

# Hole "Petals"

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She's the angel on top of the tree  
Sugarheart, here she comes  
She's going to fall on me

Innocence was our fire  
We told the truth  
I miss the sweet boys  
In the summer of their youth

Tear the petals off of you  
Make you tell the truth  
Tear the petals off of you  
Tear the petals off of you  
Make you tell the truth  
Tear the petals off of you

They will make you so  
So cynical  
The fire burns, the flesh destorys  
The past that made us old

She's the grace of this world  
She's too pure  
For the likes of this world  
This world is a whore

Tear the petals off of you  
Make you tell the truth  
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Make you tell the truth  
Tear the petals off of you

I wait till mine and  
Hey, it's all mine  
Hey, it's all mine  
Never knew what I could be  
All the darling buds of May  
They fall with no sound  
They carry you down  
They carry you down  
Oooooooooo, ooooooh

Ooooooooo

All the lillies bloomed and blossomed  
Wilted and they're shivering  
I can't stop their withering,  
Oh, this world is a war

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