

# Biffy Clyro, Folding Stars

Take a long hard look at yourself  
How did you end up here  
The blood drips like red inverted balloons  
Tomorrow is a promise to no-one

If you want, follow me and I'll lead you inside  
You don't have to run and hide

Eleanor, Eleanor  
I would do anything for another minute with you because  
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier

In a bedroom with no windows or doors  
All the happy people are crying  
You can't hold a gaze for a second or two  
It always ends in total darkness

Eleanor, Eleanor  
I would do anything for another minute with you because  
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier  
You will be folding stars  
You can't ever understand  
It's not getting easier, it's not getting easier

It ends in a place with no love only hate  
And a mirror reflecting the truth  
In your eyes, in your face you can't wash it away  
From your cold, cold heart

I hope that you're folding stars