

# The Stranglers, Ice

Die like cherry blossom  
Hagakure with perfume  
Deadly with make up on  
But it just won't do  
I have ice instead of heartburn  
She has ice on her fingers  
We have ice in the oven  
But it just won't do  
If there's no reason for your words  
Then your silence ain't absurd  
If there's no reason for your breathing  
Then it just won't do  
There is ice in my vision  
There is ice always in season  
I want cold air not your treason  
It won't do  
Hagakure with perfume  
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