

# Stroke 9, Down (Bumper To Bumper Version)

you are so down inside  
you are so  
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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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saving three for you  
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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