

Eight

Chew Lips

Such confusion can't be good
And though my house is made of wood
I can throw stones if I please
Can set fire my gathered leaves
Where'd you go, I wouldn't say
Always been a mile away

A high-speed chase on your wedding day
Give and take are all the same
Cannon shoot on grassy moor
A battlefield of love and war

Empty bottle on your bed
Broken-hearted, innocent
Where you've been I wouldn't go
Just another story told

A high-speed chase on your wedding day
Give and take are all the same
Cannon shoot on grassy moor
A battlefield of love and war

It's your high-speed chase on your wedding day
Give and take are all the same
Cannon shoot on grassy moor
A battlefield of love and war