

# Miss Mirage

NoMBe

Tired woods and ol' leaves  
Try to rise above sea  
They've been crouching and sobbing for days  
As my garden grows aches  
And the turf drinks old rain  
Now their bodies are dancing always

Imaginary hands folding over you  
I've been missing night time the whole day through  
Call her Miss Mirage cause it's over  
There's no way to hold her  
Pinch me in my shoulder  
Wake me when it's over

Counting wolves and old sheep  
Watch them sharpen those teeth  
Crude from the walls of no sleep  
Counting wolves and old apes  
Through the glass where I'm safe  
Free at last, time to rest my sore brain  
Glance to fallen Grace  
Dream of islands all day  
Now her eyelids are silent till she wakes

Imaginary hands folding over you  
I've been missing night time the whole day through  
Call her Miss Mirage cause it's over  
There's no way to hold her  
Pinch me in my shoulder  
Wake me when it's over

I might do something stupid if I don't get close to you I  
I might do something stupid if I can't get to you I

I miss you so, I miss you so much you have no idea I  
I miss you so, I miss you so much girl don't have no I  
I miss you so, I might do something stupid if I don't get  
Get close to you if I don't