

Tyrants

Catfish And The Bottlemen

Eyes rolled back guess we were living fast
Where did you go, yeah where did you go?
Your eyes go to show, that it was so rare to see you sober
And so the streetlights would carry us home

I spent my nights trying to get a grip of you
And I did my best to get my hands up your jacket
So we could make a racket
But your divine ribs would help break mine
We hit the ground yeah let's hit the ground

Nothing's alright, get leavin'
I won't feel the same in the mornin'
Nothing's alright, we're leavin'
And I won't feel the same in the mornin'

And I know that I've done wrong
And I know I should've come home to you
And I know that I've done wrong
And I know I should've come home to you

Tyrants help build us
They won't mind throwin us away
X4