17 Hours

Emma Louise

Hands on her shoulders, hair down her back
Lying to her lover at home
Making no money
Far away
17 hours of flight
Words hurt when you wait to long
Words hurt when she's in your armsBut in my anger
I'm a fire
And in his arms she was
In his arms she was
And keep me open
On the table
You left me broken
I'm broke
In his arms like her
And I am honest
Like my mother
You left me naked I burnt
In his arms like her
Where he sleeps and where she fell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/