

Glass Deers

The Braids

I found my place in the wishing well
I found my place not feeling well
Now I'm at such great heights here
Now look at me, my dear Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up I found my place in the wishing well
I found my place not feeling well
Now I'm at such great heights here
Now look at me, my dear Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up Here, just right here
And it's all ah Here, just right here
And it's all, ah Oh
Oh And it's background
Describing my house
'Cause God knows,
God knows what I do best And it's background
It's been upset
'Cause I know
I know what makes a man So, I
Shoot you

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