Flat Black

Wheat

Can I get you to turn
Your eyes from down on me?
Like you've done before

When you're pulling my hair
And turn off quietly
Fall around the floor

Can I get you to trade you wind?
For diamonds and seas, stock violins
Your 'I don't know anything's

Could I trust you to fall?
From my grace sometimes
Like some enemy

Like you don't understand
And scrunch your face sometimes
Lose your vanity

Could I get you to trade you wind?
For diamonds and seas, stock violins
Your 'I don't know anything's

It's no landslide
My balloon
It's no landfall
My balloon; falling
My platoon; calling
My balloon; falling

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