

End Of The World

Angus Stone

The mountain man
Watched from the woods
As she opened up a vase
He stood as still as he could
Just standing round the fire
Listening to the brain
We must leave to where it's hot
We stole too much to gain
It's the end of the world
Head to the mountains
To survive
Oh, here she comes
To take our lives
Beg on your knees
To survive

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