

Sondre Lerche, It's Our Job

I was floating on a stream
Words came easy as they seemed
And as conversations go
I let this one go off enough
Tonight I'll just sit here on my back

When you're applauding your fine mind
Darker corners come to shine
The quality control I run
The filters that I use
What I've forgotten is now forgotten
What I've forgotten is now forgotten

But I think you're in my soul

And it warms me to know
that you'll still be in charge of the heart's content
It's our job
It's our job to breathe

Yes it warms me to know
that I'll still be in charge of your heart's content
It's our job
It's our job to breathe