

These Arms Are Snakes "Big Nawa"

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When the sun came up on the small block of the city,
we needed to find somewhere to drink.
Through five days of working and two left to our
person, we all needed sometime to breathe.
So use your body as the engine for your weekend
because this is no time to sleep.
I want to create, I don't be constricted.
I'm sick of working all of the time for someone else's
needs.
So give me some kind of section for my protection.
What is this doing to me?
I've got a life and desires, and it's more than to retire.
I trust there's more in a life to lead.
I want a minute with my woman and an hour outside of
this city, and I don't care what you expect of me.
No, I don't care what you expect of me.
I want to detach this from me.
If life is a movement, and I fell like I'm not moving, then
what is the sense of giving all of your time away?
When I want to go out into the streets, I want to drown
myself in the nights touch.
I'm never going to sleep again, till the day comes to
collect my sin
"Just take me home. It's not worth the effort. Just take
me home."
I've spent many nights in this very city.
It was worthless last time, and it will be this evening.
Thank you and goodnight.

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