Bastille, Alessia Cara, Another Place

i am bound to you
whit a tie that we cannot break
whit a night that we can’t replace

I am lost but found whit you
in a bad that we’ll never make
it’s a feeling we always chase

I could write a book about the thing you said to me
in the pillow
and the way
you think and how you make me feel

you could fill me mind and move my body
whit the fiction fantasies
just call this what it Is we don’t pretend it’s real

so don’t make promises to me that your gonna break
we only ever want one thing ffrm this
don’t paint
wonderful; lies on me thet wash away
we only ever wanted one thing from this
in another place, in another time
could we have been
in another place, in another time
could we have been

in another place, in another time

so lie to me tonight
and pretend till te morning light
and imagine that you are mine
cos when the sun will rise
whit the truth coming out your eyes
we’d be good in another life

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in the pillow
and the way
you think and how you make me feel

you could fill me mind and move my body
whit the fiction fantasies
just call this what it Is we don’t pretend it’s real