

# Cocoa Hooves

## Glass Animals

Let's all go with bitter Grey,  
He turns his leather gripped cane,  
Those times you clapped and called for, "Quiet."  
They've come to hold you in the nights,  
He packs a fight, "un partu"  
Japan make home-made perfume  
Sip froth from soft, warm joe  
It's no guide or down bake close  
You know, you know the way that I hide  
Come on you hurt me, you never fight back  
Why don't you play with bows and arrows?  
Why don't you dance like you're sick in your mind?  
Why don't you set your wings on fire? You slick by though I remain, an etox light  
Deep tree sleep on the dank lawn, describes the slaved  
You fingel down they're waxed in line  
Between your breasts, a squeaky pain upon each breath  
The promised land, I said, I said, I said,  
You know the way that I hide for you  
Come on you hurt me, you never fight back  
Why don't you play with bows and arrows?  
Why don't you dance like you're sick in your mind?  
Why don't you set your wings on fire?  
Come on you hurt me, why don't you play nice?  
Why don't you toy with sex and violence?  
Why don't you stare back, into my huge eye?  
Why don't you set my wings on fire?

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