

Laney

Hey there lovely smile

A million miles away

Don't want to sell this thing short

So I am standing on a mountain

Singing little ditties that I wrote you

So that I don't go crazy

So that I don't make the world spin too fast

I picked you a garden of flowers

They turned into a melody

And took a taxi cab across the land to find your body

My left hand is yellow while my right hand burns red

If I could name a star after you the pressure

Of that star living up to the beauty that radiates from within all that you are

Would make the star feel inferior to the letters l-a-n-e and y and it would fade away

And the night sky would lose its twinkle until you found your hand in mine

I think you should play guitar in my band

I think you should lie beside me and we should never sleep again until tonight

Because waking up beside you would surpass the need for coffee and red eyes

You are the answer to the question

And I'm sure about everything that I have never been sure before

And no pheromone could in the way of my need to crash into you

Like Hokusai's Great Wave

Or my need to melt with you, like Klimt's Kiss...