

Believe Me

Trespassers William

Would you think the night is locked?
And if we re all blind
Wooden arms and sleep, I ve tried
But they ve killed me and the morning name
Breathe
Whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh,
Whoa, oh, oh

Without you, nothing stands on air
And I swear I won t lie
I ll try, to hold this so tight
And all of this come and get it
To end
Whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh,
Whoa, oh, oh x 3