

Blackbird And The Fox

The Twilight Singers

A little bit of smoke in the sky
It's late in the evening
And the end of the summer
Burns upon your skin It's never too late to cry
Or sleep with strangers
Show you things that you've never seen
Then I'll take you home
Far below the city burns Now they'll come as your friend
And they'll warn about all the rats in the barn
Come closer and when they disarm
They'll ask you to sit in the front of their car Cold blooded but some like it freezing
I keep my blood in the bar
Just when you've forsaken me
That's when I turn my blinders on
And I'll make 'em bleed for my baby bird You are loved by me
You are loved
You are loved by me

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