

Birch (feat. Eliza Shaddad)

Clean Bandit

I was a fool for you and
I went all round town
When I finally saw you
Now I'm speaking to make this something
Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, coldIt's not enough to hear you
Your voice will never be
I find I hate to be near you
I, I long to see this evening through
Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, coldAh ooh ?
Ah ooh ?
Ah ooh ?
?

Songwriters

ELIZA SHADDAD, GRACE CHATTO, JACK PATTERSON, NEIL SMITHPublished by
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