

The Jesus And Mary Chain, Deep One Perfect M

Deep one perfect morning
As the sun is heading up
Into the sky
And I'm sitting here warming
To the coldness of the things
That meet my eye
Something in me's stirring
And the moon and all the stars
Fail to comply
And my thoughts are turning backwards
And I'm picking at the pieces
Of a world that keeps turning
The screws into my mind
Something in me's chilling
And nothing in me's willing
To focus my attention
On the sky
Past the weakened eyes
That feel and scream
Into your soul
Better to paint my hate
On the walls
Before the picture goes
And my thoughts are turning backwards
And I'm picking at the pieces
Of a world that keeps turning
The screws in my mind
And I can see a wide world
For me to tame