

Unmade – Thom

(mmmm)

Come under my wings, little bird

Come under my wings, little bird

Come under my wings

Unmade, unmade

I swear that there's nothing

Up my sleeves

And then back again

I swear there's nothing

Unmade

There's no faces

Won't grow back again

Broken pieces

Unmade

I swear there's nothing

Won't grow back again

I swear there's nothing

Come under my wings

Come under my wings

Come under my wings

Under my wings

We're unmade



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych