

Why do you keep asking what I had for dinner? Oh, man
Can I hear her? You wanna die?
I don't wanna die
Help me, burn me in fire
Tryin' to live on painted white and
Lorely, Lirely, Lorely, Lie
Girl with sickness, don't you cry
You've got pains but so have I
And I've been traveling all day long
And know exactly just what's wrong
Girl with sickness touch your hands
Think those pains will go away
Try your best to make 'em go
Girl with illness, illness spells
Illness spells are in the room
Bring 'em near and bring 'em close
Did I see you poke your finger through the sheets
Evil feelings disappear
You're bending wheat and bendings bales
Tales of you and me on feet
Because I been wandering walkin' round
Hey me high day, hey the down
Girl you are, you are not dying
Lorely, Lirely, Lorely, Lie
Do I really live on painted white (no,
We're awful, no, we're off that, ssh...)
It only better when you're wired
Girl you are, you are not dying
You'll be better when you're four
I lay on pillow white
Lorely, Lirely, Lorely, Lie