

Fury In The Slaughterhouse "Things Like This"

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I'm not looking for absolution
For all my sins or every fight
Smells like sneaking dissolution and I go out most
every night
I not the one here who's to hide

Things like this don't grow on trees, babe
Things like this don't come for free
Sometimes, the obvious is hard to see like raindrops in
the stormy sea
So won't you live with me on my tree

I can't regret misunderstandings
Not even all the ones I've caused
The best conditions for crash landing, so I not sure if I
can stay
And remain sincerely yours

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