

Tears On Fresh Fruit

Sparklehorse

Just when you've found your way to the boiler room

They come to dig you out with picks and shovels and acetylene torches
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her
tears fell on fresh fruit

Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a lullaby
La la, la la la la la
We're just
trying to be free of our bodies

Our stomachs full of liquor and our lungs full of water
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on fresh
fruit

Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a lullaby
La la,
la

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