

Lots

Dan Deacon

Head south headstrong
Wake each grey dawn
Hold on weakness
No prints princess
Mother my nest
Once choice to make
Get ready to go
Feel like we've been here before
Without a choice and insecure
Of where we'd be without this net around
Yet we've always hated it
Now we stand a chance to break the chains
And break lance that cuts into the heart
And burns the essence of our dreams desire
No hope in sight
Held on too tight
Skylines burnt down
No crops dust cloud
Blind dogs run deep
Pale surf, cold feet
Once choice to make
Get ready to go

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