Stroke 9, Down (Bumper To Bumper Version)

you are so down inside you are so you are so down inside you are so down inside

frozen fingers on my skin guilty hands clutching gin your tin, thin eyes can't see within soul to soul, shin to shin we burn

and the silence won't subside as i crawl to your scaly side your eyes could never hide my eyes and all their pride

carving out a piece for me saving three for you squeeze me tight and that's all

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my shoulder to your face so warm dim light from moon outlines our form sinewy and shiftless and so forlorn

between here and there and everywhere you're torn

carving out a piece for me saving three for you you squeeze me tight and that's all

waiting, waiting for you to call out my name speak to me and say that it's alright to be on the wrong track

just call out my name and speak to me and say its alright to be on the wrong track

can you feel it can you feel it

waiting, waiting for you to call out my name speak to me and say that it's alright to be on the wrong track