

All About Eve, Don't Follow Me (March Hare)

Filling me up is this lust to lay down my cross
As the sun melts down the nails
This grim, stupid, street is grinning
Skip my foolish heart a beat
Still no Vincent scissors shall cut my ears
Or how else in this miserable life would I hear
And rush to the whip, the lash and the drums

Don't you follow me. Don't you follow me.
Don't you follow me... March Hare

As fond of white walls as I am
I cram my head with your sanity
Just enough to stay outside the hide and seek game
The first time there is something to make you sleep
And it makes you ill
For the next time may be mandrake if I wake at all

Don't you follow me. Don't you follow me.
Don't you follow me... March Hare

The girl in the white dress shows promise
She promised too much
Hope she enjoys it when it happens, if it happens at all

Don't you follow me. Don't you follow me.
Don't you follow me... March Hare