

Oi

Carbon Leaf

Oi!

Rising ash, falling snow, she used to lie and adore ye
Winding long tails of woe, she used to lie and adore ye
Nightingale, ashen-pale, whistling tunes, yeah, the moon still adores ye
Now, now, you're so young and proud,
but another name for that will be 'lonely'
Pick the lock, sweep the floor, leave without a sound
Just allow the empty space to heal
Oi!
Bound in chains with a thousand rains; no wonder the storm still adores ye
Hold me down or
hold me now, screaming, "I still love and adore ye!"
Past the door, winter storms through the streets of your unending longings
Flow down now to frost the ground
Like cool Hallelujahs
On the that connects us; high, high above all this torrent
Should you fall down, that wall of sound's howling,
"I still love and adore ye!"
Pick the lock, sweep the floor, leave without a sound
Just allow the empty space to heal
Oi!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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