

Louis Tomlinson - Copy Of a Copy Of a Copy

tom:
 Broken beaks and dead birds
 Can't get through the glass
 There's no use cryin' over spilled blood
 Carin' only kills love
 A kiss won't bring it back
 I know that the first blow hits you cold
 Young man, hush your crying, dry your tears away
 Nothing is original, there's nothing left to say
 You won't be the first or be the last to bleed
 Every broken heart as far as your eye can see
 I can hear you, howlin' 'til your lungs hurt

So let this be your comfort
 You're not the only one, no
 In a strange way, all in this together
 Been this way forever, you're not the only one
 I know that the first blow hits you cold
 Young man, hush your crying, dry your tears away
 Nothing is original, there's nothing left to say
 You won't be the first or be the last to bleed
 Every broken heart as far as your eye can see
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Acordes

