

Head in the Clouds

Southpaw

My foot on a gas, my head in the clouds
And that is the reason why you're leaving me out
My head is a mess, can't put my feet on the ground
Although I try, I try so hard

I'm a mess, you're my guest, never been on my own
If you leave I will grieve stuck in a world of my own
Honestly don't believe that it could get any better
Breathe in, breathe out and try even harder

We can get to know each other with my head under the water
With my head in the clouds
And then when we know each other, it feels like we're slaughtered
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