

Glass Coughs

Foxing

O'Saint Christopher around your neck
The chain in your teeth
The sweat of sweat
In the back of your trunk, holds the candle sends the wax
Sullen seed and blood collect
Fold our hands to soon forget
What we've done and and what we had
What we've done and who we had

My glass coughs to spit black
Baby, you'll disappear
My glass coughs to spit black
I'll disappear with you

I watched you drown an eye not used to flow
With Chris between your teeth
The dove on your collar
And we survived on I's and You's alone
While I could have been some poor soul's father

What we've done and what we had
What we've done and who we had
My glass coughs to spit black
Baby, you'll disappear
My glass coughs to spit black
I'll disappear with you

Soft hangover
I'll hangover
I'll disappear with you

Soft hangover
I'll hangover
I'll disappear with you

What we've done and what we had
What we've done and who we had
What we've done and what we had
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