

Young Guns

"Stiches"

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Every hour is a season
Every minute lasts day
So I sit here picking stitches
I find comfort in decay

How I long to fill my lungs
(Lungs)

Tell me how does it feel to
Breathe air cold and clean
Cos I've been living on my knees
Since I was seventeen

Thought I was safe beneath the smoke
(Smoke)
But even undercover I still choke

My wings are clipped but even if they weren't
(even if they weren't)
I've not the guts to fly and leave behind the earth
(leave behind the earth)
There's no poetry in my soul
(In my soul)
Just a list of lies I've told
(In my soul)
And I don't know how much longer I can hold on

My wings are clipped but even if they weren't
(even if they weren't)
I've not the guts to fly and leave behind the earth
(leave behind the earth)
There's no poetry in my soul
Just a list of lies I've told
And I don't know how much longer I can hold on

My wings are clipped but even if they weren't
I've not the guts to fly and leave behind the earth
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