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