

The Young Knives

"Vision In Rags"

Visit "[Vision In Rags](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sun, bleeding through the porridge sky
Dreaming through the morning window
Slicing at my kitchen eyes
Bring me to the world again

Cold, chipping at my waste of mind
Ruining my concentration
Strangling my piece of time
You knock me to the earth again

Rhymes, banging at my backing track
Crunching on the front room driveway
Twitching at the gravel blinds
You're spitting at my door again

Call off the rest of the years
I've got nothing to say
So I'll say nothing here
You're happy with mud everywhere that you look
You're a vision in rags

Sun, slip into my bedroom wine
Crash into my evening window
Drifting over drowsy skies
Get me to the sheets on time

Call off the rest of the years
I've got nothing to say
So I'll say nothing here
You're happy with mud everywhere that you look
You're a vision in rags

Sleep on the lip
Down every drop
Dance on the
Dance on the old table
Say no more
Say no more
Say no more

Call off the rest of the years

I've got nothing to say
So I'll say nothing here
You're happy with mud everywhere that you look
You're a vision in rags
[x2]

Call off the rest of the years...
Years, years, years, years, years.

Visit [The Young Knives](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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