

Made Out Of Babies "Fed"

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It's just a little bit quiet And the air is sweet and so cold
and now it's just getting started running straight to my
head Drown in here shuffles of dry ing straw that's got
my full attention it goes to work heading straight to my
head when I did you wrong and all those words not
quite light as lead It's right up front and fed All my
mistakes sleep on the sun three little birds made
straight for my head but the window was closed and
shutting down tight but you stayed sweet to the end
and straight through the end had all those words not
quite light as lead and broke down instead and wild
and red not quite light as lead running straight to the
end It's right up front and fed

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