

Leaning Against The Wall

Kings of Convenience

Your eyes are cold,
I know you'll tell me all.
Not to fall,
I lean against the wall.
I'm on the floor,
Not listening anymore.
I should have known,
The things to which you're prone.
(You cross your arms,
And tell no lies,
A thousand thoughts run
Through my mind,
A thousand words that I don't need,
I never thought you could do this.) Your eyes are cold,
I know you'll tell me all.
Not to fall,
I lean against the wall.

Songwriters

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