

Tears on Fresh Fruit

Sparklehorse

Just when you've found your way to the boiler room
They come to dig you out with picks and shovels and
acetylene torches
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on
fresh fruit
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a
lullaby
La la la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la
We're just trying to be free of our bodies
Our stomachs full of liquor and our lungs full of water
I couldn't do nothing but watch as her tears fell on
fresh fruit
Behind the bony walls of my skull there was playing a
lullaby
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la, la