

Cocteau Twins, Fifty-Fifty Clown

I feel rewarded on being so ugly, eh
Oh, and you're a lone shadow
I feel rewarded on being so ugly, eh
[x2]

Smile and face your wife angry
His life don't despise what's in eyes
He skips so as the seasons
To come as a breeze has
Again, ahead

We'll rust, our nose dust
A fine gard with pleased and, oh its true
Hill can't comfort the brain
He must come as he was
Again, ahead

And this is safe, flowing, love, soul and light
Motions aren't in the shape that emotions are
Good morning myth to somebody I call in light
Motions aren't in the shape that emotions are
And this is safe, flowing, love, soul and light
Motions aren't in the shape that emotions are