

Blur, Headist / Into Another

It starts feeling now
It makes no inference of difference
It still won't see it's his
Faint from lack of air
It makes a whistle with a twistle
But no one can hear
Didn't stay long
I had to go away to stay
As long as I could
So I'm happy here
Cause here is where the heart is
I know you think that too
Into another
You and me
Am I dead
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Into another
Am I dead
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Listening to our tune
With headphone and volume on
I can read your lips
And in a clinical term I've heard it said
"Everything is beautiful, but nothing hurt"
Into another
You and me
Am I dead
Sleep in Harlow's bed
Into another
You and me
Am I dead
Sleep in Harlow's bed