

# Amsterdam

## Daughter

Skin off like lightning  
Breathing flames from thoraces tray  
Your eyes go gray finding  
You lock your gaze on to my face

Heavy eye clothing on the roadside  
Swinging from the street lights

I hope by the morning I will have grown back  
By the morning I will have grown back  
I'll escape with him  
Show him all my skin  
Then I'll go  
I'll go home  
Amsterdam

I'm a flying kite in the breeze just  
Restlessly seeking images a child needs to help them sleep  
I was thinking that I should see someone  
Just to find out that I'm alright

By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back  
I'll escape with him  
Showing all my skin  
Then I'll go  
I'll go home  
Amsterdam

I used to dream of  
Adventure  
When I was younger  
With lungs miniature  
Good night with killing  
Our brain cells  
Is this called living  
Or something else  
Or something else

By the morning I would've grown back

By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back

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written by TONRA, ELENA VERONICA / HAEFELI, IGOR ALEXANDRE  
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