

Silverchair

"Anna's Song"

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Please die, Ana,
for as long as you're here we're not.
You make the sound of laughter
and sharpened nails seem softer,
and I need you now, somehow.
And I need you now, somehow.

Open fire on the needs designed.
On my knees for you.
Open fire, on my knees, 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 the needs designed.
On my knees for you.
Open fire, on my knees, 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 the needs designed.
On my knees for you.
Open fire, on my knees, desires
what I need from you.
Open fire on the needs designed,
open fire, on my knees, desires
on my knees for you.

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