

Sodastream

"Out"

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OUT

I've got a battered heart
I wrote it on my list
Didn't know what your feeling was
But it must be better than this
Don't go out
And don't give in
My head is in this country now and
Tells me i can win
So pretty baby
Show me how
These wicked ladies
Are starting to shout
With your head upon my pillow
I wish that it could be so cold
And despite your bleaker warnings
I wanted to believe
I wrote it in the sane
A single parting gift
Didn't know what redemption was but it
Can't be worse than this
So don't go out
And don't give in
My head is in this country now and
Tells me i can win
So pretty baby
Show me how
These wicked ladies
Are starting to shout
With your head upon my pillow
I wish that it could be so cold
And depite your blue eyed warnings
I wanted to believe

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