

I Don't Fit

Madrugada

So come out of my shadow
Where your shadow
Falls upon me Come, back from your suicide
With that face that you hide
That only I can see See I clearly do not fit
In the plans that you've been makin'
Now the sense must reawaken to some memories
Come and think of it
I think that we should quit
Oh I don't fit in there at all
So come Oh come
Come to my window
Where twisted by the **** in the sun
It's not really all that bad
But the chances you've been takin'
And that rattle you've been shakin'
With that moon on the run, oh

Songwriters

BURAAS, ROBERT / HOEYEM, SIVERT / JACOBSEN, FRODE Published by
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