

The Most Serene Republic "Content Was Always My Favorite Colour"

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My world is firmly compressed
Into the pocket of your front breast
We pass over cities and towns
Collapsed in hopes that people find amusement
Amongst the depressed, what you say, goes
And your site beats everyone else's
And we all know we've already won

Once in awhile
While looking on the lamp post
While they dance alone
(They pivot and sway in the street)
([Unverified] the light sure shed by our road flare)
(Another layered line is going on with these two lines)

Watching the ground move quick and fast
The car is stopped and I'm out of gas, must be my fault
Whatever you say is correct by me
'Cause all I wanna save is a cat in a tree
I can't get it down, I can't get it down
I can't get it down, the doubt breaks inside me
As the light beat down from the giant's pockets onto
the ground

You're a taker of vanities, a stealer of games
Now show me a night where us both can be safe

You're what I want

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