

Clean Bandit, A Christmas Wish

a heart that's full up like a landfill
a job that slowly kills you
bruises that won't heal
you look so tired unhappy
bring down the government
they don't they don't speak for us
I'll take a quiet life
a handshake of carbon monoxide

whit no alarms and no surprises
no alarms and no surprises
no alarms and no surprises
silent, silent

this is my final fit
my final bellyache

whit no alarms and no surprises
no alarms and no surprises
no alarms and no surprises
please