

Shower Me With Brittle Punches

Gene Loves Jezebel

Shower me with brittle punches
Rain them on me
The time I spent was fruitless
Futile it seems

But as I reach so endlessly
The straws are short
Love seek, there's no speak
There's nothing left

What for, what for?

I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely
(Hanging around, we're tortured by the sounds)
I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely
(Of failure in our ears, our deaf ears)

Now you push me
Hugging, hustling, hurling all
As we strain the cold
Strangles you and I

Now, you've reached me
Now you hold me lifting me again
Simple drums have seized me
I've no choice

What for? I don't know what for

I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely
(Hanging around, we're tortured by the sounds)
I'm scared, I'm scared and I'm lonely
(Of failure in our ears, our deaf ears)