

Thorn

My Bloody Valentine

Walk all over me
Even though you can't decide
Look out, child bride
You'll be on your own
Hillside, slip and slide
Feel the pain, it's no surprise
Look out, look out
Thorn won't be your love

I felt your hair across my skin
I didn't know where to begin
A shallow promise in my ear
No thoughts, no dreams, no wishes, and no fear

The rose is dead, your face serene
No memories of things that once did seem
To be to me important too
You give me flowers but it's thorns I give to you

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