

# Cocteau Twins, Fozzepolitic

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

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