

Cinnamon

Matt Webb

The purple walls I'm swimming in
It was the first and the last time
We broke those hearts of cinnamon
I can remember what it taste like
The room was moving, you were losing
A balance and all kinds of things like me

I heart this coming from a mile away
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights
And the gang's all set for the Friday fights
But I'm so ready to break us to pieces

A friendly face to fill the void
You're the glue and the staple
A parachute and we're deployed
I can remember what it felt like
The wind was blowing, so where we going?
Maybe far away from home
Oh, home sweet home

I heart this coming from a mile away
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights
And the game's all set for the Friday fights
But I'm so ready to break us to pieces

I say oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh oh, oh

I heard this coming from a mile away
Ask my friends outside if it's all okay
Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?
It's gonna sting like hell when you're missing nights
And the game's all set for the Friday fights
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Can I leave you now, and break us to pieces?