

Simen Mitlid - Weeks

tom:
Capostrate na 3ª casa

Faking ids with nothing to lose i don't know
If anyone knows why
I?m lying when telling you how long exactly its been
I didn?t record anything
Oh, my god
I dont wanna be here now it?s way to late
And i?m so tired
Got my own
Secrets now, i can't deny
Dont feel any closer to you now
A week to prepare everything and a day to escape
I?m loosing my ways, while
Convinced i was dreaming or going somewhere to be saved
Now i can?t believe you?re still sane

Oh, my god
I dont wanna be here now it?s way to late
And i?m so tired
Got my own
Secrets now, i can't deny
Dont feel any closer to you now
You?re wasting your time when your trying to figure this out
When there?s nothing left to
Discover will someone please tell me when we?re on the ground
This airplane is making no sounds
Oh, my god
I dont wanna be here now it?s way to late
And i?m so tired
Got my own
Secrets now, i can't deny
Dont feel any closer to you now

Acordes

