

The Districts, Peaches

I don't wanna hear about the peaches in the Vatican
And I don't wanna hear about the bird on the hill
And why you wanna fight when you know that I'll be gone again

And I don't wanna write God's name into my will
I'll just care to make them wanna be in every promise,
And I no to worry the neighbors like to party
Are you still now wishing I could see your eyes again?
I won't be thrown out all these memories apart

When in dreams...
Patterns like tangerine
Listen all, it's like nothing's moving
It's estranged
From the trapped to ...

Lines in between when the dead are standing out
When we crack mother's ... by walking the street
Now I'm sour and aching for the clock four past 12 again
And I'm sleeping from even seeing I turn out to be

I'm your black and shapes and all day frivolity
That I've seen won't even satisfy alone what you hold
And we'll win the spirit we're in
We're deep, we make the shimmer out
You're nothing any cold

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