

## **Powderfinger "Living Type"**

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And you'll be there to break my fall  
To reassure my doubts and faults  
And all your fables will ring true  
They are the lies you lean on too  
There's love on your breath  
I'd better not say  
About the blood on your hands  
There's love on your breath  
I'd better not say  
About the blood on your hands  
You hold the future in your hands  
And sullen eyes soothe and command  
A graceful mouth your deadly tool  
Too bad the truth has fallen through  
There's love on your breath  
I'd better not say  
About the blood on your hands  
There's love on your breath  
I'd better not say  
About the blood on your hands  
The incarnation of a christ  
Manipulation  
There's love on your breath  
I'd better not say  
About the blood on your hands  
The cross on your head  
Tell me what does that say  
About the blood on her dress  
Cross on your head  
What does that say  
About the blood on her dress

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