

Tiderays

Volcano Choir

We wake up,
Soft denims on the floor.
Spent nights late,
Sleepin back to the fall. Don't even, you fall the few.
You don't quit, heads back the ceiling.
Baby, this is not sound.
It's nineteen and kids, warfare secret.
On the hard nights, you're the ace right,
And you will break down so tear in my new week.
Now you're here, past the sand.
Ahh, ahh.
Now you're left with the look up at the middle end.
But you didn't feel angry.
But you didn't feel flat.
But you didn't find to, hold onto new.
Don't call me up again,
You're the bitch that never ends. Wait for the tiderays. (x2)

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