

# Primitive Heart

Cocteau Twins

Closer  
Must connect  
Some waters to dilute  
This little death  
Burning as alcohol  
My solar flare of love  
Soul psyche instinct  
Dialecticts

Sneek and cop  
Seek and show  
Lover must have a man  
To please or make you mad  
Missed your clean lonely heart  
Spill things fresh as sugar  
Midnight he sing blue  
Come see me

Oh, what woman can sing without loving the primitive heart?

Heart, heart, loving the primitive heart  
Stay, stay, caught in a surfacing state Though the soul must convey  
Some more tears to delete  
He is there to your death  
Burning as alcohol

Must so live, flower of love  
So's the key in staged  
Dialectics

Sneaking out, suitcase shown  
Lover must have a man  
To quiz of making man  
This joy, pain on her heart

Smooth things frame till sugared  
Midnight he'll sing blue  
Cuz he's silly

What woman can sing  
Without loving the primitive heart

Heart, heart  
Loving the primitive heart  
Strain, strain  
Clouding yourself by seeing strain