

Picture a Knife Fight

Biffy Clyro

I wouldn't listen to her, she'll only break your heart
I'd rather listen to man, woman but not whatever you are
We'll tip it over the edge and watch it disappear
I'll paint a picture of you, well my impression of what is inside
With your stolen eyes
I'm gonna stare at the sun
Until I burn them out
And then I'll picture a knife fight
We're gonna dig up the sky tonight
Bury the sun for the rest of our lives
Lay low and never lie
We're gonna stay here 'til we make it alright
I'm going to grip onto her tiny saxophone
Place an absurd mound of flesh down the tube
And whistle what's inside
I'll tie a ribbon to her because she's all i need
And then i whisper to her, I'd gladly live my whole life on my knees
What's the use if we're struggling on?
We've got to let this go before it sinks it's claws deeper into our souls
We've got to stick together, we've got to stick together
What's the goal if we're struggling on?
We've got to let this go before it sinks it's claws deeper into our souls
We've got to stick together, we've got to stick together

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