

Something With Numbers, Apple Of The Eye

Softly and slowly gently in vain
The window is open its pouring rain
Thunder and lightning a heated night
Sneaky intentions but certain delight
A lesson to learn failure denied
Reason uncertain I'm leaving tonight
Promise refusal deflection degrade
Bottle desire liquid pain

Lay me down I'm listening,
I've already seen a true romance
And it don't look like that
Tell me now I'm begging
I've already seen a true romance
And it don't look like that

Perfect distraction pale flesh
Silver armor covering death
Boyish desire needless pain
Fire is fire light as day

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Tell me now I'm begging
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Give me the right of opinion
Just give me a go
Swallow your pride and stop thinking
Give me a go
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Swallow your pride and stop thinking
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