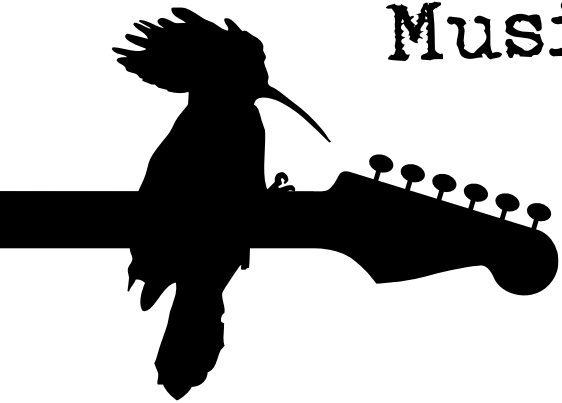


Abubilla Music



LYRIC SHEET

The Knife Will Come

Andy Patterson – Acoustic Guitar, Hammond; Louise Calf – All Vocals; Ed Stone – Guitars, Horns; Rob Skipper – Bass; Martyn Ward – Guitars; Mike Park – Drums

Runnin' round talking gibberish
Talkin' for hours on the telephone
Holdin' hands while buyin' groceries
Sharin' lattes and ice cream cones.

The florist knows my name now
Buyin' chocolates by the ton
Engravin' poetry on bracelets
Talkin' bout flowers in the sun.

Think I'll tattoo your name now
In big block letters across my chest
I think I'll fly you off to Neverland
And disappear.

Chorus

Cuz I know the knife will come
To slice thru my heart
And who'd've thought
I'd be so dumb to let this start?
Cuz I know, the knife will come
The knife will come
And cut me up into little pieces.

Runnin' round like an idiot
Pacin' up and down your road
Waitin' for the bedroom lights to flash
So I know that you were stayin' home.

I'm plasterin' walls with your photos
Writin' songs about your eyes
Hangin' out near your work now
To give another 'nice surprise'

I think I'll carve your name now
In bloody letters across my chest.
I think I'll fly you off to Neverland
And disappear.

Chorus

A love so deep, I've lost myself
And when you leave I pray I'm found
They'll have to find my pieces
Scattered roughly on the ground

I think I'll carve your name now
In bloody letters across my chest.
I think I'll fly you off to Neverland
And disappear.

Chorus