

Cocteau Twins, Time Baby 3

Sometimes it rains inside my head
And the words run dry
Now walls of breathing hands
Are reaching up to touch my thigh

No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away

Sometimes it's bright inside my head
Except at the back of my eyes
And hands of breathing walls
Are reaching up

No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away
No they don't have to take you away
(no no no no)
Don't have to take you away

(Backs breaking from the way)