

Yourcodenameis:Milo

"17"

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We can get rid of your feeling,
I should give it up or spit it out.
Confide my own join your crowd,
I'm not insecure so make my tracks.

Flourescent lights, smoked filled rooms,
Well I ended up with broken past.
The room would swell, I'm in view.
Confuse me first consume me last.

Please get away from your disco clouds.
Days we've taken all for granted,
All for granted now.
Days I cannot wait to present,
Can I ... we could last forever.

... to this photo call,
To capture the moment when you fall.

Please get away from your disco clouds,
Your disco clouds.

Please get away from your disco clouds,
Your disco clouds.

Days we've taken all for granted,
Days we've taken all for granted.

Days we've taken all for granted,
All for granted, now.

The days I cannot wait to present,
Again, again we could last forever.

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