

Hummingbird (feat. Jan Blomqvist)

Pablo Einzig

She is the one who won't wait in line.
She walks to the front and does not look behind.
Looks like a lady but acts like a punk.
Only likes techno and hates solid funk. She's hungry for something,
She's feeding the fear.
She's happy with nothing,
And less deserve. Eyes, they notice when she enters the club.
High heels that scream "don't believe in love".
She'll never admit to mistakes she has made,
She'll never agree to give you your way. She'll rage at the small things,
But can't give a fuck
about all the very important stuff.
She loves to be lonely with whisky and wine,
For leavin' her parents she doesn't have time. You call her bitch, I call her mine. If we disagree, I'm not gonna
fight.
There's something she's got, I can't help but like
If I want her too bad, I scare her away,
Don't want her enough, she won't go my way. Wants us to help, but 'll never ask for help.
She'll sink or she'll swim all by her self.
She hates colours, she's black and white.
Steps on the weak and is hardly right. And I found she's screaming, at nothing at all,
And no one would speak up, whenever she fought.
She loves to be lonely with whisky and wine,
For leavin' her parents she doesn't have time. She'll never admit bein unkind.
You call her bitch, I call her mine

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