

Mirinda, Save me

What do I perish continually still?

I wither still so how flower

Think so which with me happens

I can't comprehend this

Don't know which with me happens

I have not vein I will not write this

I devastate this the ground still

To my burden is really because

Ref.

I ask save me

'Cos I'll die differently

Me, me

I ask cook me dinner

'Cos I'll die differently

Me, me

Just I don't know, I will shout probably soon

I know even that I die still

I soak up cactuses often

I don't know what I'm silly

I'll not give anything of different 'cos I am boorish

When this finishes it will finish now

What's next? I don't know 'cos I am empty

I think sometimes that I am grass

I'll be cucumber and it will give was to crunch

I'm not sand so you will not trample under foot

Maybe and I like sometimes being how

Television processing of milk

Ref.

I ask save me

'Cos I'll die differently

Me, me

I ask cook me dinner

'Cos I'll die differently

Me, me [x2]