

Severed Head Of State

"Oscar's Grind"

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Harry's eyes--waterfall--
Smoulder burn with pain (something kinda nice)
Harry's love--his heart--
Patters down like rain (something kinda warm)
If you had a stethoscope
You could hear her name (something kinda close)
C In the dark of the evening
In the dark of the evening
Oscar's grind and wounds that never heal
Harry's hands--his strength--
Tumbles in the sheets (something kinda warm)
Harry's arse--his life--
Crumbles in the sun (something kinda soft)
If you were an astronaut
You could touch her toes (something kinda fine)--C

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