

Malcolm Middleton, Death Love Depression Love

Death, loving, in my life, nothing
I will leave behind, time is running
I will stay behind, now you're my woman
And we'll both die
So we'll have to change our minds
From the streets to the stars
To the fields from the bars
My love is a picture out the corner of my eye
And your death is a number but I cannae count that high

Now you can see in my eyes everything
I've ever done and who I've ever been
You don't need to hear the words out loud
You are my darling

Very unusual things
Have a habit of happening
No one's safe from statistics or sure things

I can hear my blood howling in my skin
I can't hide feelings the walls are much too thin
You'll never find me comfy in a crowd
My hands are starving

Very unusual things
Have a habit of happening
No one's safe from statistics or sure things

Very amazing things
Have a habit of bypassing
You can make things happen if you jinx them

Today's as black as the white Scottish sky
The burning grey as the clocks struggle by
Crude oil in my veins and coal in my lungs
I can't stretch my neck

Very unusual things
Have a habit of happening
No one's safe from statistics or sure things

Very amazing things
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