Paddling Ghost

Dan Deacon

Paddling ghost makes it, coast to coast makes it
Into the flames with the horse who made believe
Battles a guy makes across the night and he
Battles the flame, it's the big snowflake

There was a time they knew once more
Carried them down beneath the floor
Shovels in hand, they dug too deep
Down to the flame that was his keep

Paddling ghost makes it, coast to coast makes it
Into the flames with the horse who made believe
Battles a guy makes across the night and he
Battles the flame, it's the big snowflake

I've soaked my skin in the pits of hell
Yet I can't seem to escape the smell of sea
Like gloom, it's smeared across my skin
Like a dirty black rust in my melody

Watch that one black knight he
And the whole world whispers

Paddling ghost makes it, coast to coast makes it
(I've soaked my skin in the pits of hell
Yet I can't seem to escape the smell of sea)
Into the flames with the horse who made believe
(Like gloom, it's smeared across my skin
Like a dirty black rust in my melody)
Battles a guy makes across the night and he
Battles the flame, it's the big snowflake

Watch that one black knight he
And the whole world whispers

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!