

Schnell Fenster "Lamplight"

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She's trying to find the pieces
To put it back together
Chained to late nights
A-huh, take aways, and caffiene
In a pokey little room there
She's sitting with a vacant stare
Cigarette butts lie everywhere
Its a wet October nightmare
Ah, she's locked up her heart
Locked up her mind, locked up her soul
And left the key behind
Say that you won't but you do
Like a moth to a flame, yeah
Make up your mind
Give it some time
You might wake up and find
I'm not the waiting kind
Say that you won't, but you do
And somewhere in the dense smoke
The fragments fly, her eyes are wet
But her throat is dry, and her backlit head
Heaves a heavy sigh udner the lamplight
We share the same secret

Like a private sun, sunset
Sad and beautiful, but yet
Fading like the twilight
And through the rhododendrons
Like a portrait painter over
She watches and she waits, a-hah
Waiting by the lamplight
Ah, she likes to be loved
Loves to be liked, but she doesn't care
Just as long as somebody is there
Say that she won't but she do
Like a moth to a flame yeah
Make up your mind, give it some time
You might wake up and find
I'm not the waiting kind
Say that you won't, but you do
Staccato of her knuckles on the table top.
It's a syncopated rhythm to the clock's tick-tock

She looks a stunned mullet in a state of shock
Under the lamplight
Under the lamplight
[x3]

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