

Paolo Nutini, Cherry Blossom

I got this soul crow on my shoulder
The evil eyed leads a curious fight
And even angels can get caught in the end
With their halos round their throat

Must be something in the water
Part time lovin' on the primitive still
Two glass mantras on a hook, on a rail
Both trying to come together

You see me down on easy street,
Just trying to find my feet
Seems like I'm doing the same old shit
Over a different beat
Let hearts blow somewhere,
Where all the dark can't see
Alone and alive

Yeah, you should taste her majesty
My lil' cherry blossom
Just like a crow, it cut my throat
My lil' cherry blossom x2

And all the rest seems circumstantial
Scattered cross a less predictable stage
Scrambled softly, they're all over your plate
I'll go and eat it all, like a

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