

Sword of Damocles

Joseph Arthur

I see the sweet down the cleave it's right down your head
That shine uncheaping to get you out of bed
The reality is took for a better day
Cannot do for what she have
Sure be killing, they must kill you
Haze upon your head
I see lots of people laughing
More crushing is it just
Last night I can't get this time And it's drown up stairs
It's ready and he takes
Too pretty but must kill you
And it's morfaine and dexign dream
We hit on on the street
It kills the pain it keeps you up
Discution game has to turn
And right means something is hanging above your head
It's deep down and don't sleep fair
I gotta fix all you would know
They did something what it could last
Stop we don't know about it
I know you hit thet mystic shit
It's just how you see it

Songwriters

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