

Fair To Midland, Quince

You could've been raised in africa
We lacked in our vigor
Been an "x" on the calendar
Losing our cool in antarctica
So i put my coat on ya
The breeze was light burgandy
I have an army suited and ready
For you to simply take a bite and steer
We're more than prepared to fight this unfair
All you need do is tease your taste and steer
Your crimes are not mine or theirs
Weary from the wear you invent
I forget for some time
I've been underground and dug to the sound of your breath