

The Itchy Glowbo Blow

Cocteau Twins

Still steppin' over me
Little, he needs
Little, you may need And you know how sometimes
When your face gives right in to him
You've chosen your life for your man, yea
And look at your goals
Standing at his feet
Standing he flailed But you're glad he cares
But you're glad he And you died sometimes
When your face [incomprehensible]
You've chosen your life for your man, yea
For him, for yourself
Futile in love
Futile is this fever And you died, did I see dark lines?
So, whether have you got
Futile in love
Futile is this fever The spirit of life fires me now
The spirit of life fires me now
The spirit of life fires me now
The spirit of life fires me

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