

Bush, Little Things

I bleach the sky every night
Loaded on wrong and further from right
Spinning around, two howling moons
Cause they're always there, whatever I do

The river is loaded, I've been there today
Took in some questions, she does me again
I'd die in your arms if you were dead too
Here comes a lie, we will always be true

Going up when coming down
Scratch away, way, way, way, way

It's all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
The little things that kill

Bigger you give, bigger you get
We're boss at denial but best at forget
The cupboard is empty, we really need food
Summer is winter and you always knew

Going up when coming down
Scratch away, way, way, way, way

It's all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little

I touch your mouth, my willy's food
Addicted to love, I'm addicted to bullshit
I kill you once, I kill you again
We're starving and crude, welcome my friends to
The little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little

Here come the little things
Here come the little