

# Stroke 9, Down (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 alright 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.....