

Soon Go

Frightened Rabbit

Someone on top of you, fucking
Chuck me or I'm stuck here
Every sixth month it seems
my mind goes over about her rigidity(?)

I'll soon go
I'll be lost in the thoughts of tomorrow
and my warm heart it will soon grow cold
and I won't be old
I'll soon go

You admit, you admit
it's worse this way, it's worse with me
Work with my shit
'cause you rather work elsewhere

You'll soon go
You'll be lost in the thoughts of tomorrow
and your warm heart will have long grown cold
and you won't be old
You'll soon go

I check for a death beneath my bed at night
I'm not scared of dying
I'm afraid I've lost my life

Soon go
It's all lost in the thoughts of tomorrow
and the warm hearts will soon grow cold
so I fake them all
he'll soon go