Broken Telephone

The Be Good Tanyas

I'll be the wind in your leaves
The warmth of the sun
I'm always drawing your colors
I'm always tracing your footstepsIt's a hard world, it's a cold world
I could never say what I mean
I went looking in all the wrong places
There's nothing wrong with youBroken telephone
The lines are down
The wires no longer reaching
Connection's goneHigher and higher I am taken by
What you've given to me
Higher and higher I am taken by
What you've given to me, what you've given to me
What you've given to meI'll be the wind in your leaves
The warmth of the sun
I'm always drawing your colors
I'm always tracing your footstepsIt's a hard world, it's a cold world
I could never say, what I mean
I went looking in all the wrong places
There's nothing wrong with youBroken telephone
The lines are down
I throw myself at nothing
I throw myself at nothingHigher and higher I am taken by
What you've given to me
Higher and higher I am taken by
What you've given to me, what you've given to me
What you've given to me

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