

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