

True Noise
Aeroplanes

It's so strange
This smoke in my eyes
In time, everything will change
So I look at an aeroplane through my hands
With the stain on my face from the sand
And I blow my name to the river
And cover the tracks where you ran

And sometimes
It is pitch black
That is when I want you
To come back...

See its old smoke
We lit long ago
And I'll blow out the candle
And lick my fingers in the breeze
'Cos I've been so cold
If you kiss my mouth, I'd freeze

And sometimes
It is pitch black
That is when I want you
To come back...