

Emiliana Torrini, Dead Things

You're like me
We're both alone
What's the problem
I don't know
With the same high
The same eyes
But you can't borrow my clothes all the time

Bad things
Dead things
Sad things have to happen
Sometimes

I let the snow
Melt in my mouth
Until my head hurts
Until I'm out
Makes me laugh a bit
Makes me cry
Same way you confuse me all the time

Bad things
Dead things
Sad things have to happen

Bad things
Dead things
Sad things have to happen

Bad things
Dead things
Sad things have to happen

Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes
Soometimes