

# Cocteau Twins, Cherry-Coloured Funk

Beetles and eggs and blues and pour a little everything else  
You steam a lens stable eyes and glass  
Not get pissed off through my bird lips as good news  
Still we can find our love down from behind  
Down far behind this fabulous, my turn rules  
Beetles and eggs and blues and bells and eggs and then blued  
Beetles and eggs and blues and pour a little everything else  
You steam a lens stable eyes and glass  
Not get pissed off through my bird lips as good news  
You'll hang the hearts black and dull as the night  
We hanged your pass and start being as you in ecstasy  
Still being cried and laughed at before  
Should I be sewn in hugged I can by not saying  
Still being cried and laughed at from light to blue  
And should I be hugged and tugged down through this tiger's masque  
And should I be sung and unbroken by not saying  
You mind not saying  
He'll hang that heart's black and dull as the night  
Still being cried and laughed at from behind me, from gains  
We hanged your pass and star being as you in ecstasy  
Still being cried and laughed at from behind me, from gains  
Should I be sung and unbroken by not saying  
Still being cried and laughed at from behind me, from gains  
Hugged and tugged down through this tiger's masque for key