

## Matt Webb

### "Cinnamon"

Visit "[Cinnamon](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The purple walls I'm swimming in  
It was the first and the last time  
We broke those hearts of cinnamon  
I can remember what it taste like  
The room was moving, you were losing  
A balance and all kinds of things like me

I heart this coming from a mile away  
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay  
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?  
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights  
And the gang's all set for the Friday fights  
But I'm so ready to break us to pieces

A friendly face to fill the void  
You're the glue and the staple  
A parachute and we're deployed  
I can remember what it felt like  
The wind was blowing, so where we going?  
Maybe far away from home  
Oh, home sweet home

I heart this coming from a mile away  
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay  
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?  
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights  
And the game's all set for the Friday fights  
But I'm so ready to break us to pieces

I say oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh, oh

I heard this coming from a mile away  
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay  
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?  
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights  
And the game's all set for the Friday fights  
But I'm so ready to break us to pieces

Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?

Visit [Matt Webb](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.