

Heather Small

"Candyland"

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Shoveling snow, I'm calling my noise (?)
Losing my words thru the crack in my voice
Lock up my house and don't come on my bed
I'm good for myself and bad to your friend (?)

I pick out a suit from a men's magazine
I polish my shoes and lick them clean
Leading him out and he's stuck on my tie (?)
While I string these behind

Walk on the surface, get up from my knees
Without straight oxygen, it's hard to breathe
And in the confusion, I could lose both hands
The lover's pollution, your violence is a romance

Eaten alive in candyland
Eaten alive in candyland
Eaten alive in candyland
Eaten alive in candyland
You're so sentimental
It's so sentimental
Candy is so sentimental

Walk on the surface, get up from my knees
Without straight oxygen, it's hard to breath
And in the confusion, I could lose both hands
The lovers pollution, your violence is a romance

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