

# Toyah & Robert's Sunday Lunch, Chop Suey

wake up  
(wake up)  
Grab a brush and put on a little make up  
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup  
(hide the scars to fade away the shakeup)  
Why'd you leave the keys up on the table  
There you go create another fable  
You wanted to  
Grab a brush and put on a little makeup  
You wanted to  
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup  
You wanted to  
Why'd you leave the keys up on the table  
I dont think you trust  
in my self righteous suicide  
I cry when angels deserve to die (die)  
Wake up  
(wake up)  
Grab a brush and put on a little make up  
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup  
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Why'd you leave the keys up on the table  
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Why'd you leave the keys up on the table  
I dont think you trust  
in my self righteous suicide  
I cry when angels deserve to die  
In my self righteous suicide  
I cry when angels deserve to die  
Father father father father  
Father into your hand i comend my spirit  
Father into your hand why have you  
forsaken me in your eyes  
Forsaken me in your thoughts  
Forsaken me in your heart  
Forsaken me ohh  
Trust in my self righteous suicide  
I cry when angels deserve to die  
In my self righteous suicide  
I cry when angels deserve to die