

## My Favourite Thing

Silverchair

Got my fever down, then weighed it up, and know the  
Sounds remaining won't strain all the silt from my eyes  
Bleach the green from the pastures, feast on the grey  
Of the night, straight from the vines refusal to shine

You're my favourite thing - the one that I love  
You're the one so I'd die for your love

Blind the deafened moon, stimulate the tombs of angels  
I'll open my heart won't fall apart  
Don't fall apart  
You're my favourite thing  
And I feel like letting go