

# Heatmiser, Candyland

shoveling snow, i'm calling my noise (?)  
losing my words thru the crack in my voice  
lock up my house and don't come on my bed  
i'm good for myself and bad to your friend (?)

i pick out a suit from a men's magazine  
i polish my shoes and lick them clean  
leading him out and he's stuck on my tie (?)  
while i string these behind

walk on the surface, get up from my knees  
without straight oxygen, it's hard to breathe  
and in the confusion, i could lose both hands  
the lover's pollution, your violence is a romance

eaten alive in candyland  
eaten alive in candyland  
eaten alive in candyland  
eaten alive in candyland  
you're so sentimental  
it's so sentimental  
candy is so sentimental

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