

Little Things

Bush

I bleach the sky every night
Loaded on wrong and further from right
Spinning around, two howling moons
Cause they're always there, whatever I do
The river is loaded, I've been there today
Took in some questions, she does me again
I'd die in your arms if you were dead too
Here comes a lie, we will always be true
Going up when coming down
Scratch away, way, way, way, way
It's all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
The little things that kill
Bigger you give, bigger you get
We're boss at denial but best at forget
The cupboard is empty, we really need food
Summer is winter and you always knew
Going up when coming down
Scratch away, way, way, way, way
It's all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
I touch your mouth, my willy's food
Addicted to love, I'm addicted to bullshit
I kill you once, I kill you again
We're starving and crude, welcome my friends to
The little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little things that kill
Tearin' at my brains again
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little
Here come the little things
Here come the little

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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