

Roots

MØ

Oh, oh

You heard the news, sweet child
I slaughtered all them swans
I left it burnin'
Gone to New York
There will be no more violence
In the house of your heart
In the house of your heart
There was a ravel
And I was weak for a while
I'll never be as good as you so
I got a ride and
I hitchhiked for New York
There will be no more violence
In the house of your heart
In the name of the Lord

Oh, oh, baby
Where will I dig my roots?
It's aching each time that I think of you
I wish for a better day to come around
Wanna shake my heads down
Show you what you found (oh)
I wish for a better day to come around
So put a gun to the thunder inside of my head (oh)

You heard the news, sweet child
The world is mad we're runnin' wild
I'm gonna ride and
Get off at New York
There will be no more violence
In the house of your heart
In the house of your heart
In the name of the Lord

I wish there'd been another way
With there'd been another way
We should stay there

Oh, oh, baby
Where will I dig my roots?
It's aching each time that I think of you
I wish for a better day to come around
Wanna shake my head [?]
Show you what you found (oh)
I wish for a better day to come around
So put a gun to the thunder inside of my head (oh)

Where will I dig my roots? (Oh)
Where will I dig my roots?