

Personal Holloway

Bush

Tune my weaker eye, spit white
Hold the world up all day
She's blue in the face again
Paracetamol, burn the darkness all away
And drinking kitchen paint to dye the winter eye
Hope, we'll never see again Deaf and dumb with the lights on
Deaf and dumb with the lights on
Married by signs
Married by signs Personal Holloway, six month linen
It's safe to say we are alone
Suburban suicide, watching night come amber
It's all so temporary Deaf and dumb with the lights on
Deaf and dumb with the lights on
Deaf and dumb with the lights on
Married by signs
Married by signs
Married by signs Move a little way forward
Move a little way now
Move a little way forward
Move a little way now Bleed life
Breathe life Could be a better plan
Could be a better plan
Could be a better plan
Could be a better plan
Could be a better plan
Could be a better plan

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