

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?