

Quimby, Fever

fever

When the clocks strike
at last you gotta be in fever
I've gotta leave home too
when the last train's gone
We slide in the tattered town
and we float on the edge of time
Screaming eyes and glowing fever
When the ghost of the town
rolls around in fever
And the sky spreads a hundred thousand tears
A dealer's mumbling
a prayer bells are jangling a hell off a lay
When bells ring out you find me in fever
Well, just keep on movin
the full moon tells you where to go
Well, just keep on moving
'cause the devil's never gonna say:
you're wrong
There's a poet with his poem
what a poor boy!
He's stumbling with his muse right beside
He offers his poem some wine
his eyes have infernal shine
this fallen minstrel singing of fever
Heaving sin in my skin is shaking in fever
The fall in your arms gets hot
it's sweating love
We drift on the breath of the night
A million sighs in the pale yellow light
the need is begging for fever
Well, just keep on moving
The full moon tells you where to go
Well, just keep on moving
'cause the devil's never gonna say:
You're wrong