

Sparklehorse, Tears On Fresh Fruit

just when you've found your way to
the boiler room
they come and dig you out
with picks and shovels and
acetelyne torches
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on fresh fruit
behind the boney walls of my skull
there was playing a lullaby
la la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la
we're just trying to be free
of our bodies
our stomachs full of liquor
all our lungs
full of water
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on fresh fruit
behind the boney walls of my skull
there was playing a lullaby
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la