

# You Kill My Cool

The Subways

You're more than an algorithm  
You bask in imperfection, whispering 'that's how it should be'  
You speak no easy wisdom:  
You cut away my cliché, you make a god of disbelief

I kiss your upper lip before I kiss you on the lower  
I touch you at the tip, and I will stay here under cover  
I'm happy on my knees, and I can think of nothing better  
Feeling you release, and now you're floating like a feather

Creeping across my mind  
Float in my pool  
Passing the test of time  
You kill my cool  
Sinking in with the teeth  
I am the fool  
You wear me on your sleeve  
You kill my cool

Feeling like I've won  
You're bending light into a spectre with the texture of the Sun  
Now you begin  
And like Aurora feeding flora your breath gives birth to me like spring

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I touch you at the tip, and I will stay here under cover  
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Your smarts are sonic seas; I hear a polyphonic breeze  
We travel speed of light; forever kept alive  
And when you're feeling mean, I put the blame on me  
We travel speed of light; forever kept alive

Creeping across my mind  
Float in my pool  
Passing the test of time  
You kill my cool  
Sinking in with the teeth  
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Give back (float in my pool)  
Lost time (you kill my cool)  
Give back (I am the fool)  
Lost time (you kill my cool)  
Tiskeno z pismicky-akordy.cz