

Little Things

Bush

A piece of 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 it 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, away, away, away, away
It's the little things that kill
Tearing at my brain again
Oh, that little things that kill
The little things that kill
Bigger you give, bigger you get
We're boss at denial but best at forget
Cupboard is empty, we really need food
Summer is winter and you always knew
Going up when coming down
Scratch away, away, away, away, away
It's the little things that kill
Tearing at my brain again
Oh, that little things that kill
Tearing at my brain again
Oh, that little, little, little
Little, little, little
Little, little, little
I touch your mouth, my willy is food
Addicted to love, I'm addicted to fools, shit
I kill you once, I kill you again
We're starving and crude, welcome my friends to
The little things that kill
Tearing at my brain again
Oh, that little things that kill
Tearing at my brain again
Oh, that little, little, little
Little, little, little
Here come the little things
Here come the little

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