

# Silver Sun, Lava

I f\*\*king give-up

You're in, so late, and I am so happy  
Just looking, so sorry, for being so sad

That worm pie you made me

You made me, eat for the butcher

To paint a little, a little pig

Paint a little pig

(chorus)

And tricks I could not learn

(I could not learn, in lava so hard)

In lava, so hard to pull out

Bull's blood for baby Jesus for lava, for lava

I don't think it's what I meant

A friendly, face and I am upset yeah

What the hell's your name and it doesn't matter

You're still sitting still bleeding

for ever, forever

Everyone has gone, everyone has gone

And I open you, like a book, pages are still wet

Little girls so sweet, the smell of their bedrooms

And stick her head through the window

Look to the half-moon