

Twins Cocteau

"The Itchy Glowbo Blow"

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Still stepping over me
Little, he needs
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)
Little, you may need

And you know how sometimes
When your face gives right in to him
You've chosen your life for your man, yea
And look at your goals
Standing at his feet
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)
Sometimes he flailed

But you're glad he cares
But you're glad he

And you died sometimes
When your face gives right in to him
You've chosen your life for your man, yea
For him? For yourself?
Futile, in love
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)
Futile is this fever

And you died
Did I see dark lines?
So, what have you got now?
Futile, in love
(Didn't he? How hadn't he?)
Futile is this fever

The spirit of life fires me now (x3)
The spirit of life fires me

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