Ivy, Sleeping Late

Twisting, turning

Twisting, and turning 'round This thing is burning

And all I want is another match

Twisting and turning

This thing is burning down

Twisted-minded

Smiling now as I watch it drown

What's up can be down

Crawl back underground

I shot you down

And feel fine

I feel fine

Not another "good" friend

Not another "good" friend

All I want is the end

It's not a thing we can mend

Not a thing we can mend

All I want is a photograph

All I want is the end

All I want is the end

All you want is a fairy tale

All I want is the end

All I want is the end

Smiling now as I tip the pail

What's up can be down

Crawl back-underground

I shot you down

And feel fine

I feel fine

I could be a heart of stone

Give you back what you have sown

I could be a heart of stone

I could leave you all alone

What's up can be down

Crawl back underground

I shot you down

And feel fine

I feel fine