

# Flight, in the Oaks

## All The Luck In The World

Well he's burning like a fire  
On a dark street  
Now fall a feet (?)  
Falls short of meAnd he's tearing after youth  
And fresh meat  
'Cause he needs, because he needs  
Because he needs...And all you wintered well  
'Til vineyards bloom  
You come around much?  
And you leave too soon  
There's no more worth in your red  
Well your grace is goneBefore a fleeting flame  
Your eyes are glazed and green  
Are all I see  
And with your flight  
I felt denied  
Return to meBefore a fleeting flame  
Your eyes are glazed and green  
Are all I see  
And with your flight  
I felt denied  
Return to me  
I'll swallow youLike I couldn't do...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>