

# Play Dead

Björk

Darling stop confusing me  
With your wishful thinking  
Hopeful embraces  
Don't you understand?  
I have to go through this  
I belong to here where  
No-one cares and no-one loves  
No light no air to live in  
A place called hate  
The city of fear I play dead  
It stops the hurting  
I play dead  
And hurting stops It's sometimes just like sleeping  
Curling up inside my private tortures  
I nestle into pain  
Hug suffering  
Caress every ache I play dead  
It stops the hurting

Songwriters

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