

Cherry-coloured Funk

Charlotte Martin

Beetles and eggs and blues
And pour a little everything else
You steam our unstable eyes and glass
Not get passed off through
My bird lips as good news

Still we can find our love
Down from behind
Down far behind this
Fabulous my turn rules

Beetles and eggs and blues
And bells and eggs then blues
Beetles and eggs and blues
And pour a little everything else
You steam our unstable eyes and glass
Not get passed off through
My bird lips as good news

You'll have the hardest black
And dullest knife
We hanged your pass
And start being as you

Still being cried
And laughed at before
Still being cried
And laughed at before
Should I be sewn in hugged?
I can by not saying

And should I be hugged and tugged?
Down through this tiger's masque
And should I be sung
And unbroken by not saying?
You mind not saying

He'll have the hardest black
And dullest ignite
Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me

We hanged your pass
And star being as you
Still being cried
And laughed at before

Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me
Still being cried and laughed at
Before

Should I be sung and unbroken
By not saying
Should I be sung and unbroken
By not saying

Still being cried and laughed at
From behind me
Hugged and tugged down
Through this tiger's masque for key