

# Nine Black Alps, Ilana Song

I'm pulling needles from the pines  
I'm shooting stars out from the sky  
They used to tell me something  
I must be hearing nothing  
Always the last to fall in line

She used to wish the world away  
He couldn't save the family name  
Good God, I want it all the same  
So come on, please, just a little taste

Appreciate your grand design  
I'm shaking hands, I'm doing fine  
I was afraid of something  
Now I'm just scared of running  
You go your way and I'll have mine

She says she knows you want it more  
He says you're rotten to the core  
Good God, I've heard it all before  
So come on, please, just a little more

You used to wish the world away  
You could've saved the family name  
Good God, I want it all the same  
So come on, please, just a little taste