

## Marlango

### "Automatic Imperfection"

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There are children playing on the manpost  
'tending they are kids  
They can climb up and fall down hard on their knees  
Into this grass built for them

This puzzle made of dreams and nightmares  
Full of shops and signs,  
All the lies behind the curtains  
Every rule in conversation

Sometimes, somehow  
Moon finds a cradle in traffic lights  
And it works out  
It works out

There are lovers kissing on their arms  
Pretending they are stars  
Well sometimes when I'm tired  
I waste my wishes in city lights

Sometimes, somehow  
Moon finds a cradle in traffic lights  
And it works out  
It works out

All the lies behind the curtains  
Every rule in conversation  
Every lie and every law  
Don't convince me as much as when  
Somehow sometimes when you miss this city  
Smell real life

Sometimes, somehow  
Moon finds a cradle in traffic lights  
And it works out  
It works out

Sometimes, somehow  
Moon finds a cradle in traffic lights  
And it works out  
It works out

Sometimes

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