Simple Favor

Knapsack

Sitting close, under hush of mother told me
We're not waiver
We load you on cities too much
It is too
Take this cross
Somehow I'm lost without my anchor
Cut this rope I never wash
I am sunk with out this anchor
Now I'm struck with the beauty of this favor
It is too much
Now I'm numb wanna cut me with their razors
Well, they will cut you with their razors
We spoke soft we lived across i was unstable
We load you on cities too much
It is too
Now I'm struck with the beauty of this favor
It is too much
Now I'm numb wanna cut me with their razors
Well, they will cut you with their razors

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