Like An Animal

Hatcham Social

One mile in the air that's where she lives
Her body looks so thin and pink and small
Dropping eggs from nervous shaking hands
And swallowing her fingers as they fall

Two people dance on the edge
Three of us push them away
There's nowhere to go we're all in this
But nothing can hurt us at all

Fight her all you want you'll never win
Couldn't we just once leave her in bed
Let the dry air cut her happy throat
Hide her heart and lose her happy head

First I was a murderer then I was a saint
Now I live on stolen time twist and run like paint
Like an animal

Tuesday in the sun nothing could be worse
Not now not ever not anymore....

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