She Wants

Metronomy

She sleeps so soft

So soft I tread

Arranging papers

Around the bed

And if she's dreaming deep tonight

I lie with her by reading light

A glass of water by her side

and gone are hopes of getting tiredI'll call the shots

'Til you wake up

Count every second

On every clock

It's getting late

Yeah, that I know

The hours come

The hours go

Then twitching lips

And twitching arms

And there you're lying

Your make up on

And girl if you're dreaming deep tonight

I'll lie with you by reading light

A glass of water by your side

and gone are hopes of getting tiredI'll call the shots

Till you wake up

Count every second

On every clock

It's getting late

Yeah, that I know

The hours come

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