me again
You'll never

Oh, Bologna
Bologna
Oh, Bologna
Bologna
Oh, Bologna
Bologna