

# Bump

Dora Jar

Oh, my God  
Out of the blue  
Call it a coincidence  
I'm a little bit skeptical  
I don't know how it happened  
Call it a coincidence

When I bump into you, I ripple out of my illusion  
All around me is the sound  
I follow open hands and holograms  
You take me for a molecule, I take you for a fool  
I follow you into the open air

Most of my days alive  
I don't feel like talking  
And all of my precious time  
I just keep on walking

Hoping I bump into you, ripple out of my illusion  
All around me is the sound  
I follow open hands and holograms  
You take me for a molecule, I take you for a fool  
I follow you into the open air

I bump into you  
I bump into you  
Oh, I bump into you  
I bump into you