Bluebell

Scott Walker

Flies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapezeI know youre right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is trueBluebell to hell
Lo and behold a girl with a goal
Looks so old shes made out of goldI know youre right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is trueBluebell to hellI 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 stringsI know real love
You know who you are
Youre dead meat motherfucker
You dont try to rape a goddessFlies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapezeI know youre right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is trueBluebell to hell
You are so obvious

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