

Ana

Nemhain

I got a girl, got a girl called Ana
pure as snow, got a long way to go, Ana, oh Ana
Wants to be a beauty queen, on the cover of a magazine, Ana, oh Ana
Praying to your cold white god, with a
razor spill young blood, just a girl, just 16,
never gonna make that magazine, Ana, oh Ana
I got a girl, got a girl called Ana
skin & bone she's a long way from home, Ana, oh Ana
they all want you when you're sick, purge your body to make it, Ana, oh Ana
Getting fat on milk & honey, life
is just distant memory,
locked inside, waiting to die, with a spoon for a friend and a needle in your arm,
Ana, oh Ana
She's gonna ride, gonna ride, gonna ride, she's gonna ride gonna ride gonna ride
Taste a cut, taste a cold cut, taste a cold cut of suicide
She's gonna ride, she's gonna ride, she's gonna ride, she's
gonna ride
Ana, Ana, Ana, Ana

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