

# Tim Booth, In The Darkness

Entering the underground

You're just across the way

I know the stop you're getting off

I see you everyday

It's only space that separates across the morning train

My silent thoughts can't penetrate your ipod with my foreplay

Sex is fucking with my mind

It drives me down the line

Any girl with magic eyes

I want to make her mine

What can I do?

It must be you to leave the lovers train

Burn my house down to the ground

And calmly walk away

Into darkness

Temperature rising

My fortress is breached

Trembling fingers

No compromise reached

Eat you and lick you and spin as we climb

How much is too much

And who draws the line

Blood is much thicker than wine

In the darkness