

Cocteau Twins, Wax And Wane

Carrying prose
Broke my real friend
The devil might steady
We wax and we wane
The devil might steady
We wax and wane
[x4]

Licking alms
The devil might steady
Rattling we'll taste
We wax and we wane
The devil might steady
We wax and wane
[x4]

Caring is a bury gin shot
The devil might steady
Up 'till the wee wanes
Oh, we laugh in their faces
The devil might steady
We wax and wane
[x8]