

Rachael Cantu, Blood Laughs

I called those numbers they said that you're not at home
so I'm calling up arms on the telephone
I know you have yours, you don't need mine
you've definitely pinned me the fool this time
and all things are coming down
and all things are coming down

and this it is a private funeral
your mouth full of blood laughs are bound to leave you all alone
and this is the painting that I will leave on the wall
you're soft and you're sweet but you din't want me to call

my, my
my, my

and things are coming down
all things are coming down
my, my
my, my
my, my
my, my