

# Cocteau Twins, Cicely

He must smoke spum dames by our lay  
Charge are we nicks he'll needs our first very edge  
Now beautiful I'll tell my mind  
Cloud mannered a lot

Tell the king to park his soul

For being an old beat  
So in spirit  
So maximum  
That only water's more deep  
To find him

Deals trust him by them all  
He must smoke spum dames by our lay  
Charge are we nix ill needs our first very edge  
Now beautiful I'll tell my mind  
How many tell the king to park his soul