

Spoon Out My Eyeballs

[Benjamin Booker](#)

Down and listen to the radio if I our last song will disappear
I will hide these tears and Im ready, give me something hat I can doubt
Do you screaming? Did it sound like I am spoken
From the day I will rise upon
And you know that I will hide my hands
Until the rain my body til the building
spill to my eyeballs and my feet will be good for your fall
My hand ball is
To a league some god damn thing
I close my eyes and I wait for
And I start to shine
Do you remember we was seventeen when we lost my shit a couple
Can move with my feet
It's get harder, harder to be real, to be real, to be real
To be real, to be real darling g
To be real darling to be real, to be real

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>