

Bluebell

Sieben

Flies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell
Lo and behold a girl with a goal
Looks so old she's made out of gold I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell I want to live in the smallest corner
In the densest mind in the fuck most room
And sing the stars they swing
From their chandelier strings I know real love
You know who you are
You're dead meat motherfucker
You don't try to rape a goddess Flies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell
You are so obvious

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