

Alexa Borden "Trade Away"

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Cold in the daylight,
Harsh as a whip.
Pull me aside,
and let us begin.
Oh.

Critical romance,
cynical bliss.
Trading my soul,
for the grace of your kiss.
Oh.

Oh, it's the devil's trade away.
My soul to be with you all of days.
How much will cost
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are.
Oh-oh.

Hollow as stone.
Shallow as the sea.
And when he talks,
he's as modest as can be.
Oh and it's torture
to see my aging face.
We must act quickly
before I blow away.
Mmm Blow, Away.

Oh, it's the devil's trade away.
My soul to be with you all of days.
How much will cost
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are.
Oh-oh.

Oh, it's the devil's trade away.
My soul to be with you all of days.

How much will cost
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are?
To be where you are.
Oh-oh.

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