

Roc C

"Nightingale"

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I like the way it feels,
To burn my soul into my heels,
And I don't want to go home.

I don't mind the scars I have,
They no longer make me sad,
And I don't want to go home.

And I can't quite remember the last time,
When you kissed me.

And I've seen the open road,
The Nightingale sings to a rose,
"Ooh."

And I've killed a cold black night
It's lifting wings and breaking light,
And I don't want to go home.

But I can't quite remember the last time,
When you kissed me.

No no
No no

And I can't quite remember,
Your face,
And I can't quite remember,
The feel of your hands,
And I - when you kissed me.

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