

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

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### Cantona

Par Loyle Carner

*Album : A Little Late - EP*

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Banana butter skin  
Fight, stay another night  
Still were troublin  
Fine, sipping on some wine  
And some other things  
White lies are deep in disguise til my mother rings  
Smothering, better being beside  
All the redefined feelings  
She's leading, keeping me blind  
Seen the deepest ties  
Feeble and evil leaving their eyes  
Saying time flies  
When people really meaning demise  
Caught surprise  
And that be that  
Merciless matter fact  
Snapping back and backing yak  
All snapping the candle wax  
The battle axe bruise, everything you loose  
Couple loose screws, I tighten my shoes  
We ain't having that  
Catching that  
Snatch of a man attached  
Wrapped in his match day, happs with his lassy latched  
My even Steven leaves with out a reason  
Grieving still he's leaving me with something to believe in

**We'd sit for hours**

**Sun, thunderstorm or showers**

**In the same living room watching the bloom turn to flowers**

**We'd sit for hours**

Sun thunder storm or showers

In the same living room watching the bloom

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We know that it's a selfish thought  
Thinking we're the only youth distraught  
Selfish be coming from slums of any whose been torn  
Scorned, or left forlorn  
From the belly of the horn  
Still as night, still I step outside  
Sippin as I mourn  
Yawn, dusk till dawn  
It's forlorn and trust  
Brush from a Dark hush, still adore them such  
Its Still Bill and Rosie, names that'll hold me  
Two names shaping my brain sane if I'm lonely  
The only reason I'm here this evening  
Reason I'm breathing  
The reason that all my Demons  
Been beaten out of this Eden  
Still the reason strange  
Seasons have changed in the grieving  
But the new relief is releasing  
These feelings to ceiling  
So I'm kneeling with deeper meaning  
Seeping through believing  
If you see me sleeping  
I dream of sneaking through into freedom  
So I'm leaving  
I'm fleeing, leaping, deep in to the green  
And forget a heathen  
Cos me I need something to believe in

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