

# Cocteau Twins, Sigh's Smell Of Farewell

In all my fantasies

So many fly above my head  
I sighed see angry

So many fly above his head  
He says, 'we always have these stars'  
Some street they're in  
My street street, now sold  
My street street, now mine  
Street street, now  
Street street

So many fly above my sighs  
He sighs, 'we always have these stars'  
Some street, my human part is  
So many fly above your head  
I sighed, 'see them, be them'  
He sighed, 'such things are human'

So many fly above my head  
I sense the angry part  
He sighed, 'such things they leave their pits'

'Pick my feet up proudly,' said he,  
I have sighed, 'Less of these: lonesome youngest, lonely, just a plea'  
'Pick my feet up proudly,' said he,  
I have sighed  
I have sighed, sighed, sighed  
He said, he said, he said