

Dog Is Dead, Two Devils

I knew this one young girl who'd tell the trees and the grass
To read us all their favourite stories till we'd kiss and we'd laugh.
And we'd write to the Devil, tell him he's a bad influence
'Cause it's not worth playing God when you're the story in the making.

(Love, love)

Tiptoe through the crowd and tiny faces I can't bear
Til I tried to find your body at the bottom of the stairs
And the girl just left me shaking in the corners of my room
While your face is changing colour, it's the story in the making.

(Love)

Lately I've been down 'cause there's a beast under the bed
And there's always something crawling between my feet and in my head
I take a long walk in a hospital but I couldn't stand the smell
'Cause you're always changing colour, the decrease in your Hell.

Now I'm trapped between two devils; shiny teeth and shiny hair.
There's an honest love to find somewhere.
If we don't stop now we'll be dead by summer.

You tell me there's a reason why our love has collapsed
We're tiny little creatures in a canister
You tell me there's a reason why our love's collapsed

You tell me there's a reason that our love's collapsed
It's just a feeling, but I'm linked to that