

Eidola

"Theatre"

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Yellow ballerinas kill me for my money
And me so they don't have to be alone
Theatre, but Molly seems to make it there
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there
Right into your headbone

Yellow, yellow

Screaming about alic; she don't work no more
Right next to 'shaving times are over creep'
Alabama-song, but Molly seems to make it there
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there
Right into your headbone

And I'll breathe it in
And I'll breathe it in
And I will go one till my bones will bleed again

Hellen, darling, are you Pamela's new favourite
I won't fall for all your things with neon-ice-cream
Been regretting all 3 years and the motorcycle boys
Don't feel it, yellow skirt that really made you
Is now a part of horrorscene
Eleven windings but Molly seems to make it there
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there
Right into your headbone.

And a welthy hasbeen and Mary Lee, well, changes
To the guy that won't die, well this is all you making
And the mair is still waving, the councillor's arriving
And I don't think I will stick around
And I will go on till my bones will bleed again

Yellow yellow

Theatre, better of then any creep in there
Theatre, better of then any creep in there
Theatre, better of then any creep in there

Theatre, but Molly seems to make it

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