

Miike Snow

"Archipelago"

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Please, the ward he offers me a pack of cigarettes.
They aren't his, and yet I feel it coming on
I feel it coming on a sense of welling grief
And though they're serving samovar, somehow I'd
rather be

Up in an airplane above the archipelago.
I stuttered in my armour in an airplane above the
archipelago.
I could see where you grew up, and the murderer in
me.

Please, the blanket and the sheets,
The leaves the gardener rakes are articles of faith.
The company believes I'm running derelict around
these foreign streets.
The colonel knows I want to crack his head for taking
me

Up in an airplane above the archipelago.
I stuttered in my armour in an airplane above the
archipelago.
Now I see where you grew up, and the murderer in me.

They said there was an ice age forty thousand years
ago.
Incidents of road rage warring on the streets below.
[x2]

Up in an airplane above the archipelago.
I stuttered in my armour in an airplane above the
archipelago.
Now I see where you grew up, and the murderer in me.

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