

The 89 Cubs

"Sorry Tornado"

Visit "[Sorry Tornado](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Time and time and time again, tick-tock technologists
are second-hand magicians turning tricks with sleight
of hand.

Snowflakes fall on icy robots and the world has turned
away.

Turn of our voices, shut down the city and we'll
evaporate.

(You gotta go now.)

I broke my arms, I'm going home.

What's for sale and what's been sold?

Tell my mom I've lost my mind to save my soul through
rain and snow and sticks and stones.

It's a record low.

It's a record low!

Cut down the trees to see the buildings.

My script is not my own.

Everyone's under the weather.

It's a record low.

Visit [The 89 Cubs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.