

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