But Iâ€™m Not

Cocteau Twins

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