

Myslovitz

"Postcrad from an airport"

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Rain in New York now
Laugh in London town
Fuck it all, fuck it all, fuck it all
When you are gone

Yeah, I brought no shots
Of those beauty spots
And whenever I roam
I feel I must go home
Fuck it all, fuck it all, fuck it all, fuck it all
When you are gone I feel like
I'm asleep, I'm lost a bit
Dissolved in mist

Yeah, I have no more fun
When I'm in this strange state of mind
State of mind

See, I've recall that here am I
Sitting all alone, all alone
You're all gone

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