

Cocteau Twins, F0tze politic

My dreams are low, they're sick and must be drossed

They're young girl's dreams.

True some do it and shoot
Like the penny-lit stars
What I was just rude

Like the scary hairs on our singing hoof
Like the scary hairs on our singing hooves
They move

A family fool, but it's you,
I can swoon inside me
Then you'll accept my things

A coloured star, but I feel strong
Luck when bound lonely to Lars**
When I'm empty headed

See 'n saw bounce me back to you: Will you?
See 'n saw bounce me back to you: Will you: Oh will you?

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Will you?

See 'n saw bounce me back to you
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See 'n saw bounce me back to you
Will you?