



| Every single night, I endure the flight | Every single night's a (5) with my brain |
|---|---|
| Of little (1) of white-flamed butterflies in my brain | I just want to feel everything |
| These ideas of mine percolate the mind | I just want to feel everything |
| Trickle down the spine | I just want to feel everything |
| Swarm the belly, swelling to a blaze | So I'm gonna try to be still now |
| That's when the pain comes in | Gonna renounce the mill a little while and |
| Like a second skeleton | If we had a double king (6) bed |
| Trying to fit beneath the skin | We could move in it and I'd soon forget |
| I can't fit the feelings in, no | If what I am is (7) I am, 'cause I does what I does |
| Every single night's a light with my brain | And maybe I'd relax, let my breast just bust open |
| What do I say to her? | My heart's made of parts of all that's around me |
| Why do I say it to her? | And that's why the (8) just can't get around me |
| What does she think of me? | Every (9) night's alright |
| That I'm not what I ought to be | Every single night's a fight |
| That I'm (2) I try not to be | And every single fight's alright with my brain |
| It's got to be somebody else's fault | I just want to feel everything |
| I can't get caught | I just want to feel everything |
| If what I am is what I am, 'cause I (3) (4) | I just want to feel everything |
| l does | |
| 1 0065 | I just want to feel everything |
| Then brother, get back | I just want to feel everything |
| | I just want to feel everything |

And I just need a meal for us both to choke on



- 1. wings
- 2. what
- 3. does
- 4. what
- 5. fight
- 6. size
- 7. what
- 8. devil
- 9. single

Fill in the gaps