

## **Idols Teen**

### **"She's The Softest Sound In London"**

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Can't you see the sky is falling?  
As these porcelain clouds dismantle  
Into shards of our affection  
Raining on our secret scandal  
With a photo inside the cover  
Of her bible, of her lover  
She talks to God, but not her parents  
And I'm so in love with her appearance

Ooh, Ooh Ooh La La  
When she holds my hand  
I can't, can't, can't, just can't seem to catch my breath  
While I fall headfirst into the pavement  
It feels as if all my reason has left  
And, I couldn't tell her...

Can't you feel the tinge of sickness  
As it's seeping through your bloodstream  
You're warm as breath in December  
Yet you remain so serene  
I won't be home before I miss you  
You're in my thoughts like a plague  
A drug to my every function  
Honey, you're a state of grace

And I don't know why I would doubt you,  
Nothing feels the same without you...

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