

Feathers

Fanfarlo

Take the time to count the cracks and lines in the four walls
The cell that follows you wherever you go and the black swans
Now the only chance is here and the motorway looks clear
The cells are ticking and the spine is ready to kick in
All wrapped up and tied up little demons sing us what we don't know
With the industry in place we can hold out for a while
It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you wake up feeling nothing at all
It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you're washed up feeling nothing at all
They're covered in feathers and they look so good in the
sunlight
It's only the sawdust trickling from their sleeves that you'll notice
With the industry in place we can look the other way
It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you wake up feeling nothing at all
It is the singer in the river is the siren on the rock
Before the time you're washed up feeling nothing at all
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