

# 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 him To yearn admits you're outside to me  
Grow up I 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 feelings To yearn admits you're outside to me  
Grow up To yearn admits you're outside to me  
Grow up

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