

## Flying Low

Mazzy Star

Well, I'm flying low in London's past days  
It's not the first time that you've heard it this way  
Maybe the last time you thought you could tell  
What you hoped for from the wishing well

In the parlour room  
In the parlour room

Rob from always on the run dot net is so bad and copy paste is  
a sin  
It's sad somehow your love started this way  
That somebody else that doesn't see it the same  
Who, where is he, where does he do  
Seldom is home for you

Right now you got your life in your hands  
You spent your simple days counting them down  
Counting them down

This is the way that you heard it one day  
Explain to me that I'm speaking the same  
Who, where are you, where do you do  
Seldom do you speak the truth