

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 fearI play dead
 It stops the hurting
 I play dead
And hurting stopsIt's sometimes just like sleeping
 Curling up inside my private tortures
 I nestle into pain
 Hug suffering
 Caress every acheI play dead
 It stops the hurting

Songwriters

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