

But Iâm™m Not

Cocteau Twins

Sorrowful stories
I hear all that's shown
His posturish shiver on his things
And she's always known Things from the forest die here
But I don't
Dead forest things are offered here
But I'm not Vassals live lies
Their faith never cries
Giving in, getting in
Wishing what's her sad grin finds Things from the forest die here
But I don't
Dead forest things are offered here
But I'm not
But I'm not
But I'm not
But I'm not

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