

Piano

Tricky

To the noose, to the neck, to the boost, to the check
To the micic, to the psychic, to the circuit
To the games pays to blame
To the freedom, make it rain, make it sane
Make it dance, not a chance, see her run
See her come, take her kindly
She is dark eyed, no soul, no soul
She is lifeline to the heartbeat
Can't feel the heartbeat
To the flowers, to the bunches,
To the lunches, to the punches
To the noose, to the neck, to the boost, to the check
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To the flowers, to the bunches,
To the lunches, to the punches
To the good, to the clean
And i'll be you're ugly
To the occasion, to the lie
Kiss beneath, bridge of size
Not some moaning, until they homing
And they spoil it all
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