

I Was Playing Drums

Efterklang

I can't grow without
a weapon or a dream
'cause we belong to her.
What is soft to touch
forever we will be
and we belong to her.

Beneath the polaroid
the walls are groing on
and it gave, and it gave us hope
in the past when we were friends.

I deny, at the night
there's no where to walk no hurry
the machines, oh the machines they were all finre and full.

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