

Spitting Image (Little Daylight Remix)

Freelance Whales

I watched you flare up from the ink
Nocturnal glances were surrounding Our legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our hands get tied to our minds and
We keep on talking in our sleep Caspian power moves within me
My circulation thermohaline Our fingers swell up and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea We all seem to have big plans
We all seem to have Our legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea We all seem to have big plans
We all seem to have big plans
We all seem to have

Songwriters

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