

# Cocteau Twins, The Itchy Glowbo Blow

Still stepping over me  
Little, he needs  
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)  
Little, you may need

And you know how sometimes  
When your face gives right in to him  
You've chosen your life for your man, yea  
And look at your goals  
Standing at his feet  
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)  
Sometimes he flailed

But you're glad he cares  
But you're glad he

And you died sometimes  
When your face gives right in to him  
You've chosen your life for your man, yea  
For him? For yourself?  
Futile, in love  
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)  
Futile is this fever

And you died  
Did I see dark lines?  
So, what have you got now?  
Futile, in love  
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)  
Futile is this fever

The spirit of life fires me now [x3]  
The spirit of life fires me