

Down (bumper To Bumper Version)

Stroke 9

you are so down inside
you are so
you are so down inside
you are so
down inside
frozen fingers on my skin
guilty hands clutching gin
your tin, thin eyes can't see within
soul to soul, shin to shin 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
carving out a piece for me
saving three for you
squeeze me tight and that's all
carving out a piece for me
saving three for you
squeeze me tight and that's all
my shoulder to your face so warm
dim light from moon outlines our form

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
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
just call out my name
and speak to me
and say its alright to be on the wrong track
can you feel it
can you feel it
waiting, waiting for you
to call out my name

speak to me
and say that it's alright
to be on the wrong track

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