

Little Things

Bush

I bleach the sky
Every night
Loaded on wrong
And further from right
Spinning around
Two howling moons
Cos there always there
Whatever i do

The river is loaded
I've been there today
Took it some questions
She does me again
I'd die in your arms
If you were dead too
Here comes a lie
We will always be true

Going up
When coming down
Scratch away

It's the little things that kill
Tearing at my brains again
It's the little things that kill
The little things that kill

Bigger you give
Bigger you get
We're boss at denial
But best at forget
Cupboard is empty
We really need food
Summer is winter
And you always knew

Going up
When coming down
Scratch away, away, away

It's the little things that kill
Tearing at my brains again
It's the little things that kill
Tearing at my brains again
Oh, are the little, little, little, little...

I touch your mouth
My willy is food
Addicted to love
I'm addicted to fools (shit)
I kill you once
I kill you again
We're starving and crude
Welcome my friends to

The little things that kill
Tearing at my brains again

Oh are the little, little, little, little...

Here come the little things
Here come the little

Little things that kill you...