

Solace

EMA

from the gullies of Atlanta
to the plains states, where we pray
I can measure all the distance
by the way she says my nameshe gets solace holdin on to me
she gets soulless holdin on to meit gets dark along the road at night
with freeways passin by
it gets dark and cold and full of sighs
up above you in the skyand she gets solace holdin on to mewe make the constellations out of
her beauty marks
we make the constellations out of the falling starsbeg.
pray.
beg / prey

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