

## Idy "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,  
it's raining on our secret scandal.  
She keeps a photo in the cover  
of her bible, of her lover,  
because she talks to God and 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.  
I'll fall, fall, fall headfirst into the pavement,  
because it feels like 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;  
because 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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