

Guilty

Hot Chip

Coupable quand tu rêves
Innocent au réveil
Une ligne, hier, traversée
Cherchant le faux et le réel

Why is there no stop sign
When I start to implode?
When you see a finish line
Does it end up your nose?

How could you just leave your mind
In search of another place?
I can read your star sign
But I can't read your face

Every word is making you smart
And the hurt's on the page
Maybe you're just losing your trust
'Cause your mind's rearranged

And now you're

Guilty when you dream
Innocent when you wake
Yesterday crossed a line
Chasing real versus fake
Guilty when you dream
Innocent when you wake
Yesterday crossed a line
Chasing real versus fake

Why is there no closure?
Are you now stuck in a loop?
Examining exposures
Can't you just shake 'em loose?

Help me find a moment
That we both want to share
Never has the light source
Shone so bright on one who's not there

Every word is making you smart
And the hurt's on the page
Maybe you're just losing your trust
'Cause your mind is deranged

And now you're

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Une ligne, hier, traversée
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In all this dreaming there is rhythm and logic
But if there's meaning, by the morning you forgot it
In all this dreaming there is rhythm and logic
But if there's meaning, by the morning you forgot it
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