

Zita Swoon, Ice Guitars

She came like a good time
Like a good time
On a cloud
Like in a dream
We played the real thing
Just to make it
To the place that we wanted to see
I just took what I could get
She just took what I was leaving
And we took another hit
Flush the milk
And poor the grief in
Now she's not
What she wanted to be
No she's not
What she wanted to be

I'm stuck here she said
With nothing but the hope for relief
Nobody I said
Gets away with the life that he leads
It's ok to run for shelter
But there's a price on everyday
And no matter where you run to
It's that price you're gonna pay
Ain't no way
That you gonna be free
Ain't no way
That you gonna be free

You and me
All of us in a little room
Playin' ice guitars
Freezin'