

Sodastream, Brass Lines

The two of us are guilty, i wrote it on my sleeve
from your marriage bed, were you holding out on me
though this story might, i never want to see you leave
with these men in lights shouting out to me

'cause i want to be high
yes i want to be bright
oh there's something on my sleeve
won't ascribe, won't abide
by the words that you might keep
and if what you say
'cause it might be true i've got to go
go and find you, i'll wait for you this time