## HotWax, Phone Machine

So just hide under the family tree You can be my bride cover yourself in cream She's gonna turn away so throw her in the sea And I'll take your side when you got no phone machine Shooting birds through a sewn red red memory Fly towards being a documental freak Squint her eyes to see she's somebody like me And I'll take your side when you got no phone machine Shoot your birds take your pain Shoot your birds take your pain So just hide under your family tree You could be my bride cover yourself in cream She'll always turn away so ditch her in the sea And i'll take your side when you got no phone machine Shoot your birds take your pain Shoot your birds take your pain