

## **Loud Family**

# **"The Softest Tip Of Her Baby Tongue"**

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I was wrong to keep myself at all  
To keep myself at all  
I didn't know how your kisses felt  
Until I saw you kiss someone else  
Now how will I ever try  
Child lips as I shiver sigh  
I didn't know that the sun was there  
Till I stopped going out anywhere  
Most thrilled which is still depressed  
Softest sleep which still isn't rest

Bank parking lot ten to one  
Face, T-zone dry, work gets done  
Loose, under things, underplay  
I wished myself here, I might wish myself away

We should be steel tipped and baby-warm  
In some gone age's deluded norm  
It's embarrassments all somehow  
Seen as flair  
Is it too late now?

Still stayed in touch, perfect drone  
Blue caravan, right at home  
Pinned, native tongue, what we mean  
Wild nature knows how to grind like a cruel machine

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