Murder of Crows

Jamie T

Phone of the green
Brick to the love
It's hot in the guts
I'm gunna grip to the rail
I'm hung and I'm hooked
Fixing the sail
She sticks a root down on her meagre frame
One is the with
And one is without
Perceiving a ghost
I'm gunna stick to the trail
I wanna get in
I wanna get out
She sticks a root down on her meagre frameHow can we love like this?
(Guess life is like a roller coaster)
In life, love gnawed at my skin
(Guess nothing I should never trust her)
I don't know where I've been
(Think nothing of a love and leave ya)
Don't know nothing about him
(But I know that you've been seen out together)Phone of the green
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(Set fire to the revelator)
The shogun turned up late
(On a runaway train tryna set a wager)
And there's a light twice shining bright in my eyes
(It's an oncoming train to take ya)
Out of my life and in to his wife
(I'll be waiting, hope I'll see ya later)Phone of the green
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I wanna get out
She sticks a root down on her meagre frameThe combination so slow
Walking on old eggshells
Singing with a murder of crows
Walking on old eggshellsPhone of the green
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Songwriters
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