

Don't be Light (with Beck)

Air

Don't be light
Don't be light
Don't be light
Maybe like me
Don't be light
Don't be light
Don't be light
Maybe like me
Don't be light
Don't
Don't
Don't be light
Don't
Maybe like me
Don't be light
Don't be light
Don't be light
Maybe like me
Don't be light(Don't be light
Don't be light, a ha)
Wild life
The gray surprises of our days
Singing in caves
Fabricating a new abandon
We don't see the master's hand
We bang on gold tambourines
In the cross hairs of some transient gun
Trading desires on the banquet lineLa, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,Don't
Don't be light
Don't
Maybe like me
Don't be be light
Don't be light
Don't be light
Maybe like me

Don't be light

Songwriters

NICOLAS GODIN, JEAN BENOIT DUNCKEL

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