

Tea Stains

Didirri

Laying on the bed of a honey bee
They've got 200 downloads on a new release
Shy and sheer with the face of a cliff
They'll be a danger to the climbers when they reach the lips

Spilling my tea onto tear stains
A fragrance that hints of mistakes
When I walk out the door my throat's still warm

Yearning to run, but not to hide
I was hoping to have him but keep tasting my pride
Shy and sheer when faced with a cliff
It's too much to climb it when I reach the lip

Spilling my tea onto tear stains
A fragrance that hints of mistakes
It's the steeping that cures my heartache
When I walk out the door my throat's still warm

Ah-ah-ah
Every time I turn my head
I see your shadow in the trees
And I lose the hour
I can't help but melt when the hell-fire felt
So soft and violent loud to the touch

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