

Twins Cocteau

"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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