

# Bluebell

Scott Walker

Flies through the air with the greatest disease  
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze I know you're right  
Everything you do is right  
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell  
Lo and behold a girl with a goal  
Looks so old she's made out of gold I know you're right  
Everything you do is right  
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell I want to live in the smallest corner  
In the densest mind in the fuck most room  
And sing the stars they swing  
From their chandelier strings I know real love  
You know who you are  
You're dead meat motherfucker  
You don't try to rape a goddess Flies through the air with the greatest disease  
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze I know you're right  
Everything you do is right  
Everything I do is true Bluebell to hell  
You are so obvious

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