

Mount Wroclai (IdleHands)

Beirut

And I know when time
Will pass by slow
Without my heart
What can I do
You're in the halls
The bell gives way to a larger swell
Without my heart
What can I do, oh
Wroclai And we grow fat
On the charms of our idle dreary days
Seen the shadows grow
See an ominous display
With no alarm
Could we say we'd have expected this way
(under stars?) have died
Give incant to play
Wroclai

Songwriters

Condon, Zach Published by

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