

Bjork, Play dead

Darling stop confusing me
With your wishful thinking
Hopeful embraces
Don't you understand?
I have to go through this
I belong to here where
No-one cares and no-one loves
No light no air to live in
A place called hate
The city of fear
I play dead
It stops the hurting
I play dead
And the hurting stops
It's sometimes just like sleeping
Curling up inside my private tortures
I nestle into pain
Hug suffering
ress every ache
I play dead,
It stops the hurting