Static

Throwing Muses

[Verse 1]
Your mouth fell out of the sky
And suddenly, I had it memorized
But, honestly
It's like you're dead

[Verse 2]
A pretty picture of you breathing air
And you're just standing there
Static

[Outro]
Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road
Your road is in the dark, is in the sun
Your road is in the dark, is in the sun
In the rain and cold

You're cold
You're made of heat
You're made of skin
Made of cloth and bone

Your bones are made of sponge
Are made of plexiglass
Tin and hope

Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road
Your road is in the dark, is in the sun
In the rain and cold

You're cold
You're made of heat
You're made of skin
Made of cloth and bone

Your bones are made of sponge
Are made of plexiglass
Tin and hope

Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road

In the rain and cold

You're cold
You're made of heat
You're made of skin
Made of cloth and bone

Your bones are made of sponge
Are made of plexiglass
Tin and hope

Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road

Your road is in the dark, is in the sun
In the rain and cold

You're cold
You're made of heat
You're made of skin
Made of cloth and bone

Your bones are made of sponge
Are made of plexiglass
Tin and hope

Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road
Your road is in the dark, is in the sun
In the rain and cold

You're cold
You're made of heat
You're made of skin
Made of cloth and bone

Your bones are made of sponge
Are made of plexiglass
Tin and hope

Your hope is on the wing, is on a bus
Tearing down the road

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!