

Nightingales

Sondre Lerche and The Faces Down Quartet

Lock me up and throw away my name
Mock my love, it don't brake
Wind and grind it's so then
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by
It's only wind and grind. Mark this laugh in front the underporch
Slap the arm, break my fall.
I've got iceman, I've got it. Spread my ashes in the air when I die
No desire for else, don't say Wind and grind it's so then
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by
It's only wind and grind. So, so still man, oh, so still man
No one to come, no one to come

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