

Birdy "Capers"

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What has not got my heart in it shall we be dubbed sir
names
Wither million blither tongues mounting bristling guilt
frames
In the fake - ache of the gloomloom slippers slap me
alive!
The hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly
types
So we can catch and thread a minstrel bleed a tower
down to it's ankles
So we can't go up or stay up find the thumb dumb in
your ear brain
Get unfunny! such as choirs do why the clocklock
bought up this one
Just when things seemed so paperparent like my
toothface? like my out-do?

Capers... capers...

Oh a streak, o'treacly ink-inks tied my knees all up in
elbows
Erase that lapsing smile tub lose the slip of the small
soap-fellows
Account the addups till I do-nots are we balanced?
we're in business!
Idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's...all legs and
armour
I had a dreadful diehood diehard, drunken, sunken,
monk-heart
Oh I had a wonderful diehood thanks to my fa, fa,
family

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