

Damnwells, Air Stereo

I've been here for hours,
Cutting in on every dance.
I stand in every corner,
Painting red for everything.

I look, to you,
I'll take anything you've got,
And fill every waking thought.
I walk, with you.
You come everywhere I go.
Playing on my stereo.

I'd trade my arms, for yours.
A perfect waltz, around the room.
I can leave myself, I'll break it.
With everything that once was yours.

I look, to you,
I'll take anything you've got,
And fill every waking thought.
I walk, with you.
You come everywhere I go,
Playing on my stereo.

I look, to you,
I'll take anything you've got,
And fill every waking thought.
I walk, with you.
You come everywhere I go.
Playing on my stereo.
Playing on my stereo.
Playing on my stereo.
Playing on my stereo.
Playing on my stereo.