

## I Was Playing Drums

Efterklang

I can't grow without  
a weapon or a dream  
'cause we belong to her.  
What is soft to touch  
forever we will be  
and we belong to her.

Beneath the polaroid  
the walls are going on  
and it gave, and it gave us hope  
in the past when we were friends.

I deny, at the night  
there's no where to walk no hurry  
the machines, oh the machines they were all fine and full.

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