

# Amos Tori, Little Earthquakes

Amos Tori  
Little Earthquakes  
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Yellow bird flying gets shot in the wing  
Good year for hunters and Christmas parties  
and I hate  
and I hate  
and I hate  
and I hate elevator music  
The way we fight  
The way I'm left here silent

Oh these little earthquakes  
Here we go again  
These little earthquakes  
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

We danced in graveyards with vampires till dawn  
We laughed in the faces of king never afraid to burn  
and I hate  
and I hate  
and I hate  
and I hate disintegration  
Watching us wither  
Black winged roses that safely changed their COLOR

Oh these little earthquakes  
Here we go again  
These little earthquakes  
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

I can't reach you  
I can't reach you  
I can't reach you  
I can't reach you  
can't reach you  
Give me life  
Give me pain  
Give me myself again  
Give me life  
Give me pain  
Give me myself again  
Give me life  
Give me pain  
Give me myself again  
Give me life  
Give me pain  
Give me myself again  
Give me life  
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Here we go again  
These little earthquakes

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