

Slow Coming Day, Tight Wire And Cold Hands

And he finds himself waking up in a different bed, in a different bed.
With a crook in his neck and sleep in his eyes,
he turns to sigh, he turns to sigh.
He's running too fast to know how far he slid away, he slid away.
It's one step over the ledge, you're fading fast into dead ends
and tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold hands.
Her open wound, their bodies lie all alone, they lie all alone tonight.
The sharp knife it cuts through,
deep through the skin, deep through her skin.
She's running too fast to know how far she slid away, she slid away.
It's one step over the ledge,
you're fading fast into dead ends
and tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold hands.