

Cocteau Twins "Primitive Heart"

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Though the soul must convey
Some more tears to delete
He is there to your death
Burning as alcohol

Must so live, flower of love
So's the key in staged
Dialectics

Sneaking out, suitcase shown
Lover must have a man
To quiz of making man
This joy, pain on her heart

Smooth things frame till sugared
Midnight he'll sing blue
Cuz he's silly

What woman can sing
Without loving the primitive heart

Heart, heart
Loving the primitive heart
Strai n, strain
Clouding yourself by seeing strain

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