

Stroke 9, Down Down

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

(AKA the Nasty Little Thoughts Version)

Frozen fingers on my skin
Guilty hands clutching gin
Your tin, thin eyes can't see within
Soul to soul and skin to skin 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
My shoulder to your face is so warm
Dim light from the moon outlines our form
You're 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
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
Call out my name, speak to me
And say that it's alrigh to be on the wrong track
There's a warm breeze in the city tonight

Soft light makes every sad sight seem alright
And I'm spinning around and we're holding tight
Soul to soul and face to face we turn.....