

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