

# Cocteau Twins, Blue Bell Knoll

Each is not my love, moan I for what  
I make up hundreds so I know how to make love  
There, you can have my youth, I know I have loved  
Started to see him, 'till when I married him

To yearn admits you're outside to me  
Grow up

I have seen these all my life, perhaps a lot more  
And I have been so naive  
All move and try he knew not  
And your spangle, how it hurts, and I have feelings

To yearn admits you're outside to me  
Grow up  
[x2]