

**MY WORLD | DELUXE**

16 mesures d'intro à 2 temps : 6\_8

Getting through winter  
Is taking forever  
I'm trying to figure  
Which one your breath or toes smell  
yeast  
Maybe it's jibber  
Maybe the Eels left dreams on ma  
tongue  
Sick little bird  
I think I  
heard  
You soiling a number with dark pointy  
turds

**Refrain:**

We're drawing old patterns in chain  
It's slicing the butter real thin  
You can't keep it longer within no talk  
to me walk with me  
After all we've been through  
This crap isn't new  
Monsters and cycles  
Constantly glued  
Hold on to my words, no doubts  
occur, its needless to say but

You're all my world  
All my world , all of my world

**Couplet**

Battling a thick blur  
D'you see land ? No sir  
It never occurred  
To us we'd stay at sea so long

Maybe its idle  
Maybe its meant to blow  
apart I blow my nose  
And check from real close  
quality buggers are telling me  
no

**Refrain:**

We're drawing old patterns in  
chain It's slicing the butter real  
thin  
You can't keep it longer within no  
talk to me walk with me  
After all we've been  
through This crap isn't  
new Monsters and  
cycles Constantly glued  
Hold on to my words, no  
doubts occur, its needless  
to say but

You're all my world  
All my world, all of my world  
All my world, my world, my world

**ORCHESTRE**