

Phoebe Jean & The Air Force

"Out Of Love"

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I need my conscience clean in the worst way
Give me an enemy please
'Cause you know these teeth forever
And I'm not getting better

If we weren't born out of love,
What does that make us?
If we weren't born out of love,
Can we even love at all?
Will I ever love again?

I need this chaos washed from my skin
But God knows, there's no soap
For the sins that I've committed

If we weren't born out of love,
What does that make us?
If we weren't born out of love,
Can we even love at all?
Will I ever love again?

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