

Tom McRae, Give In

Solace
Shut your mouth
And hold your tongue or cut it out
I don't feel well
I don't feel well

So I
Taste of dirt
I could conjure dust
From this good earth

I don't feel well
I don't feel well
I didn't feel you slipping in
Feel you slip beneath the skin

When the moment comes
Give in x4

When the moment comes, give in