

# Little Things

## Bush

I bleach the sky every night  
Loaded on wrong and further from right  
Spinning around, two howling moons  
Cause they're always there, whatever I do  
The river is loaded, I've been there today  
Took in some questions, she does me again  
I'd die in your arms if you were dead too  
Here comes a lie, we will always be true  
Going up when coming down  
Scratch away, way, way, way, way  
It's all the little things that kill  
Tearin' at my brains again  
Oh, all the little things that kill  
The little things that kill  
Bigger you give, bigger you get  
We're boss at denial but best at forget  
The cupboard is empty, we really need food  
Summer is winter and you always knew  
Going up when coming down  
Scratch away, way, way, way, way  
It's all the little things that kill  
Tearin' at my brains again  
Oh, all the little things that kill  
Tearin' at my brains again  
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
I touch your mouth, my willy's food  
Addicted to love, I'm addicted to bullshit  
I kill you once, I kill you again  
We're starving and crude, welcome my friends to  
The little things that kill  
Tearin' at my brains again  
Oh, all the little things that kill  
Tearin' at my brains again  
Oh, all the little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little, little  
Here come the little things  
Here come the little

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