

# Blackfield "Waving"

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Turn up the noise  
And see if you can maintain your voice  
Edge out the door  
You feel it when you swim back to the shore

Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalala

I do believe  
I'm clinging to the warm bleed in the trees  
I do believe  
I'm clinging to the warm bleed in the trees

Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalala

Your dress may be torn but you wear it well  
All this and more may be in your spell  
Four letter word but it isn't real  
All this speed inside you  
A sneer on the edge of your sanity  
You bludgeon the sound like it unappealing  
Pouring your scorn on all pride and joy  
All this fear inside you

Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalala  
Lalalalalalalalalalala

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