

Toyah & Robert's Sunday Lunch, Chop Suey

wake up
(wake up)
Grab a brush and put on a little make up
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup
(hide the scars to fade away the shakeup)
Why'd you leave the keys up on the table
There you go create another fable
You wanted to
Grab a brush and put on a little makeup
You wanted to
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup
You wanted to
Why'd you leave the keys up on the table
I dont think you trust
in my self righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die (die)
Wake up
(wake up)
Grab a brush and put on a little make up
Hide the scars to fade away the shakeup
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Why'd you leave the keys up on the table
I dont think you trust
in my self righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die
In my self righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die
Father father father father
Father into your hand i comend my spirit
Father into your hand why have you
forsaken me in your eyes
Forsaken me in your thoughts
Forsaken me in your heart
Forsaken me ohh
Trust in my self righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die
In my self righteous suicide
I cry when angels deserve to die