

Words are fun and games  
The silence speaks of pain  
I read aloud because you asked me to  
And you fell asleep and then the silence grew  
Silent room

I do not belong  
Don't think you've done me wrong  
'Cause I'm not your ghost, and I never was  
But you didn't ask  
Wrapped up in your womb

Wanderlust  
Wanderlust  
Wanderlust

Fever, one last thing  
Before you take me in  
Did I make her laugh, was it just pretend?  
Was she being kind?  
Yes, she was kinder then, in Berlin