

Throughout the Dark Months of April and May

Cocteau Twins

Why can't we change
Oh, I'm a bug; June flu
Oh, missing the rain
Oh, when it must be May soon
Oh, feasting in May

Maybe we need
Oh, secretive time
Oh, I've had my May ghosts
Oh, bury in me
Oh, feasting in May

Helium since you're not I am never
Lost and nervous, I'm all wet now

Could deserve this bruise in May

Not I argue let no baby tell her
Oh play kina on kraufa minyata
Festify he said me gone e mula

Could deserve this bruise in May

Oh play kina on kraufa minyata
Festify he said me gone e mula

Oh, could be a saint
Oh, I will transcend now
Oh, singular scent
Oh, tree sap reserve none
Oh, doctor signal
Oh, doctor see tee-cee-mo??