

Flutes

Andrea Ceccomori

I know it's nothing more then flutes
But something in my heart is loose
 There's never been a better day
 And if there is nothing more
Then nothing more will add us say
 There's never been a better day
 Work that inside outside
 Work that more
 Work that right side left side
 More that more
Inside outside left side work the floor
Inside outside up top down with more
 Work that inside outside
 Work that more
Work that right side left side more that more
 Inside outside left side work the floor
 Inside outside up top down with more
 I put up on a string today
 Deciding never taught me a thing
 A wooden box breathes the way
 Never again
 Never again
 Never again
 Never again
 All this talk is getting me down
 Nothing's making sense in my brain
 I'm moving words in coarse of today
 Trying hard to fix through the pain
 I'm waiting to the thought that we came
 Only to discover I'm aged
 And blow a quart of love in your fame
 And watch things drop down

 And watch things drop down
 And watch things drop down
 And watch things drop down
 All this talk is getting me down
 Nothing's making sense in my brain
 I'm moving words in coarse of today

Trying hard to fix through the pain
I'm waiting to the thought that we came
Only to discover I'm aged
And blow a quart of love in your fame
And watch things drop down
One day you might realize
That you might need to open your eyes
One day you might realize
That you might need to open your eyes
Work that inside outside
Work that more
Work that right side left side
More that more
Inside outside left side work the floor
Inside outside up top down with more
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