

Emmy the Great

You are watching a programme for exactly an hour
 All of these hours they will add up to a day
 You will sit there till they're done but there are 24
 To play
 There'll be rims around your eyelids by the 7th or the
 8th
 But if you go to sleep tonight you will be older when
 You wake
 And you say one man is the parachute and the other is
 The knife that cuts the brake

First we were born then we ran slowly out of luck
 You are still not Charles Bukowski and I am not Diane
 Cluck
 And I would suck the life from you if there was any
 Left to suck
 And I would love you if you told me there was something
 There to love
 I would marry you for money
 I would marry you for money
 I would marry you for money or for luck
 I would marry you for money but I don't suppose you'll
 Ever have enough

Well the man on the screen he has done more in a minute
 Than you have achieved in your whole entire life

When you finally realize I was the best thing you had
 In it
 We'll be closing up your eyelids on the bed or once you
 Die
 And I'll be sorry if it happens to you
 Sorry if it happens to you
 Sorry if it happens to you but
 I guess if one man is the cancer then his death is just
 The knife that makes the cut

24 for every year that we have slept
 Day by day into the neck of the abyss
 And I am 24 today I don't believe I'll sit

Through another year of this while you are sewing up
Your lips
And I'll be sorry that you happened to me
Sorry that you happened to me
Sorry that you happened to me but
They say that one man is the accident the other is the
Hand that stops the blood
And I am looking for the other one I'm looking for the
Blade to make the cut
Oh if one man is the accident I'm looking for a hand to
Stop the blood

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by EMMA MOSS

Lyrics Â© MUSIC OF STAGE THREE OBO STAGE THREE MUSIC (CATALOGUES)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>