

## Fair To Midland "Quince"

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You could've been raised in Africa  
Lacked in our vigor  
Been an X on the calendar  
Losing our cool in Antarctica  
So I put my coat on ya  
The breeze was light burgundy

A northern star over Istanbul  
So I sing you my martyr's code  
'Till you capture the sailboats  
Subtracting the fees under carried time  
Somewhere over the great divide  
Clap like a canister

You could've been raised in Africa  
Lacked in our vigor  
Been an X on the calendar  
Losing our cool in Antarctica  
So I put my coat on ya

The breeze was light burgundy

I have an army suited and ready  
For you to simply take a bite and steer  
We're more than prepared to fight this unfair  
All you need do is tease your taste and steer

Your crimes  
Are not mine or theirs  
Weary from the wear you invent  
I forget

For sometime  
I've been underground  
And dug to the sound of your breath  
I forget

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