

Birch (ft. Eliza Shaddad)

Clean Bandit

I was a fool for you and
I went all round town
When I finally saw you
Now I'm speaking to make this something
Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, coldIt's not enough to hear you
Your voice will never be
I find I hate to be near you
I, I long to see this evening through
Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, coldAh ooh ?
Ah ooh ?
Ah ooh ?
?

Songwriters

ELIZA SHADDAD, GRACE CHATTO, JACK PATTERSON, NEIL SMITHPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, SENTRIC MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>