Two Lonely People ft King Krule

Edgar The Beatmaker

At the start of this track, weâ€™re gonna have like a conversation - and then yeah..

Wait a second, fuckinâ€™ hell

Yo, yo, yo. See it was all blue, it was all blue - what was there to do but pray.
Look to the sky and say maybe baby, you could be my gravy. For just an evening - Iâ€™m not deceiving.
I might as well be golden- retrieving.
Every heart.
Donâ€™t know what to do when Iâ€™m bathed in dark - in the darkest shades of blue.
You were my glue.
You were my stew.
You were in the beef, the teeth, the carrots that I went through.
When I was younger, I used to burn with a hunger
More-ish, More-ish into my lungs.
Stay strung.
You know what I done.
I got the mad flow with no sun.
No sun above me because Iâ€™m bathed in night.
Can you see baby- it was all for you,
it was all for you, it was all for you, it was all..
it was all for you, it was all for you, it was all..

Two lonely people-
Do I, get brave? Or keep cool?
Blaze up the steeple.
I hold her as my equal and wait for the sequel.
Well sheâ€™s just a little twinkle in my eye.
Maybe why did I ever wrinkle into the slimey crack.
I didnâ€™t know what to do, never looking back.
So what should I do, should I do bother? What should I do?
Are you here? Are you here around?
I need to hear your sound, it came from 6 feet beneath this ground.
Now Iâ€™m drowned in a over drought.
Used to drop down now Iâ€™m easing out.
Used to jot down how Iâ€™m floating a cloud.
Girl you were so fuckinâ€™ fine - I wanna make you mine.
Cause you were clean bathed in Devine.
Little ball of slime.

So fuckinâ€™ fine with your legs wrapped around.

She blessed he,
(Unsubtle tours) aim to,
Caress me and bassey drones down my bed sleep.
A lonely tide.

My head cells, out for the very thing that hurts most.
Into the girl who never met another lost soul-
Because I never looked back again.
To anyone who called me then.
-pretend that weâ€™re just friends.

She blessed he
(Unsubtle tours) aim to.
Caress me and bassey drones drown in my bed sleep.
A lonely tide.

Like all the rest.
Youâ€™re like all the rest.
Just like all the rest.

She blessed he,
(Unsubtle tours) aim to
Caress me and bassey drones drown in my sleep.
A lonely tide.

Lyrics Submitted by Jamie-Lee Anna Jardine Cowieson

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