

Walk me home, I'll follow you  
By the fickle light of a crooked moon  
Don't look back, they're watching now  
They won't forget, they found us out

Let's start a riot, I'll race you to the floor  
Watch me fall, keep your secrets like the dark  
The salty air, your burning breath  
Her sleight of hand might change your mind again

Now we need a cure for these fever dreams  
For our shadows lost in an empty sea  
Forget, forget what we could have said  
Only sweat-soaked sheets on the foot of the bed

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Now we need a cure for these fever dreams  
For our shadows lost in an empty sea  
Baby, baby, don't make a sound  
It's too late, the secret's out  
Baby, baby, don't make a sound  
It's too late, the secret's out