

King Krule, Cellular

there's a television
there's a television speaking to me
there's a French girls
on my television
she's crying the palm of my hand

in moving mental
I read the paper
or just the photos
I rip one out in my hand
there's a massacre
across the ocean
I can see it in the palm of my hands

below the ground floor
I am losing signal
we've lost connection
I left her dying
she was still crying
and now she's lying in my head

above the third rail
shrapnel flying
next door's wobbling
but I am riding to the end
what am I good for?
I've got no signal
abandoned, to the voice in my head

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