

This Beautiful Disease

Babybird

Open up my heart and push your blood in.
Sew me up with your hair and sprinkle me with gin.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.

Open up your head and push my brain in.
Sew you up with my toe-nails then glue on my skin.

This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.

Open up my knees, rub your fingertips on my bone.
Little drops of saliva making blood their home.

This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.

Open up my arms, chew on the muscles.
Push in your money and make that special rustle.

This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.

Open up my heart and push your blood in.
Sew me up with your hair and sprinkle me with gin.

This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.

We're dying happy like chalk rubbed in cheese.
We're giving up now this beautiful disease.

This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful, this beautiful disease.
This beautiful, this beautiful disease.