Blue Bell Knoll

Cocteau Twins

Each is not my love, moan I for what
I make up hundreds so I know how to make love
There, you can have my youth, I know I have loved
Started to see him, till when I married himTo yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow upI have seen these all my life, perhaps a lot more
And I have been so naive
All move and try he knew not
And your spangle, how it hurts and I have feelingsTo yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow upTo yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow up

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