## **Betty Wrong**

## Tin Machine

Till the sun blisters and sprays And every lamb ceases to graze When the kiss of the comb Tears my face from the bone

I'll be your light
When the shadows fall down the wall
Then life will be done
And it just won't matter at all

I was carved from a hand Nurtured on grime, goodwill and screams Now your breath fills my step Now there is you till life is gone

I'll be your light
When the shadows fall down the wall
Then life will be done
And it just won't matter at all

I'll roll your ball
Till the stars can't make me cry
Then life will be done
And it just won't matter at all
Not at all
When the kiss of the comb
Tears my face