

Wild Sweet Orange "Tilt"

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You're shaking bad in your sheet
Convulsing like you didn't eat
You don't know what's more scary,
Your door open or closed.
"Do I look like a dead body?"
Your jumping jaw asked me (?)
With the funniest smile I've ever seen
Your soul was coming out your eyes.
Piles of clothes and photographs
Fill the floor where I collapse
The walls grow blue and
I'm trying to lift my head.
Now I'm dying in this living room
My stomach turns to sand
Yeah, why do I fight the good times
Like I'm sure that I'll be damned...

And I fear what I've done
Means I've lost what I love

Hardwood floor carry sounds
Carry slow to my ears
It's the words I can't recognize
But I'm trying hard to hear
Cause my eyes can't find the things
That they're looking for down here
And brown leaves are covering
Another wasted day this year.
The lights strung out across the yard
Remind me of a time when I tried
To be a light, ya know, god I try to shine.
But the cross seems so high tonight
And glory I can't find.
Oh could you tilt in so you're leaning down
Or would you pull me back inside...

And I fear what I've done
Means I've lost what I love

So carry me home
To the door beneath the sand.
So carry me home

To the sounds of angel bands

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