

Quince

Fair To Midland

You couldve been raised in Africa
Lacked in our vigor
Been an X on the calendar
Losing our cool in Antarctica
So I put my coat on ya
The breeze was light burgundyA northern star over Istanbul
So I sing you my martyrs code
'Till you capture the sailboats
Subtracting the fees under carried time
Somewhere over the great divide
Clap like a canisterYou couldve been raised in Africa
Lacked in our vigor
Been an X on the calendar
Losing our cool in Antarctica
So I put my coat on ya
The breeze was light burgundyI have an army suited and ready
For you to simply take a bite and steer
Were more than prepared to fight this unfair
All you need do is tease your taste and steerYour crimes
Are not mine or theirs
Weary from the wear you invent
I forgetFor sometime
Ive been underground
And dug to the sound of your breath
I forget

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