

Blue Bell Knoll

Cocteau Twins

Each is not my love, moan I for what
I make up hundreds so I know how to make love
There, you can have my youth, I know I have loved
Started to see him, 'till when I married him

To yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow up

I have seen these all my life, perhaps a lot more
And I have been so naive
All move and try he knew not
And your spangle, how it hurts, and I have feelings

To yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow up

To yearn admits you're outside to me
Grow up