

Dot Allison, Strung Out

Tonight, going to hunt you down
Pulling me through that open door
Inhibitions dissipate
Now the line's disintegrating
I'm too close to the wire
All strung out on desire

But I'm still there
By your side
On your mind
And in your eyes

The sky's might burn out for you
That's something we'll make true
Regrets beckon like they did before
Pulling me through that open door
Inhibitions dissipate
Now my mind's disintegrating
Tonight something's got to give
Pulling me through that open door
Each breath you must hold sure
And don't abdicate on the good times
Somethings got to give...