

Tilly And The Wall, In Two Glasses Of Wine

I can feel them come back around
The slow migration of our hearts
Back to our empty chests
When we know there's nothing left to win back
Our love picks up slowly in the night
It slides across dirty bedroom smiles
Lift up your head so the sun can catch your eyes
No, I wouldn't leave you for a sadder song
No, I wouldn't leave you for a shoulder to lean on
No, I wouldn't leave you for a circle to live long