

Amos Tori

"Little Earthquakes"

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Yellow bird flying gets shot in the wing
Good year for hunters and Christmas parties
and I hate
and I hate
and I hate
and I hate elevator music
The way we fight
The way I'm left here silent

Oh these little earthquakes
Here we go again
These little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

We danced in graveyards with vampires till dawn
We laughed in the faces of king never afraid to burn
and I hate
and I hate
and I hate
and I hate disintegration
Watching us wither
Black winged roses that safely changed their COLOR

Oh these little earthquakes
Here we go again
These little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

I can't reach you
I can't reach you
I can't reach you
I can't reach you
can't reach you
Give me life
Give me pain
Give me myself again
Give me life
Give me pain
Give me myself again
Give me life
Give me pain

Give me myself again
Give me life
Give me pain
Give me myself again
Give me life
Give me pain
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Oh these little earthquakes
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