Mayfield

Chandeliers

Remember back when seasons don't change, oh baby
Late December winds bringin' pain back to me
And I've been closin' these doors for days, oh baby
The sky is fallin' down on my grave and now
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
South Pacific's whiskey and sin, now honey
These angels got me talkin' again, jump slowly
Gently as the breakin' waves, I'm flyin'
Tide closin' in on my face and now

Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Yeah, yeah
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Ooh, are we gonna make it?
Woah, are we gonna make it?
Yeah, are we gonna make it?
Woah, are we gonna make it?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, are we gonna make it now?

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