

# Low, On The Edge Of

Soft from your lips to the rise of your stomach  
Your long filthy fingers keep jamming words down my throat

Nothing to steal you&#039;ve got nothing to love  
Nothing to spill because oh we&#039;re so innocent

Oh, oh, on the edge of  
Oh, oh, on the edge of

I could have built you a house on the ocean  
The ocean repeating, receding in to the sun

So cut to you, Daniel, now cut to the live feed  
Cut through our bodies at last bleeding in to one

Oh, oh, on the edge of  
Oh, oh, on the edge of  
Oh, oh, oh etc