

Beginning to Fade

Django Django

Mantras are falling through ceilings, good morning
Words that I snatched away, unheard, I'm yawning
Colours confusing, multitude blurring
A feeling that something's not right You've gotta let up the things that you've found
You've gotta let up, [?] like
The sound falls away like a broken yesterday
Hey, say hey
You've gotta let up the things that you've found
You've gotta let up, [?] like
The sound falls away like a broken yesterday
Hey, say hey Seems that they'll meet us there, greet us where
Hundreds of stories were told before open doors, closing doors
Folders of pages, of folded down, left around
Beginning to fade out of sight You've gotta let up the things that you've found
You've gotta let up, [?] like
The sound falls away like a broken yesterday
Hey, say hey
You've gotta let up the things that you've found
You've gotta let up, [?] like
The sound falls away like a broken yesterday
Hey, say hey

Songwriters

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