

Tilt, Not Going Anywhere

I'm not going anywhere; I have way too much to lose
Even though I'm killing myself,
It's no indication I won't come through
Don't go making plans to fill my absence
Even though I've been gone too long
I can stamp my foot and split in two
But I'll be whole before the dawn.

Say I've been to hell and back
Well you got it wrong, I never did return
Lay my head on the chopping block and
I'll hand you the hatchet.

Strewn again from limb to limb
A slap and a tickle and a hand in the till
Between extremes is mighty grim
I'll be free in a minute of my free will
Two on a bed gone round the bed
I laugh and writhe the more I try
My mind fell apart for you to mend
I sing to you and you reply.

Say I've been to hell and back
Well you got it wrong, I never did return
Lay my head on the chopping block and
I'll hand you the hatchet.

Soon as my head hit the pillow
He took it as his cue to shake me back awake
Could have killed him bout a couple of times
By laying in wait and tearing down the drapes
If I stomp hard enough
He'll slip in the soap and
I'll wave good-bye as he's circling the drain.

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