Mayflies

Wussy

Take this bread and take this cup, it's no fun being runner up
Never meant to be so mean, first time comes for everything
Like this blood on my hands and the mark on my head
And the memory of someone I left for dead
Angels just won't let it be, always picking fights with me
Catch your tiger by the heel, trade it for a solid meal
And the clothes on your back and this voice in my head
And the memory of someone I left for dead
Mayflies cloud the summer skies, flying fast to their demise
Spindle legged against the sun, guess you're not the only one
With this blood on my hands and this voice in my head
And the memory of someone I left for dead.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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