

Cocteau Twins, Glass Candle Grenades

There's only our hair's breadth between us, obscure as we are
Obscure as we are, there's only our hair's breadth between us
There's only our hair's breadth between us, as sure as we be
As sure as we be, there's only our hair's breadth between us

Glass sandstorms

(Still we'll not keel over, keel over, keel over)

Glass candle

(Still we'll not keel over, keel over, keel over)

Grenades are popping

(Still we'll not keel over, keel over, keel over)

[Repeat]