

Guillemots "Cool Cool Moon"

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And all the sound is burning in my head,
My hands are also burning with the things I haven't
said.

Though I tried to be good I still fail
And then my tainted efforts,
All my skin becomes so veil.
Threatens to leave me completely...
Full back in to space where it was born.

Cold cool moon,
You are my friend don't die to soon
Though I seem one, my ligaments are thorned
I really love someone to take me home.

Cold cool moon
I look to you, I look to you
I've got the blue, someone stole the laces from my
shoes
Oh lets your white light me... my pillow.

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