

Ana's Song (Open Fire)

Silverchair

Please die, Ana
For as long as you're here, we're not
You make the sound of laughter
And sharper nails seem softer And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you Imagine pageant
In my head
The flesh seems thicker
Sandpaper tears corrode the film And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you And you're my obsession
I love you to the bones
And Ana wrecks your life
Like an anorexia life Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you Open fire on my needs designed
Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you

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