

# Pitch the Baby

## Cocteau Twins

Here, too, have to have been to care for ya  
Only no-one to love missed his friend  
Pitch the baby should be their murmur  
Slip me home as we seal us in You and that land which one dresh are leaving  
Hold me onto a mess a plenty  
Me and that land should grow, end to a hard part  
Meant a Christmas that's me and a friend I only want to love you  
I only want to love you  
I only want to love you  
I only want to love you Here, too, have to have been to care for me  
Only no-one to love missed his friend  
Pitch the baby should be their murmur  
Slip me home as we seal us in You and that land which one dresh are leaving  
Hold me onto a mess a plenty  
Me and that land should grow, end to a hard part  
Meant a Christmas that's me and a friend  
I only want to love you Here, too, have to have been to care for me  
I only want to love you  
Here, too, have to have been to care for me  
I only want to love you I'm heart, and in space the plane  
On fill our hearts ascension  
It's heft driven since the urge  
To sell the place isn't very, very, very big I'm heart, and in space the plane  
On fill our hearts ascension  
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To sell the place isn't very, very, very big I'm heart, and in space the plane  
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