

# Nightingales

## Supperclub

Lock me up and throw away my name  
Mock my love, it don't brake  
Wind and grind it's so then  
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by  
It's only wind and grind. Mark this laugh in front the underporch  
Slap the arm, break my fall.  
I've got iceman, I've got it. Spread my ashes in the air when I die  
No desire for else, don't say Wind and grind it's so then  
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by  
It's only wind and grind. So, so still man, oh, so still man  
No one to come, no one to come

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