Knives Of Summertime

Sparklehorse

A flock of knives cut the sky
And buried in my black eyes
And the clouds they bled in my head
And autumn rain soaked the dry beds[Chorus]
And the hurricane of her eyes
Wailed away the knives
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertimeand I did swallow stained glass tears
Absorbed by the sun for many light years
And the fire flies in her hair
My red concertinas coming down the stairs[Chorus]

Songwriters
LINKOUS, MARKPublished by
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