

City On Film "All The Wrong Notes"

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upstairs Europe stars
I would stare but nothing there is like you are
asleep in those cold arms
outside a lonely night
sizes up the sight and
I slide the covers over my eyes
you know I can't sleep otherwise
our trouble grows and grows
speeds and slows
rides and rolls in the slow
eyes low in our oslo
but high enough to see your
awakened bright eyes shining blue into
another dream
that's so you
and so I try to sing something meaningful
but I'm hitting all the wrong notes

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