

## Phone Machine

HotWax

So just hide under the family tree  
You can be my bride cover your self in cream  
She's gonna turn away so throw her in the sea  
And I'll take your side when you got no phone machine

Shooting birds through a sewn red red memory  
Fly towards being a documental freak  
Squint her eyes to see she's somebody like me  
And I'll take your side when you got no phone machine

Shoot your birds take your pain  
Shoot your birds take your pain

So just hide under your family tree  
You could be my bride cover your self in cream  
She'll always turn away so ditch her in the sea  
And I'll take your side when you got no phone machine

Shoot your birds take your pain  
Shoot your birds take your pain