

# Nightingale

Rocco DeLuca & The Burden

I like the way it feels,  
To burn my soul into my heels,  
And I don't want to go home.

I don't mind the scars I have,  
They no longer make me sad,  
And I don't want to go home.

And I can't quite remember the last time,  
When you kissed me.

And I've seen the open road,  
The Nightingale sings to a rose,  
"Ooh."

And I've killed a cold black night  
Its lifting wings and breaking light,  
And I don't want to go home.

But I can't quite remember the last time,  
When you kissed me.

No no  
No no

And I can't quite remember,  
Your face,  
And I can't quite remember,  
The feel of your hands,  
And I - when you kissed me.