

Comadre

"Binge"

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I know you're sorry, the moon don't lie.
Look at my eyes now. Oh Tokyo,
I'm going back now. Cash on the floor.
I hear a coma knocking on your bedroom door.

We're going "back to black".
We're going "back to black".
We're going "back to black".

Now Amy's crying, she's lost her voice.
Nobody's waiting with a smoker's choice.
Sharp things are easy just like my views.
Dark nights are [?] and I bet that you are too.

We're going "back to black".
We're going "back to black".
We're going "back to black".

And I guess that's what I've learned.
A rebel's taste in words.
And we are always dying to meet you.
But you are always dying to sleep here.
Get down. You won't be found.
Get down. You won't be found.
Get down. You won't be found.
Get down. You won't be found.
You won't be found.

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