Cocoa Hooves

Glass Animals

Let's all go with bitter Grey
He turns his leather gripped cane,
Those times you clapped and called for, "Quiet."
They've come to hold you in the nights
He packs a fight, "un partu"
Japan make home-made perfume
Sip froth from soft, warm joe
It's no guide or down bake close
You know, you know the way that I hideCome on you hurt me, you never fight back
Why don't you play with bows and arrows?
Why don't you dance like you're sick in your mind?
Why don't you set your wings on fire?You slick by though I remain, an etox light
Deep tree sleep on the dank lawn, describes the slaved
You fingel down they're waxed in line
Between your breasts, a squeaky pain upon each breath
The promised land, I said, I said, I said
You know the way that I hide for youCome on you hurt me, you never fight back
Why don't you play with bows and arrows?
Why don't you dance like you're sick in your mind?
Why don't you set your wings on fire?
Come on you hurt me, why don't you play nice?
Why don't you toy with sex and violence?
Why don't you stare back, into my huge eye?
Why don't you set my wings on fire?

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