

Little Hospitals

Biffy Clyro

I'll turn your baby into lemonade
Suckle lemons and trade, trade, trade
 Play along in your silver dress
We'll save souls and we'll break bread
 All cows shit and angels too
 Look around it's the bestest view
Did you think before you spoke aloud?
Your fucking tongue it will do you proud
 You seek my cover
 Where you go i'll follow on
 You never can get enough

 We just need to survive
If we're ever going to dream again
 I feel sad as we penetrate
Unbuckle buttons and slave, slave, slave
 We attack like civil unrest
 No home equals no dread
We are individuals in our little rituals
Hospitals, memorials, smaller than disease
Rituals and burials are distant used memories
When you leave i doubt i'll remember you
When you leave i doubt i'll remember you
 Small memorials, little hospitals

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>