

# Silver Soul (Money Trees)

## Beach House

We gather medicine for heartache  
So we can act a fool  
It's incomplete without you  
The silver soul is running through  
It's a vision, complete illusion, yeah The needle along the spinning wheel  
Collecting silver coil  
It gathers heat without you,  
Whether or not you're turned from it  
It's a quick turn  
To let it figure out It is happening again  
It is happening again  
It is happening again  
It is happening again The bodies lying in the sand,  
They're moving in the dark  
It is so quick to let us,  
We feel it move through our skin  
It's a sickness, a manic weakness, yeah

Songwriters

ALEX KRISTIAN SCALLY, VICTORIA GARANCE ALIXE LEGRAND Published by

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Other patents pending.

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