

# Cocteau Twins, Frou-Frou Foxes In Midsummer P

I buckle and rosed  
As god and the rest(wrist)  
How mere riches be  
A war or we lose  
Close into symbols  
A fly drinks the ignitions(indications)  
They turn infant's breath my  
Milk and wrap to her baby  
In day  
And night to come  
[x2]

Their little hands  
Smooth all things  
Ad nauseum

Singed by it, pulled around of my blazing  
(Pulled round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure  
(Tighter)  
It's to wait for you  
Rounder  
Pulled rounder [x3]  
[x2]

Pulled round  
Trousers  
Tighter  
Tighter

Their fan I tickle  
From serpents to dragons  
I'd immerse you in flame  
Your milk and your passion  
Lead weight for his from his old turn  
The young, I was eagerest  
On using the stairs I  
How nested to find you  
I buckle and rosed  
As god and the rest(wrist)  
How mere riches be  
A war all we lose  
Close into symbols  
A fly drinks the ignitions  
They turn infant's breath my  
Milk and wrap to her baby

In day  
And night to come  
Their little hands  
Smooth all things  
Ad nauseum

Things old  
And young  
Very young  
Rise here comes our reason  
New skies are a young escape to find you

Singed by it, pulled around of my blazing

(Pulled round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-coloured  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music, it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure  
(Tighter)  
It's to wait for you  
Pulled round of [x4]  
[x2]