

# Castles

Magneta Lane

So you wait for those stars to align,  
Do you take that,  
I won't take that,  
Blood and the lust and the moon drive me wild  
Dear I've earned that,  
You can't just have that

Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles  
When does this all get better,  
Baby, I was born clever  
Still I have a dead head in my hands  
As I cry through the tremors  
To believe this gets better.  
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,  
There's something better  
Where's the sun, here it comes  
Here it comes.

If you plan to leave by the door  
Forget her  
Is it done, is it done?  
Keep me.

They will march to the beat of my drum  
Lover's bite them,  
Coward's need that  
So I trace all the lines in this poem  
Born with small hearts;  
Love won't fix that.

Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles  
When does all this get better,  
Baby, I was born clever  
Still I have a dead head in my hands  
As I cried through the tremors  
To believe this gets better.  
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,  
There's something better  
Where's the sun, here it comes  
Here it comes.  
If you plan to leave behind the door  
Forget her  
Is it done, is it done,  
Are you done.

Oh, I have a dead head in my hands  
When does all this get better?  
Baby, I was born clever.  
Cause there are fires in this heart lit for miles,  
And I'll laugh through the tremors,  
And believe this gets better.  
No, no, no!

I don't want to write sad songs,  
There's something better  
Where's the sun, here it comes  
Here it comes.  
If you plan to leave behind the door  
Forget her  
Is it done, are you done,  
Is it done?

I don't want to write sad songs,  
There's something better  
Where's the sun, here it comes  
Here it comes.  
If you plan to leave by the door  
Forget her  
Is it done, there's the sun, baby.