Helena Bonham Carter

Liam Finn

Only setting your tongue
You wanna get a bit high
I got a foot in the saddle of a dead horse
You won't get farI'm sick of playing you dumb
I keep an eye on horizons
We won't be burying books
And we want dagos
With hairy armsOur fever lives in the night
(It could be anyone, it could be anyone)
Is it embarrassing to make believe a
(It could be any of the inferior)
But if it's love then you'll know on the first sightFeeling down in the dumps?
Go have a cigarette on your own
I always wait in the dark
We sleep in separate beds, like Helena Bonham CarterJohnny Depp was the junkie
And poor Helena, she's the heroine
We're always mocking her friends
And we won't go out to the bloody endOur fever lives in the night
(It could be anyone, it could be anyone)
Is it embarrassing to make believe a
(It could be any of the inferior)
And if I'm lucky I'll deliver a satirical lie
(Oh, you'll be lucky I don't know anyone in Hollywood)
I'm not afraid of anyone, except Death
(Liar!)[No idea about this bit, sadly. Damn high-pitched backup singers.]Our fever lives in the night
(It could be anyone, it could be anyone)
Is it embarrassing to make believe a
(It could be any of the inferior)
And if I'm lucky I'll deliver a satirical lie
(Oh, you'll be lucky I don't know anyone in Hollywood)
I'm not afraid of anyone, except Death
(Liar!)

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