

# Don Johnson Big Band, Penguin

## Verse 1

6.45 in the morning in december  
I'm waiting for the dawning of the sunlight and remember  
Your slender, fragile figure asleep beside me  
You shivered and wept as idly in your sleep as when you lied

We could start things all over from scratch  
And put it all behind us, move it outside and close the blinders  
But it doesn't work that way, you can't erase an emotion  
Placing a notion like that might seem hard like facing an ocean

Of cold facts, keep tripping over your own tracks  
When you feel like a derailed train hit with a poll tax  
More wax than in a female flame, that candle  
So much funky shit inside my brain i can't handle

The experience was shattering, the beating and the battering  
Were not too flattering, i had to take the matter into  
My own hands, my scattering programmes  
Were gathering romance, and i had her in slow jams  
Then it broke...

## Verse 2

Across the table your eyes are wandering  
I'm unable to see straight, the world is distorted, unstable  
My lifeline inside this microphone cable  
Barricade and barrage it with another mad fable for

Jezebel who burned me like the fires in hell  
I couldn't tell if you fell into my arms like a bell or a treasure  
Felt too much to even measure  
Too much pleasure made me forget all about the pain

To sustain the hurt you can no longer avert  
Stay alert and avoid everything you can't trust  
Dust-to-dust, dirt-to-dirt is what you must  
Face like the facts, happiness turns to rust again

Bust and broken, torn apart like a token  
See the fire and the smoke, but you don't know who's smoking  
Or revoking, drying up the pillow that was soaking in tears  
What if the smoke clears from fears never spoken out loud?