

Isolation

Brett Anderson

Tape round the door
Her face in the dirt
Fall to the floor
Like your strings are cut
The charm of a doll
With tape round it's eyes
No one to call
No light gets inside

It's isolation, it's isolation, it's isolation
Living is isolation
No temptation, no sensation, it's isolation
Living is isolation
It's isolation

Tomorrow I'll try
To reach the outside
Shit in my hair
And tape round my eyes
A bolt on the door
A face in the dirt
Fall to the floor
Like your strings are cut

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Living is isolation
No temptation, no sensation, it's isolation
Living is isolation
It's isolation

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