

# Frou-Frou Foxes In Midsummer Fires

## Cocteau Twins

I buckle and rosed  
As god and the rest(wrist)  
How mere riches be  
A war or we lose  
Close into symbols  
A fly drinks the ignitions(indications)  
They turn infant's breath my  
Milk and wrap to her baby  
In day  
And night to come  
I buckle and rosed  
As god and the rest(wrist)  
How mere riches be  
A war or we lose  
Close into symbols  
A fly drinks the ignitions(indications)  
They turn infant's breath my  
Milk and wrap to her baby  
In day  
And night to comeTheir little hands  
Smooth all things  
Ad nauseum  
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazing  
(Pulled round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure  
(Tighter)  
It's to wait for you  
Rounder  
Pulled rounder  
Pulled rounder  
Pulled rounderSinged by it, pulled around of my blazing  
(Pulled round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure  
(Tighter)

It's to wait for you  
 Rounder  
 Pulled rounder  
 Pulled rounder  
 Pulled rounderPulled round  
 Trousers  
 Tighter  
 TighterTheir fan I tickle  
 From serpents to dragons  
 I'd immerse you in flame  
 Your milk and your passion  
 Lead weight for his from his old turn  
 The young, I was eagerest  
 I'm losing the stars  
 I enlisted to find you  
 I buckle and rosed  
 As god and the rest(wrist)  
 How mere riches be  
 A war all we lose  
 Close into symbols  
 A fly drinks the ignitions  
 They turn infant's breath my  
 Milk and wrap to her babyIn day  
 And night to come  
 Their little hands  
 Smooth all things  
 Ad nauseumThings old  
 And young  
 Very young  
 Rise here comes our reason  
 of the stars I enlisted to find youSinged by it, pulled around of my blazing  
 (Pulled round)  
 Eyes on the usually science of cherry-coloured  
 (Trousers)  
 Limelight not the music, it's plain as as can be so  
 (Tighter)  
 All of the time I improvise by making sure  
 (Tighter)  
 It's to wait for you  
 Pulled round of  
 Pulled round of  
 Pulled round of  
 Pulled round ofSinged by it, pulled around of my blazing  
 (Pulled round)  
 Eyes on the usually science of cherry-coloured  
 (Trousers)  
 Limelight not the music, it's plain as as can be so  
 (Tighter)  
 All of the time I improvise by making sure

(Tighter)  
It's to wait for you  
Pulled round of  
Pulled round of  
Pulled round of  
Pulled round of

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