The Empty World

The Cure

As stiff as toys and tall as men
And swaying like the wind torn trees
She talked about the empty world
With eyes like poisoned birdsShe talked about the armies
That marched inside her head
And how they made her dreams go bad
But oh, how happy she was
How proud she was
To be fighting in the war
In the empty worldAs stiff as toys and tall as men
And swaying like the wind torn trees
She talked about the empty world
With eyes like poisoned birds

Songwriters
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