

# Made Out Of Babies, Fed

It's just a little bit quiet

And the air is sweet and so cold and now it's just getting started running straight to my head

Drown in here shuffles of drying straw that's got my full attention it goes to work heading straight to

It's right up front and fed

All my mistakes sleep on the sun three little birds made straight for my head but the window was cl

It's right up front and fed