

One On

Violent Soho

And on and, we lose ourselves, dreaming of a big black sun
Tryna disappear and tryna connect to something else
I don't even know if I could listen to it all
I won't even go this far

'Cause it's true, everyone knows
It's like a pen that sees the in-between us
It's like going for a walk outside
Dreaming going on and on, and on

I listen to stupid things, and breathe in all the fallen stars
Can't contain some things worth the mourning of a broken heart
I don't even know if I could listen to it all
I won't even go this far

'Cause it's true, everyone knows
It's like a pen that sees the in-between us
It's like going for a walk outside
Dreaming going on and on, and on

True, everyone knows
It's like a pen that sees the in-between us
It's like going for a walk outside
Dreaming going on and on, and on
Dreaming going on and on, and on
Dreaming going on and on, and on