

# Cocteau Twins, Essence

I don't have to be specific when I wanna hug you  
You had a natural right to be born to become  
Yes having my small niece (heaven must at least) becomes (so) acceptable to me  
I'd feel angry had I lost you and can't imagine where you might be

Where do baby leaves go when they die  
Oh, why I do not mourn  
God is a feeling of loving yourself  
You're precious to me, you know that

Stretch in your arms  
Wrap 'em 'round tight  
Loving myself  
With all my might

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Take a look inside you'll see  
See how I'm doing  
A message, something says to me  
Tells me I'm right  
So you want a potion to send me away  
Daddy, my love, cannot get in today