

Norway (Skinny Friedman edit)

Beach House

We were sleeping till
You came along
With your tiny heart
You let us in the wooden house
To share in all the wealth Don't you know it's true?
Norway-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
Norway-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay Seven figures leap the hungry mouths
The beast, he comes to you
He's a hunter for a lonely heart
In the season of the sun Don't you know it's true?
Norway-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
Norway-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay Where you thinking that you gotta run to now
With the beating of a tiny heart?
Hang on to the things that you're supposed to say
Millions of stars, they open to your fate Norway

Songwriters

VICTORIA GARANCE ALIXE LEGRAND, ALEX KRISTIAN SCALLY Published by

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