

Say So What

Graham Coxon

Sky so hot, sticky like treacle
Like a shot, beauty unequaled
Silver drops on furrowed brow
Never thought I would do somehow, oh no
Flying there, watchin' my laziness
Won't you ever stop avoidin' my gazing
Now your shapes they come unwound
Foreign sight and foreign sound

I wanna be worthy of your beauty
And I gotta be holding wings weightlessly

And you say "so what?"
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