Rising Sign

Mike Doughty

Your back curves like a creeping vine
With the answers in the fluid in the stem of the spine, yeah
In the black-coffee bowl of your eye
Why do you overestimate the size of the lie?I've seen the dangers of your rising sign
But I swear I'd like to drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's all inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myselfMy nerves jump like a boiling pan
Like a skillet full of oil spits rattling on the burner
When I stumble onto the thought
Of the match you lit and dropped and set the dial to slow yearnI've seen the dangers of your rising sign
But I swear I'd like to drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's all inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myselfCan I spell it out?
Ah, can I spell it out?I've seen the dangers of your rising sign
But I swear I'd like to drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's all inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myself
I resent the way you make me like myself

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