

Cringe

Solo (UK)

Wide eyed, knee deep in surprise
Just below your thighs, the temperature drops 5 degrees
Your standby flight has just arrived Tongue tied, bleeding from your eyes
Even Christ Himself would cringe at the sight of your scars
While you're counting sheep, I'll count my lucky stars You were the last good thing I ever saw
And I lost it all, I lost it all Burned out on 2 hours of shut eye
Eyes glazed at the thought of the next 8 hours
Headwind, cold rain to wake me You were the last good thing I ever saw

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