Funnel

Iretsu

The lady, poor lady
She lost all her things
Far inside of her house now
The lady just stays
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone
Ah...ah...ah...ah...Over the floor, silver hair lays
Buckets of pills for days and for days
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone
The remover is coming to clean up the frail
Pretty old ladies and puppy dog tails
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyoneI am lost now
Oh, where can I be?
Don't go near that
You'll find it empty
Scissors cut spaces
Perfect and right
Tongue-tied rhythms
May find you tonightShe takes medicine, medicine,
Every damn day
For she thinks she is sick
She was brought up that way
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone
Ah...ah...ah...ah...

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