

Tina

Flyleaf

Tina's eyes are clear crystallite
How can we not notice her?
Now they only stare at her burns
Her small voice so full of honestyTake care of my loves, I can't hold on
Keep me alive while I dieThey cannot notice her sickness
Like their own dung sprayed with perfume
They try not to hear her speaking
But they can't hear anything elseTake care of my loves, I can't hold on
Keep me alive while I dieI missed my chance, send one more
I'm not wasting thisI missed my chance, send one more chance
I'm not wasting this one more chance
I missed my chance, send one more chance
I'm not wasting this one more chance

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