

Weights and Ties

The Wytches

I know it's harder the length from your shoulder
To your hungry eyes to your bloated mind
The flower of Juda paints not a picture
But a tasteless life that I abide by
Who love has taken that razor-sharp humour
That you used to wear in summer weather
Our laboir to gather up strangers who grow bitter
From the weight and ties of love combined
With wealth=Chorus=
If you want it
You should just ask for it=Verse=
When love is now love through all of the broken
Blades of grass that stained your school blouse=Chorus=
When you need it
Don't feel desperate
We all need it Dm
The same as you do (do)

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