

Cellophane

Kashmir

There she goes in her raincoat
bringing out all the darkest of skies
And I know that I can't walk along
'cause the murder is for real in her eyes

is doing us part, it's a crying vain
Cause I'm judging your dots throwing stains
The colours that you love to keep

There's a little bit of death
In every mad goodbye, we say
But thank god there's still morning air in her wake
showing up the next day

Cellophane
I'll leave the good things and go insane
Hang to dry from a string, Who's to blame?
As I can recall, there were two of us

Ohh what a waste there goes everything
This is not where we should have been
This is not where we should have been
This is not the end

Cellophane
I'll leave the good things and go insane
Hang to dry from a string, who's to blame?
As I can recall, there were two of us