

Maydays, throw aways  
Some things here have got to stay.  
A string of pearls  
The strangest girl is happy with the Western world.  
Painless Chinese burns, ties be down with daisy chains,  
Diamonds on her tounge, and pleasure cuts and teasing

M'aidez, this is my mayday.  
Open charms lost on velvet.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday, m'aidez.

Dead songs, halfway homes  
Still life lived on mobile phones.  
But the girl had wings and precious things  
Under sheets with tangled limbs.  
Wide awake at dawn, the sun will choose to shine on.  
Silence says it all, and reaching up and blessing

M'aidez, this is my mayday.  
Open charms lost on velvet.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday, m'aidez, m'aidez.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday.  
Open charms lost on velvet.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday, m'aidez.

The higher we climb  
The smaller we seem, mad with possibilities.  
No design zig-zag girl is happy with the Western world.  
Painless Chinese burns, ties me down with daisy chains.  
Diamonds on her tounge, and pleasure cuts and teasing.

M'aidez, this is my mayday.  
Open charms lost on velvet.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday, m'aidez, m'aidez.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday.  
Open charms lost on velvet.  
M'aidez, this is my mayday, m'aidez, m'aidez.  
M'aidez, m'aidez, m'aidez, m'aidez.