

Thin Men Dancing

Brett Anderson

Now that fear is all the rage, now that hate is on the page
Carpet burns caressed by salt, strike the matches, burn my heart

Paper cuts on sacred skin, blowing down this house of pins

And with a love that burns - light up our faces
And with a love that burns - just like Roman candle
And with a love that burns - reveal the scratches
And with a love that burns - we'll build a funeral pyre here
Are we like shadows? We'll be like shadows
Are we like shadows? We'll be like shadows
Are we like shadows? We'll be like shadows

And with a love that burns - ignite the petrol
And with a love that burns - destroy all our possessions
And with a love that burns - reveal the scratches
And with a love that burns - we'll build a funeral pyre here
Are we like shadows? We'll be like shadows

And we'll blow ourselves away
And we'll blow ourselves away
Away, away, away
Are we like shadows?
Away, away, away
Are we like shadows?
Away, away, away
Are we like shadows?
Away, away, away