He Needs It

Spectorbullets

If I was God?s private tailor
I could chase this voodoo out
That stains our canvas with wine and pain
And leaves us so worn down

And the blues that evening had us figured out
Past the seething and leaving, we could work it out
If I just knew what to do with your love

Chained to a set situation
Like a murder mystery of two
You spend some time with our unborn joys
While I try finding you

But past sharp mourning we could work it out
Past the stray fires and land mines we could work it out
If I just knew what to do with your love

Lyrics submitted by Spectorbullets.

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