

Birdy, Skinny Love

Come on skinny love just last the year,
Pour a little salt you were never here,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
Staring at the sink of blood and crushed veneer.

Tell my love to wreck it all,
Cut out all the ropes and let me fall,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
Right in the moment this order's tall.

And I told you to be patient,
And I told you to be fine,
And I told you to be balanced,
And I told you to be kind,
And in the morning I'll be with you,
But it will be a different kind,
'Cause I'll be holding all the tickets,
And you'll be owning all the fines.

Come on skinny love, what happened here?
Suckle on the hope in light brassieres,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
Sullen load is full, so slow on the split.

And I told you to be patient,
And I told you to be fine,
And I told you to be balanced,
And I told you to be kind,
And now all your love is wasted,
Then who the hell was I?
'Cause now I'm breaking at the britches,
And at the end of all your lies.

Who will love you?
Who will fight?
And who will fall far behind?

Come on skinny love,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my.