

Meat on a Stick

MØ

Hold on. I don't understand
Where all the roads are going, man
All I see is trouble when I open up my door
All you see is snowdrops staying behind your window

Hold on. I don't understand
Why I don't have my mother's warm, warm hands
I can feel my body crying but I'm pushing on
If you wanna make it better, make it while I'm young

Oh

Babe, babe, babe, babe, babe
Where did, did, did you go?
I thought you were meant to save my soul

Babe, babe, babe, babe, babe
Where did, did, did you go?
I thought you were meant to save my soul

My soul, my soul

I am no hero. Don't have much to give
You are no hero. Just meat on a stick
My soul
I am no hero. Don't have much to give
You are no hero. Just meat on a stick