

Amsterdam

Daughter

Skin off like lightning
Breathing flames from thoraces tray
Your eyes go gray finding
You lock your gaze on to my face

Heavy eye clothing on the roadside
Swinging from the street lights

I hope by the morning I will have grown back
By the morning I will have grown back
I'll escape with him
Show him all my skin
Then I'll go
I'll go home
Amsterdam

I'm a flying kite in the breeze just
Restlessly seeking images a child needs to help them sleep
I was thinking that I should see someone
Just to find out that I'm alright

By the morning I would've grown back
By the morning I would've grown back
I'll escape with him
Showing all my skin
Then I'll go
I'll go home
Amsterdam

I used to dream of
Adventure
When I was younger
With lungs miniature
Good night with killing
Our brain cells
Is this called living
Or something else
Or something else

By the morning I would've grown back
By the morning I would've grown back
By the morning I would've grown back
By the morning I would've grown back