

Anima

"Bat You'll Fly"

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And my lady said,
When you're with a maid,
Found your velcro shoes,
It's a holiday,
And run up to the village of our love,
'Cause happiness ain't being a swallow,

[Our time fades on the ode,
Beware till she's here, smile...
You'll find reason,
Doubt all the seasons,
I am reason... the child dies]

Don't you worry, I'm your brother,
Page flys hurry children cuddle

[Look I've found a beautiful place and the harps of
which have grown
The village where we hide our socks and I'll witness
your hair grow]

On a summer day,
There's a village way,
And the leaves are golden,
And the trees are colder,
And crouch into a bush like a matyr,
'Cause happiness ain't love and it's waitin'

And if it's trouble I'm your brother,
Words are subtle but that's just a concept

[Look I burned my hands,
Are the hands have come to share...
Streets are powered with people,
While the woods are different than rain from,
Bats will fly]

I could've told you,
'Til we landed our way out,
I could've you,
'Til we literally found a better way out.

[May lay the doctor only gets what he wants,
Say so give it to the preacher now...
Melody was hanging from the west wind damn all
around,
Your mother said your girl's drunk]

[Swallow on your wonderwall,
And we'll ride in my buggy,
Takes me across the indian waves and we'll swim with
the great whites]

And the house felt bad,
And the mother lonely,
And the village cries,
'Cause the kid is older,
But you can still think back to the wild,
'Cause happiness was being a child,
Every boy and I'm your brother,
Memories pushing paint a concept.

[Marble sea,
Foil eyes...
When the tide,
She's here, smile,
You'll find reason,
Doubt all the seasons,
I am the reason the child dies]

I could've told you,
'Til we landed out,
I could've told you,
'Til we literally found a better way out,

[Bathe near, the doctor only preaches what he wants,
Say so give it to the preacher now,
Melody was hanging from the west wind damn all
around,
Your mother said your girl's drunk.]

Don't you pray, you don't little baby,
Right and stand and into the ground,
And I won't wait for you in a mural,
If you won't wait for me in a minger.

I feel so elusive in Houston,
You feel so exclusive in Houston...

