

And Now The Curse Of Marjorie

Nurses

All the furniture is gone we lost it in the flood
There's nothing left at all
And as my head begins to spill its air
It's very clear that I will not get too far

Although we're getting cold
We put the fire out baby when we get home
Although it's getting cold
We put the fire out baby when we get home
Despite belief in factories that sell the curse of Marjorie
I will not let you go

All the water in my ears, it comes as no surprise
There's nothing left at all
As my body loses hold my head is letting go
And I will not get too far

All my friends in the sea
Are jumpin' in after me
Everyone's going to make this hurt
Everyone's going to make this worse
Everyone's going to make this hurt
Everyone knows they're only making it worse