

Tyrants

Catfish and The Bottlemen

Eyes rolled back guess we were living fast
Where did you go, yeah where did you go?
Your eyes go to show
That it was so rare to see you sober
And so the streetlights would carry us home And I spent my nights trying to get a grip of you
And I did my best to get my hands under your jacket
So we could make a racket
But your divine ribs would help break mine
We hit the ground so let's hit the ground She said nothing's alright, believe me
I won't feel the same in the mornin'
She said nothing's alright, we're leavin'
And I won't feel the same in the mornin' Tyrants help build us
They won't mind throwin us away
Tyrants help build us
They won't mind throwin us away

Songwriters

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