

## Throughout the Dark Months of April and May

Cocteau Twins

Why can't we change  
Oh, I'm a bug; June flu  
Oh, missing the rain  
Oh, when it must be May soon  
Oh, feasting in May

Maybe we need  
Oh, secretive time  
Oh, I've had my May ghosts  
Oh, bury in me  
Oh, feasting in May

Helium since you're not I am never  
Lost and nervous, I'm all wet now

Could deserve this bruise in May

Not I argue let no baby tell her  
Oh play kina on kraufa minyata  
Festify he said me gone e mula

Could deserve this bruise in May

Oh play kina on kraufa minyata  
Festify he said me gone e mula

Oh, could be a saint  
Oh, I will transcend now  
Oh, singular scent  
Oh, tree sap reserve none  
Oh, doctor signal  
Oh, doctor see tee-cee-mo??