

Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Just Might Do"

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Awkward sighs awkward silence in a crimson room
Room that speaks to all the strangest thoughts
Thought I held you in my hand you were a horse
Show me something I don't notice all the little
Signs what don't kill me grows me wise now right
Now I'm telling you you might just might just do

When we spoke when we spoke about your mother's
Boat mother's boat was sailing underground under
Ocean fixtures under sound show me something I
Don't notice all the little signs what don't kill me
Grows me wise now right now I'm telling you you
Might just might just do

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