

# Ana's Song (open Fire)

## Silverchair

Please die, Ana  
For as long as you're here, we're not  
You make the sound of laughter  
And sharper nails seem softer  
And I need you now somehow  
And I need you now somehow  
Open fire on my needs designed  
On my knees for you  
Open fire on my needs, desires  
What I need from you  
Imagine pageant  
In my head  
The flesh seems thicker  
Sandpaper tears corrode the film  
And I need you now somehow  
And I need you now somehow  
Open fire on my needs designed  
On my knees for you  
Open fire on my needs, desires  
What I need from you  
And you're my obsession  
I love you to the bones  
And Ana wrecks your life  
Like an anorexia life  
Open fire on my needs designed  
On my knees for you  
Open fire on my needs, desires  
What I need from you  
Open fire on my needs designed  
Open fire on my needs designed  
On my knees for you

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