

# 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...