

Nova Heather

"Blue Black"

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Eat your words, eat your heart out
Eat your words, eat your heart out

There's not much left, just my red dress
just this feeling that I got
You made me a victim in your Christmas kitchen
it's my memory it's your loss

Bleu black, maybe you got something
but the flowers grew back

And was it familiar when you toched my sister
God, I don't think there's a word for that

Blue black, maybe you got something
but the flowers grew black

I gave it away, whore for a day
It's so ugly, I'm still breathing
But you never got my virgin heart
It stayed locked up, it's still beating

Blue black, maybe you got something
but the flowers grew black

Eat your words, eat your hat
Eat your words, eat your heart out

I never felt so clean, you did the sin supreme
You never had a clue, you can't take it with you
I never felt so clean, you did the sin supreme
You never had a clue, you can't take it with you.

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