

# Blackhole

## Stygma IV

Windy, windy  
Looking for a better home  
Gotta be, gotta be  
Running out of light bulbs  
Crowded, crowded  
Open to a waste can  
Yellow car, yellow car  
Better be inside there Wake up, wake up  
Nothing's gonna harm you  
Glass wall, glass wall  
Standing on the furniture  
Little boy, little boy  
Laying on a sleeping bag  
Watching, watching  
Through the cracks of his eyelids Stranger, stranger  
Feeling like a broken stone  
Lost him, lost him  
Standing on the orange chairs  
Alphabet, alphabet  
Can't afford a telephone  
Black hole, black hole  
Nothing's gonna harm you

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