

Black & White Jingle #2

Imani Coppola

Fuckin' up
I know you're fuckin' up
It happens to the best of us
So you can give it up, let go
Start again, just because you can
I know it's a rainy day, but sunshine comes from within, sunshine
After all, we are just chickens who figured out how to fly
And we collide in the air
Too much traffic in the sky
You can't fly away
Your problems on the plane
'Cause it likes to stay warm in the skin you're in
Underneath that stupid palm tree there's a stomach in your mind
And your pain is like a rock
That lays there waiting for some resolve
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>