

# Page France, Slippery

Oh, how we lay like spoiled skin beneath the leaves  
Oh, how the ring will never fit the finger properly  
If I could rip it from its bond  
I'd tie your eyes to me so tight  
Because the years are getting slower

Oh, I'm a suitcase with the hinges bursting free  
As to say you're stuffed too full  
You have to give your lover's throat away  
So through each pore I sweat the linger of your love away  
So fast because our love is getting slippery

Somehow the sky is holding up the heavens  
But I can't get the ground to hold the earth up anymore  
And all our friends are finding life inside the ocean  
But my pockets scream you can't afford to live there anymore

For all of my life I will keep you in my lower leg  
Where all my sins are piled right up to my shoulder blade  
And I will visit you with thoughts of the left side of my brain  
Until the artery leads me back to you