

Cocteau Twins, Primitive Heart

Closer
Must connect
Some waters to dilute
This little death
Burning as alcohol
My solar flare of love
Soul psyche instinct
Dialectics

Sneek and cop
Seek and show
Lover must have a man
To please or make you mad
Missed your clean lonely heart
Spill things fresh as sugar
Midnight he sing blue
Come see me

Oh, what woman can sing without loving the primitive heart?

Heart, heart, loving the primitive heart
Stay, stay, caught in a surfacing state Though the soul must convey
Some more tears to delete
He is there to your death
Burning as alcohol

Must so live, flower of love
So's the key in staged
Dialectics

Sneaking out, suitcase shown
Lover must have a man
To quiz of making man
This joy, pain on her heart

Smooth things frame till sugared
Midnight he'll sing blue
Cuz he's silly

What woman can sing
Without loving the primitive heart

Heart, heart
Loving the primitive heart
Strain, strain
Clouding yourself by seeing strain