

Thankless Thing

Wild Beasts

Look at our love, a thankless thing
A broken old branch where crow goes to sing
A charred garden, a place of no easy pardon
It's dead in the eyes, it's downright rotten But oh, baby, admittedly I could be somewhat curmudgeonly
But nothing had changed, it stayed the same
I came back and found you where you'd been left for dead
Like something wounded No more of those crippling piggybacks
You'll have to keep up, you'll have to stay amongst the pack
And if you want in, I'll meet you where crow goes to sing
That's if you want in, what is it they're blessing?
But oh, baby, admittedly I could be somewhat curmudgeonly
But nothing had changed, it stayed the same
I came back and found you where you'd been left for dead
Like something wounded

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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