

Charlotte Martin, Cherry-Coloured Funk

Beetles and eggs and blues
And pour a little everything else
You steam our unstable eyes and glass
Not get passed off through
My bird lips as good news
Still we can find our love
Down from behind
Down far behind this
Fabulous my turn rules
Beetles and eggs and blues
And bells and eggs then blues
Beetles and eggs and blues
And pour a little everything else
You steam our unstable eyes and glass
Not get passed off through
My bird lips as good news
You'll have the hardest black
And dullest knife
We hanged your pass
And start being as you
Still being cried
And laughed at before
Still being cried
And laughed at before
Should I be sewn in hugged?
I can by not saying
And should I be hugged and tugged?
Down through this tiger's masque
And should I be sung
And unbroken by not saying?
You mind not saying
He'll have the hardest black
And dullest ignite
Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me
We hanged your pass
And star being as you
Still being cried
And laughed at before
Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me
Still being cried and laughed at
Before
Should I be sung and unbroken
By not saying
Should I be sung and unbroken
By not saying
Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me
Hugged and tugged down
Through this tiger's masque for key