

# Flight, in the Oaks

## All The Luck In The World

He's burning like a fire on a dark street  
A fall of feet falls short of me  
And he's tearing after youth and fresh meat  
Because he needs, because he needs, because he  
needs  
Oh you wintered well til vineyard's bloom  
You come around less and you leave too soon  
There's no more warmth in your red  
Your grace is gone  
For a fleeting frame, your eyes so glazed and green  
are all I see  
And with your flight I felt the night return to me  
For a fleeting frame, your eyes so glazed and green  
are all I see  
And with your flight I felt the night return to me  
And swallow you like I couldn't do

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