

Surrender

Ball Park Music

It's okay, it's alright
It's true terror in the middle of the night
Give in if it makes you feel better
So surrender
So surrender

I'm a shotgun filled with paint, and I'm too big to operate
And I just throw my limbs around
I grow, grow from the ground

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I've never been your number one
I'm a helicopter at an endless sun
I've got no guns, no sense of pride
I grow, grow from the ground

But lately I'm feeling down
And in my nice dream I could see your blouse
It was bright yellow and it made my day
I grow, grow from the ground

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