

Birds

Lydia

Well I see your lips start moving
Spitting out some kind of poison through them
So come on, give me all you got, now, bird
So come on, why you holding back your words?

Always a mess
You want to change how I'm thinking
Change me around
I'm all your's, I'm all your's
So come on, give it to me good, now, birds
So come on, why you holding back your words?

I got to get back, yeah
Back to the west coast
Oh I'll miss, yeah
I'll miss your face though
So I won't even say it
With you I couldn't fake it

Now it's your eyes
They're moving
Cutting through me for some damn reason
So come on, give me all you got, now, bird
So come on, you know I've seen your worst

Now I'm the mess
I got to change how I'm thinking
Change me around
I'm all your's, I'm all your's
So come on, give me all you got, now, bird
So come on, you know I've seen your worst

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