

Hollow

Trampled by Turtles

Little did we know, that the world was dying
That the birds outside, they never sing for us
Winter time is slow, and the pain she'll be crying
My blood runs cold, they never sing for usHollow, hollow I'm emptyGuess we'll go outside, and face the
slaughter
Of a dead end life, and a world getting smaller
Shortly you'll be here, my little darling
All the birds can crow, and the winter doesn't matterHollow, hollow I'm empty

Songwriters

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