

Play Dead

Björk

Darling stop confusing me
With your wishful thinking
Hopeful embraces
Don't you understand?
I have to go through this
I belong to here
Where no-one cares
And no-one loves
No light, no air to live in
A place called Hate
The city of fear

I play dead
It stops the hurting
I play dead
And the hurting stops

It's sometimes just like sleeping
Curling up inside my private tortures
I nestle into pain
Hug suffering
Caress every ache

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It stops the hurting
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