

National, The "Patterns Of Fairytales"

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tonight there isn't any light under your door
I guess you must be somewhere breathing
where skin and everything still know what they are for
and blood remembers where to go

I fell in love with you no matter what you say
but you were right about the reasons
to turn a magdeline into the month of May
I shoulda known the magdeline was me

so I'm turning on the stereo
and I'm lining up the names
on the mixes I made before you
and I'm turning into fairytales
with glitter and some glue
everything we ever planned to ever do

tonight there isn't any light under your door
I guess you must be somewhere breathing
in patterns unfamiliar to the one you're underneath
I pinned those patterns in my coat

so I'm turning on the stereo
and I'm turning into fairytales
yes I'm turning on the stereo
and I'm turning into you

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