

Finger Eleven, Paralyzer

I hold on so nervously
To me and my drink
I wish it was cooling me
But so far has not been good
It's been shitty
And I feel awkward as I should
This club has got to be
The most pretentious thing
Since I thought you and me
Well, I am imagining a dark lit place
Or your place, or my place

Well I'm not paralyzed but
I seem to be struck by you
I want to make you move
Because you're standing still
If your body matches
What your eyes can do
You'll probably move
Right through me
On my way to you

I hold out for one more drink
Before I think
I'm looking too desperately
But so far has not been fun
I should just stay home
If one thing really means one
This club will hopefully
Be closed in three weeks
That would be cool with me
Well, I'm still imagining
A dark lit place
Or your place, or my place

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I want to make you move
Because you're standing still
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What your eyes can do
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