

## Hooverphonic "Renaissance"

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Sweet relief calms me down  
Makes me drown, lost and found  
Neighbors complain sheets are stained  
Hotel shower the best around

Spacing from Paris to New York  
Silver sunglasses, silver phone  
Connect us to someone who doesn't know  
About these feelings we can't control

People they want us to fall down  
But we won't ever touch the ground  
We're perfectly balanced, we'll float around  
Till no one is near to hear this sound

Spacing from Paris to New York  
Silver sunglasses, silver phone  
Connect us to someone who doesn't know  
About these feelings we can't control

Strange feeling captures us  
It generates this huge fuzz  
I miss you all the time I must face  
I miss your touch and your embrace

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