Peaches

The Districts

I don't wanna sing about the peaches in the Vatican
Oh and I don't wanna hear about the bird on the hill
And why you wanna fight when you know that I'll be gone again
Oh and I don't wanna write god's name into my will
I'll just care to make them wanna be in every promise, yeah
Oh, and I choose to not worry that the neighbors like to party
Are you still now wishing I could see your eyes again?
I won't be thrown out all these memories apartWhen in dreams, he knows then
Patterns into dreams
Listen all, it's like nothing's moving
It's estranged
From the trapped away
Lines in between when the dead are standing out
When we crack mother's spatula by walking the street
Now I'm sour and aching for the clock four past twelve again
And I'm sleeping from even seeing I turn out to beI'm your black and shapes and all day frivolity
What I've seen won't even satisfy alone what you hold
And we'll win [?] we're in
We're deep, we make the shimmer out
You're nothing any cold
When in dreams, he knows then
Patterns into dreams
Listen all, it's like nothing's moving
It's estranged
From the trapped away

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