

Spoons

Tunng

Up the stairs they glided into her attic
Dusting the sheets, raise the skirt automatic
Collapsed, together like spoons
And it was over far too soon
So they chose another room
And another room
And another room
And another room
They chose another room
A dark and tiny room

And how your tiny hands played with my bosom.

Lyrics submitted by Eryn.

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