

Baby Blue

King Krule

My sandpaper sigh
Engraves a line
Into the rust of your tongue
I could've been someone
To you
Would have painted the skies blue
Baby blue
If you knew
Baby blue

Edging closer
You swing my way
I've got no chance
And nothing to say
But stay
Here for a while
Baby blue

But if only
You could see
My shadow crossing your path
It won't be the last

Baby blue