

by Cocteau Twins

"Pitch The Baby"

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Here, too, have to have been to care for ya' Only no-
one to love missed his friend Pitch the baby should be
their murmur Slip me home as we seal us in You and
that land which one dresh(?) are leaving Hold me onto
a mess a plenty Me and that land should grow, end to a
hard part Meant a Christmas that's me and a friend I
only want to love you I only want to love you Here, too,
have to have been to care for me I only want to love you
I'm heart, and in space the plane On fill our hearts'
ascension(inside you) It's heft driven since the urge To
sell the place isn't very, very, very big (x2) I'm heart,
and in space the plane On fill our hearts' ascension (I
only want to love you) It's heft driven since the urge To
sell the place isn't very, very, very big (x2)

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