

Cultfever "Strangenecks"

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Our chimney puffs a lighter cloud.
I hear you donâ€™t even make a sound.
Once I recalled the gall of that one.
Say on this one we wonâ€™t we both lose.
Iâ€™m a child to lose.

Stone chiseled like a free-standing house.
Fleeting, domestic like a mouse.
Give us a flake of snow, one or two.
Fall on our walls and keep us stuck too.
Iâ€™m a child to lose.

Donâ€™t be a performer.
The fact is back and warmer anyway.

Say you would not be troubled at all.
Make me big when Iâ€™m small.

Itâ€™s such a pain to speak up to you.
You were renowned a child with blues.
Watching those men hang from a noose
How could you want me in your shoes?
Iâ€™m a child to lose.

Donâ€™t be a performer. Itâ€™s fact that I am warmer
anyway.

Say you would not be troubled at all.
Make me big when Iâ€™m small.

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