

Straw

"Wake Up (miss Venezuela)"

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Come on then.

The welcoming sound of the fallout shelter.
I was working it out on the fingers of one hand.
This is the way that she planned it.
Yeah.
Happy to bite on the hand that felt her.
She was thinking about the shape of things to come.
This is the way that she planned it.
Yeah.
Sneaking a look at the cards I dealt her.
I was slurring my words so that she won't understand.
This is the way that I planned it.
Yeah.

All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was another song.
And she'd become Miss World.
Wake up.
Wake up.

Leaving a note.
I won't read it later.
Taking my phone out and talking to myself.
This is the way that I planned it.
Yeah.
Pressing the first floor.
It's somewhere to take her.
Closing the door she has opened up so well.
This is the way that I planned it.
Yeah.

All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was another song.
And she'd become Miss World.

I want to travel the world.
I want to travel the world and work with children.
I want to travel the world and work with children and
love 'animals'.

Wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up.

All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was the word.
Wake up.
All she ever wanted was another song.
And she'd become Miss World.
Wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up.

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