

Asobi Seksu, Lions And Tigers

Send the kids to the garden
the cypresses burdened down
to make a perfect pair
spread on a blanket
the angels wasting their tears
when your wet face turns to cheer

Tiny little voices won't take nothing from no one
Tiny little fingers won't pull nothing from nowhere

The children are begging
the smiling rain clouds
to please reflect my tears
leaves fall from nowhere
I won't beg your pardon
I won't be there when you laugh

Tiny little voices won't take nothing from no one
Tiny little fingers won't pull nothing from nowhere

And find a way to set them straight
these kids are all begging to trade
their ghosts away and let them fade and let them...
All of their open smiles just sit and wait, to sing a brutal song