

Savoy, Unsound

You say you fly
At times right under me
You say you think you know
What's wrong with me
Well, well
When I don't know what to say
I'd rather walk away
No point asking me to stay
I'd rather walk away

You say you see
Winter wants me empty
'Cos I'm,
Unsafe, Unsound
Unwise to be around

You say you fly
At times right over me
You say you've got
The best of me
Well, well
Winter wants me empty