

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