

Blue Black (Live in Tokyo)

Heather Nova

Eat your words, eat your heart out
Eat your words, eat your heart out There's not much left, just my red dress
Just this feeling that I got
You made me a victim in your Christmas kitchen
It's my memory, it's your loss Blue black
Maybe you got something
But the flowers grew back And was it familiar when you touched my sister
God, I don't think there's a word for that Blue black
Maybe you got something
But the flowers grew back I gave it away, whore for a day
It's so ugly, I'm still breathing
But you never got my virgin heart
It stayed locked up, it's still beating Blue black
Maybe you got something
But the flowers grew back Eat your words, eat your hat
Eat your words, eat your heart out I never felt so clean, you did the sin supreme
You never had a clue, you can't take it with you
I never felt so clean, you did the sin supreme
You never had a clue, you can't take it with you
You can't take it with you

Songwriters

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