

Putrifiers II

Oh Sees

Forever before I die
My guts are pockets underground
But I grow into a field
You lay upon me and slip away

A spray of flowers am I
Within the wild and chilly night
And we linger when we leave
Become the food that we both eat

Don't be sour
It gives me the feeling, it gives me the feeling
Every hour
Wait for the sun, yeah, things will be fun yeah
The dopy flowers
Every hour
Wait for the sun, yeah, things will be fun yeah
Wait for the sun, yeah, things will be fun yeah

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