Burned Off

Vundabar

Burned off in the heat of an afternoon
After six weeks straight soaked to the bone
I was trembling, wondering could that knob still turn
By this ash hand? Or would the motion mask the room
In a grey winter? Does the silence and the sill know
When will the wind blow? When will the wind blow?

When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
When will it burn off?
Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh

Shaken, but couldn't shake it off of me
Saw it, cloud of levity
You were the nightingale, I was the wretched rail
That takes the train away
To chase elusive dollar on some breathless day

And then it burns off
And then it burns off
And then it burns off
And then it burns off
And then it burns off
And then it burns off
Why does it burn off?
Why does it burn off?
Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh

I must take a drink
Before I meet the man I'm said to become
Inertia crocodile
Opens the door and you're eclipsed by the sun
Uh

Burned off, yeah, in the heat of an afternoon
After six weeks straight soaked to the bone, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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