

The most Wuthering Heights Day Ever



*Out on the wily, windy moors We'd roll and fall in green You had a temper like my jealousy too hot, too greedy How could you leave me When I needed to possess you?
I hated you, I loved you, too Bad dreams in the night They told me I was going to lose the fight
Leave behind my wuthering, wuthering
Wuthering Heights*

