

Sigh's Smell Of Farewell

Cocteau Twins

In all my fantasies

So many fly above my head
I sighed see angry

So many fly above his head
He says, we always have these stars
Some street they're in
My street street, now sold
My street street, now mine
Street street, now
Street street

So many fly above my sighs
He sighs, we always have these stars
Some street, my human part is
So many fly above your head
I sighed, see them, be them
He sighed, such things are human

So many fly above my head
I sense the angry part
He sighed, such things they leave their pits

Pick my feet up proudly, said he,
I have sighed, Less of these
Lonesome youngest, lonely, just a plea
Pick my feet up proudly, said he,
I have sighed
I have sighed, sighed, sighed
He said, he said, he said