

# Quince

## Spahn Ranch

You couldve been raised in Africa  
Lacked in our vigor  
Been an X on the calendar  
Losing our cool in Antarctica  
So I put my coat on ya  
The breeze was light burgundyA northern star over Istanbul  
So I sing you my martyrs code  
'Till you capture the sailboats  
Subtracting the fees under carried time  
Somewhere over the great divide  
Clap like a canisterYou couldve been raised in Africa  
Lacked in our vigor  
Been an X on the calendar  
Losing our cool in Antarctica  
So I put my coat on ya  
The breeze was light burgundyI have an army suited and ready  
For you to simply take a bite and steer  
Were more than prepared to fight this unfair  
All you need do is tease your taste and steerYour crimes  
Are not mine or theirs  
Weary from the wear you invent  
I forgetFor sometime  
Ive been underground  
And dug to the sound of your breath  
I forget

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>