

# Pneumonia

Björk

Get over the sorrow, girl  
The world is always going to be made of this  
You can trust in it  
Unless you breathe in bravely I adore how you simply surrender to high, high  
And your lungs, they're mourning TB style All the stillborn love that could've happened  
All the moments you should have embraced  
All the moments you should have not locked up Understand so clearly to shut yourself up  
Would be the hugest crime of them all  
Hugest crime of them all  
You're just crying after all  
To not want them humans around anymore Get over that sorrow, girl  
Get over this

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