

# Unknown Artist, Come To Sin

shoot me and I'll drink you into the shade I'll shrink you  
finally we're done and stare up into the  
Sky, flat on our backs we lie in quicksand slowly my hand  
flies up and away with the yellow bird driven by

Wind, I think I'll come to sin with all this heaty windy skin  
around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants reminds me of Doreen  
Sand, we cannot fight getting tanned  
all the limits banned into the nightflight's right no fight  
there goes the sun into the the nightlife Yeah

Whang I sing while the others swing  
like a beam of light through a bottle  
Souzie swings her phoney rings

Time, bugs crawling up our spine and the memory is mine  
I'm a grain of sand in your hand so hand me mine yeah  
that would be fine  
Heat, I kiss the blisters on your feet a lizard's eye I great  
I'm afraid there's no aid 'til we get laid  
into the nightlife time's right no flight

Whang I sing while the others swing  
like a beam of light through a bottle  
Souzie swings her phoney rings

I think I'll come to sin with all that heaty windy skin  
around my neck and what glory the sand in my pants  
reminds me of Doreen, mocking photography  
shocking in the sand with me. Sand in my pants.