

Faker

Miike Snow

Last call for everything
A pool of emmaline's delirious
She lingers like a chain
It's more than grave but not too serious Send your reverie to me, faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker I am so wide awake
The wind is moving blossoms through the door
It's more than I can take
But half as much as what it was before Send your reverie to me, faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker
Send your reverie to me, faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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