

Whitlams, The "Torch The Moon"

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Torch the moon,
Burn the schools.
She wrote in red
On her bedroom wall

Nothing's pure
The paint runs to the floor.

She laughs too easily and
Cries too hard (Cries too hard)
Shouldn't drink alone
The colours run.
How can she forgive?
When we know well what we do.

Feather scratches
On her wrist
Dry run with a bread knife
For a final twist
It wouldn't be for show
If it should come to this

She laughs too easily and
Cries too hard (Cries too hard)
Shouldn't drink alone
The colours run
How can she forgive?
When we know well what we do.

She was born to feel it all
(Born) to see it all
And when I feel so lightly
It's still burning brightly
And she won't look away
(ooh, ooh, oh)

She laughs too easily and
Cries too hard (ooh, ooh, oh)

She laughs too easily and
Cries too hard

Torch the moon
Burn the schools.
Why's it a man?
Making all the rules?

Frida Khalo poster on her door

She laughs too easily and
Cries too hard (Cries too hard)
Shouldn't drink alone
The colours run
How can she forgive?
When we know well what we do.

And when I feel so lightly
It's still burning brightly
And she won't look away
(She won't look away)
She won't look away
(Aaah, ooh, aaah)
(She won't look away)
She won't look away
(She won't look away)
She won't look away

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