

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