

Fascination

La Roux

It's been seven hours long
And you're shadow still hangs on
You've been two weeks gone
So tonight I followed you home
There are so many different ways
Of collecting all the strays
The ones that get away

Old fascinations we crave
New sensations
Old fascination
It's feeding my frustrations
It's feeding my frustrations
And I haven't got the patience

These sheets are still warm
This bed is our only home
We make arrangements over the phone
Where has all the conversation gone?
There are so many different ways
Of collecting all the strays
The ones that get away

Oh, fascinations, we play
New sensations
Oh, fascination, it's been in my
Frustration
It's been in my frustrations
And I haven't got the patience

Frustrations, sensations, and fascinations, and fascinations
Frustrations, sensations, and fascinations, and fascinations

Oh, fascination,
New sensation Oh, fascinations, we play
New sensations
Oh, fascination,
It's been in my, frustration
It's been in my, frustrations
And I haven't got the patience