

Tyrants

Catfish and The Bottlemen

eyes roll back as we were living fast
where did you go?
yeah, where did you go?
your eyes go to show
that it was so rare to see you sober
so the street lights would carry us home I spent my nights trying to
get a grip of you
and I did my best to get my hands on your jumper
you know I'd love to but your divine ribs would help break mine
we hit the ground
yeah, let's hit the ground nothing's alright, get leaving
I won't feel the same in the morning
nothing's alright, we're leaving
and I won't feel the same in the morning and I know that I've done wrong
and I know I should have come home to you
and I know that I've done wrong
and I know I should have come home to you tyrants help build us
they won't mind throwing us away
(x4)

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