

Sam Fender, All Is On My Side

the dirty haze of drinks
whit cannibal eyes
in a club you despise
but you go where all your friends are

a woman bends over me
searching my reaches for what she really is
then she turns to those liars
the candles ort the moon
I see her back
and reflect it faithfully

she rewards me whit tears
and an agitation of hands
I am important to her
she comes and goes
each morning it is face that replaces the darkness
in me she has drowned a young girl
and in me an aol woman
risie toward her day after day
like a terrible fish