

# Wheat, Flat Black

Can I get you to turn  
Your eyes from down on me?  
Like you've done before

When you're pulling my hair  
And turn off quietly  
Fall around the floor

Can I get you to trade you wind?  
For diamonds and seas, stock violins  
Your I don't know anything's

Could I trust you to fall?  
From my grace sometimes  
Like some enemy

Like you don't understand  
And scrunch your face sometimes  
Lose your vanity

Could I get you to trade you wind?  
For diamonds and seas, stock violins  
Your I don't know anything's

It's no landslide  
My balloon  
It's no landfall  
My balloon; falling  
My platoon; calling  
My balloon; falling