

The Singer

Ty Segall

I can hear the sound
When my arms around
Whistle in the trees
It sits inside the bees?
When my love's around (?)Sing, sing (louder, louder)
Sing, sing (louder, louder)Now I feel so down
Suffering on the ground
Some come home me (?)
We won't be found
When my love's aroundSo sing (louder, louder)
So sing (louder, louder)

Songwriters

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