

Strangenecks

Cultfever

Our chimney puffs a lighter cloud.
I hear you dont even make a sound.
Once I recalled the gall of that one.
Say on this one we wont we both lose.
Im a child to lose.Stone chiseled like a free-standing house.
Fleeting, domestic like a mouse.
Give us a flake of snow, one or two.
Fall on our walls and keep us stuck too.
Im a child to lose.Dont be a performer.
The fact is back and warmer anyway.Say you would not be troubled at all.
Make me big when Im small.Its such a pain to speak up to you.
You were renowned a child with blues.
Watching those men hang from a noose
How could you want me in your shoes?
Im a child to lose.Dont be a performer. Its fact that I am warmer anyway.Say you would not be troubled at all.
Make me big when Im small.

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