

Al, Marc & Sandy **"Die Here On Your Floor"**

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I know, I know your late night smell
I love the way you kiss and tell
When the hipsters claim you style
So I'll wait, I'll wait under your
Chestnut trees, trying to make that
Picture freeze
That could take a while

There's nothing I want more,
Than to die here on your floor

At night, when structure goes away
I remember all the sounds you made
When you were down and cold
But everytime I see you wake up
I know it won't be too late
It never will be, that's your fate
And the only thing I know

There's nothing I want more,
Than to die here on your floor
You get closer everytime,
But I will never call you mine

There's nothing I want more,
Than to die here on your floor
You get closer everytime,
But I will never call you mine
I would never call you mine

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