

# Nedelle, Winged Can

I must disguise and muffle my size  
Pour me some wine so all is right  
We can't deny a love with no spine  
The higher we fly the less we hide  
How're you fairing?  
Oh it's harrowing for me  
Stop despairing  
Could be windfall at our feet

Come hither, commiserate  
Isn't it strange we feel the same  
Sitting here, we're face to face  
Somehow the spell has been erased  
How're you fairing?  
Oh it's harrowing for me  
Stop despairing  
Could be windfall at our feet

Staring down at those ink black waves  
They could be my far too early grave  
Winged can, safely land  
How're you fairing?  
Oh it's harrowing for me  
Stop despairing  
Could be windfall at our feet