

Blackfield, Waving

Turn up the noise
And see if you can maintain your voice
Edge out the door
You feel it when you swim back to the shore

Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala
Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala

I do believe
I'm clinging to the warm bleed in the trees
I do believe
I'm clinging to the warm bleed in the trees

Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala
Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala

Your dress may be torn but you wear it well
All this and more may be in your spell
Four letter word but it isn't real
All this speed inside you
A sneer on the edge of your sanity
You bludgeon the sound like it unappealing
Pouring your scorn on all pride and joy
All this fear inside you

Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala
Lalalalalalala
Lalalalalalalalalala