

Oora "Exhibits From A New Museum"

Visit "[Exhibits From A New Museum](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(RE Broughton)

A five years old child is playing beads with
a thinker.

Beads with a thinker-if you please.

The minister of data feels like getting high.

Looks down on you people thru' the holes
in both his eyes-outside.

A tired and gaudy woman is looking for a manger.

Somewhere women can be.

If you mean to say that you don't know why
you hurt someone a mother cries.

I'm shot to pieces .nerves ends dangling
then I'll come on like the Boston Strangler.

I'm not alone in this place never gets past
the tears on a face.

Everybody trying to help me like they're
trying to win a race.

She said she loved me , that was delightful
but she never really saw me

so come and get your eyeful.Look into my
mirror, everyone's a mirror.

Does it make you warm or does it make you shiver.

Come back flow-Here and now-It's where we grow.

Visit [Oora](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.