

The Birthday Party "SEVERAL SINS"

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This is a dead letter tale

If I could make this prints talk

You made a deep mark, a deep mark on me

And only saints say such things as these

I slid under the floor
Under the oak and the iron
With you under oak and iron
Under the thick and under the thin
Where only fire grows

I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sins

And I spat dead letter words
And all the breath that I own
Imprinted one word in red, I read
And only saints say such things as these

About the marks on your throat
Under the oak and the iron
Under the fat and the thick and the thin
And all of that, and a few 100 more
And only fire grows, I heard the fire grow alone in the

I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sins

I forgot to tell you several things I forgot to tell you several things I forgot to tell you several things I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sins

I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sins, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot to tell you several things, Ma I forgot

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