

Turin Brakes, Panic Attack

Paint your panic attack
Lonely, inside a lift
The smallest thing could strip you to your skin

Feel your lonely skies
When times are hard, wave bye bye
Bye, bye, baby burning eyes of demise

Paint your lonely skies
Burning eyes, wave bye bye, to your skin
You to your skin, baby, bye

The smallest thing inside a lift
To your skin baby times are hard
Paint your eyes, paint your panic back to demise

Strip your panic attack
Lonely eyes baby, burn to your skin
Inside a lift to your skies

Strip your panic attack
Lonely eyes baby, burn to your skin
Inside a lift to your skies