

Black

"Hardly Star-crossed Lovers"

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Gonna fly up to the moon,
Raising all of my money.
Can't make it too soon,
I am sick of it down here.
Gonna rise up to the moon.
So this is how the world ends-
Not with a bang but with a wimpy.
Don't laugh too soon-
I am sick of it down here.
Gonna rise up to the moon.
Who needs all the troubles of today?
What's the difference anyway?
I feel out of focus, what can I do?
There's only you.
Gonna fly up to the moon,
Raising all of my money.
Can't make it too soon,
I am sick of it down here.
Gonna rise up to the moon.
When they open the borders where will you be?
I'll climb the highest tree
To avoid the stampede-
And if I should fly
Only you, you,
There's only you,
That would say goodbye.

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