Rocco Deluca & The Burden "Nightingale"

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"Nightingale"

I like the way it feels, To burn my soul into my heels, And I don't want to go home.

I don't mind the scars I have, They no longer make me sad, And I don't want to go home.

And I can't quite remember the last time, When you kissed me.

And I've seen the open road, The Nightingale sings to a rose, "Ooh."

And I've killed a cold black night Its lifting wings and breaking light, And I don't want to go home.

But I can't quite remember the last time, When you kissed me.

No no No no

And I can't quite remember, Your face, And I can't quite remember, The feel of your hands, And I - when you kissed me.

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