

Eleventh He Reaches London "Chilson"

Visit "[Chilson](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Open that bottle, send the cork across the sky.
Through irrelevant celebrations like a friend leaving us
behind.
To take our mind off the suffocating loss of
dependence we relied on for 22 somber years.
I'm done with this girl with her mouth open wide like the
clowns we pumped coins in to move side to side.
Are you on the edge of your seat for me?
I'm done with this boy who thinks he's all I have, but I'll
kiss him tonight in case I'm still unsure.
Because that's true I guess... at least for tonight.
And there is love!
There is beauty!
They exist but removed from the boy with no heart.
That aside there is trust.
There's rapport and the oblation of being content.
The road is long and I'm afraid.

The moon is out on Saint Dwynwen.
Day, night, on false ways home.
Well it's too late for regrets and I'm afraid of heights
but I'll ride that ferris wheel if it means we'll kiss.
The brightest full moon above the darkest planet.
A visual metaphor that screams to me.
Get back on track and stop being a coward.
Get back on track and stop being a failure.
Get back on track and stop being that bookmark of the
person you told yourself to never become.
I miss my family and I miss my home.
I miss that kiss of my mother and her words "you'll be
who you want".
I miss internally what everyone has.
I miss that publican's ghost, so proud of me, saying
"just let go".

Visit [Eleventh He Reaches London](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.