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 torchesI couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on fresh fruit
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a lullabyLa la la la la la la la la la la, la la la la laWe're just trying to be free of our bodies
Our stomachs full of liquor and our lungs full of waterI couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on fresh fruit
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a lullabyLa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la

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