

Flight, In The Oaks

All The Luck In The World

Well he's burning like a fire
On a dark street
Now fall a feet (?)
Falls short of meAnd he's tearing after youth
And fresh meat
'Cause he needs, because he needs
Because he needs...And all you wintered well
'Til vineyards bloom
You come around much?
And you leave too soon
There's no more worth in your red
Well your grace is goneBefore a fleeting flame
Your eyes are glazed and green
Are all I see
And with your flight
I felt denied
Return to meBefore a fleeting flame
Your eyes are glazed and green
Are all I see
And with your flight
I felt denied
Return to me
I'll swallow youLike I couldn't do...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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