

Biffy Clyro

"Little Hospitals"

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I'll turn your baby into lemonade
Suckle lemons and trade, trade, trade
Play along in your silver dress
We'll save souls and we'll break bread
All cows shit and angels too
Look around it's the bestest view
Did you think before you spoke aloud?
Your fucking tongue it will do you proud
You seek my cover
Where you go i'll follow on
You never can get enough
We just need to survive
If we're ever going to dream again
I feel sad as we penetrate
Unbuckle buttons and slave, slave, slave
We attack like civil unrest
No home equals no dread
We are individuals in our little rituals
Hospitals, memorials, smaller than disease
Rituals and burials are distant used memories
When you leave i doubt i'll remember you
When you leave i doubt i'll remember you
Small memorials, little hospitals

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