

Silverchair

"Ana's Song (Open Fire)"

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Please die, Ana
For as long as you're here, we're not
You make the sound of laughter
And sharper nails seem softer

And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow

Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you

Imagine pageant
In my head
The flesh seems thicker
Sandpaper tears corrode the film

And I need you now somehow
And I need you now somehow

Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you

And you're my obsession
I love you to the bones
And Ana wrecks your life
Like an anorexia life

Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you
Open fire on my needs, desires
What I need from you

Open fire on my needs designed
Open fire on my needs designed
On my knees for you

