

Midnight Coward

Stars

Sweetness, sweetness never suits me, when I get up to take you
home
Maybe it's love, love at first slightly drunk
Now I'm walking with the sun in my mouth

Worry, worry is a well, going to let it fall tonight, from where
we stand

What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
I can see what's coming, but I'm not saying it

Sickness, weakness at the thought, of how you're going to play
How long should I stay?
Promises, promises never cease to assist it, now I'm back on my
back
Please bite your words
Hurry, hurry to believe, I can always trust, as much as you deceive

What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
I can see what's coming, but I'm not saying it

What's your middle name? How do you play the game?
I'll be the first to leave
When did I grow up? I don't want to say too much
I'll be the first to leave

What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
What can't be decided
Can fool you into thinking maybe you can choose

I can see what's coming
But I'm not saying it