Sam Fender, That Sound

Serotonin stole the moment
The best of me was left under the bed sheets on that somber morning
Dying for some REM
My mind has always struggled with where have I been and where am I going

when my head comes crashing down
they were waiting at the bottom trying to claw me down beneath it all
every night I play that sound
it’s greatest revelation
it’s the only thing that keeps me grounded
I need to hear that sound
I need to hear that

loaded vampires burning me up
drop names and sniff up residue
while boasting about their revenue
at home I face these green eyed beasts
everybody wants to leave
but no one wants to see you do it

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I need to hear that