

In the Morning

Destroyer

You wanted it to be good
Yeah you thought that it would be ok
A death star in bloom
Another thought in the incinerator
You wanted it to be cool
Oh you thought that it would be alright
In the morning...

A death star in bloom
A rattle in the hand of a baby
A rattle in the hand of my baby
Goes the rhythm of the night
Yeah you wanted it to be cool
You thought that it would be alright
In the morning...

Hey you, come here
The band sing their songs and then disappear
The band sing their songs and then disappear into the rhythm of
the night
Yeah you wanted it to be cool
You thought that it would be alright
In the morning...
In the morning...
In the morning...