

My Complications

Mew

Cut, I mended ways
I was so with you
You looked so tiny then
Flicking pages in pamphlets of blue
Few would deny
You shouldn't look inside
Bad means you'll go to
On the other side of my window
"Soon" is the song of our ages
In the worlds arms
I feel like new again
As if I was healthy
Listens to me, carefully
Takes my voice in
Lets the poison sing
Speak when
And arise to erase me again
We look so serious
As recollection sleeps
You're my complication
Send me instead
A wreath around your head
That means you'll go
And fail to recognize your symptom
Lie on its back, full of villainy
In the worlds arms
I feel like new again
As if I was healthy
Listens to me, carefully
Takes my voice in
Lets the poison sing
Until no longer gullible
No longer loveable
And colourful
As colourful as you
You look to find
You look to find
Your mothers eyes
Your mothers eyes
In the worlds arms
I meant to understand
Impede your inflictions

Every and each mouth beneath
Cuddly rejects
Lips are shipwrecked Oh now we cough, young Mary
Wanna be part of this
Are they the drugs we know?
Now we cough, young Mary
Keep the right medicine
We could not
I wish that
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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