

Retina Television

Marika Hackman

Pupils as deep as wells
Letting the world pour in
Save it for when you're bored
Retina television

Pupils as black as crows
Soaking up all the light
Burning when it gets dark
Torches when it is dark

At four in the morning
At four in the morning
Oh, a warning

To the spider that's hanging down
Pick them off one by one
But you did not want to hurt
You did not mean to hurt

By the look on your face
The look on your face
The look on your face
The look on your face

And I've fallen from grace
I've fallen from grace
Well hold me in your arms
And tell me I'm okay
Okay

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