

Miike Snow**"Vase"**

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There were islands where we spent the days.

There were hunting hounds by the palace grounds,
believe me.

She had circles like Romany Marie

She would start the day with the Novocaine, believe
me.

By the end of the day

There were coming shocks from the palace clocks,
believe me.

There was nothing we could do or say

We were holding hands in the garbage cans, believe
me.

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on
a vase.

While the innkeep follows us the road gives in to haze

And the smell of water comes.

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on
a vase.

You'll never win the game.

When you wander off keep your ballots soft, believe
me.

Believe me.

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on
a vase.

You can wish but this order is thinner than the glaze on

a vase.

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