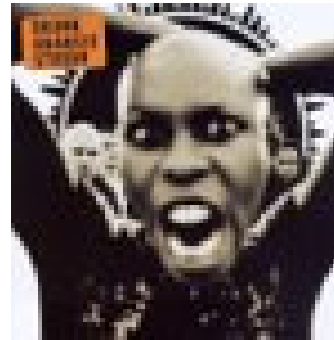


Twisted

by Skunk Anansie



I CRIED ON MY BLOOD DAY
THERE WAS NOTHING THAT I COULD HOLD ON TO
JUST A LINE COULD HAVE HELPED
REMINDE ME OF YOU, OF YOU

I SCREAMED TILL THE BLOOD CAME
I WAS LIVING IN A CLOUD OF HOPE
LOVER`S KISS,
THEN THEY MAKE A WISH TO THE END,
THEY PRETEND

CAUSE EVERYDAY HURTS A LITTLE MORE,
AND EVERYDAY HURTS A LITTLE MORE
AND I`LL DO ANYTHING
YES I`LL DO ANYTHING
TO BELONG, TO BE STRONG
TO SAY THERE`S NOTHING WRONG

EVERYDAY HURTS A LITTLE MORE
`COS EVERYDAY HURTS A LITTLE MORE
AND I`LL DO ANYTHING
YES I`LL DO ANYTHING
TO BELONG, TO BE STRONG
TO SAY THERE`S NOTHING WRONG

EVERYDAY HURTS

I CRIED IN THE SUNLIGHT
WOULD I FAKE ALL THE TIMES I LOVED YOU
JUST A PLAY IN A GAME
I TWISTED WITH YOU, WITH YOU
I NEED TO BELIEVE YOU
SACRIFICED ALL THE LIES WE MADE UP
HOW WE KISSED
THEN WE MADE OUR WISH TO THE END
TO THE END

[REPEAT CHORUS]

TIME MADE ME CONFIDE IN YOU
SO CONTRIVED WERE THE WORDS YOU SOLD ME
NOW NOTHING CAN SWALLOW
THE FEELING SO SHALLOW INSIDE

[REPEAT CHORUS]