Make It Gold

Ohbijou

Keep on, moving never took so long
These legs are bricks and rip through sheets
Steaming underneath the clothes we wore
Now on the floor, it's true

Bring back wickedness
Bring back temperaments
Bring back the wind that blew the fire into
The woods where I wait for you

The nights are bare, we kiss like thieves
The air is sharp in evergreens
I stretch like waters bring this ship to harbour
We'll brave this storm and come out new

Bring back wickedness
Bring back temperaments
Bring back the wind that blew the fire into
The woods where I wait for you

We'll blow this smoke and make it gold
We'll blow this smoke and make it gold
These songs get old, these songs get old
We'll blow this smoke and make it gold

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