

# 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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