

# Sam Fender, All Is On My Side

the dirty haze of drinks  
whit cannibal eyes  
in a club you despise  
but you go where all your friends are

a woman bends over me  
searching my reaches for what she really is  
then she turns to those liars  
the candles ort the moon  
I see her back  
and reflect it faithfully

she rewards me whit tears  
and an agitation of hands  
I am important to her  
she comes and goes  
each morning it is face that replaces the darkness  
in me she has drowned a young girl  
and in me an aol woman  
risie toward her day after day  
like a terrible fish