

Snakes

Voltaire

You set the snakes loose inside my belly.
They're done with my supper,
they start on my endocrine lining. You said, "Please stop your whining!"
This isn't a love song.
I'm through writing those for you.
All the while you claimed
the ghost in you lives, but it's dead
it's inside my head and all that I know is that it's midnight
and you haven't called. Oh, when you sigh, and you cry,
I figure you probably lie
and I'm here waiting. And all I can see, if there's anyone fooled
then it's probably me and I'm here waiting. And all that I know is that it's midnight
and you haven't called.
And all that I see is that it's midnight
And you haven't called. All that I know is I'm left with frustration
and this hyperactive imagination of mine. I would love to lay all my faith in you.
Why can't I let fate have its way with me? I would love to, but...
It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over. You say you're at Mother's, but do you mean lover's?
Are you in the amorous arms of another?
It chills every bone in me, straight to the core of me. Your girlfriend concurs with you, is she your alibi?
How did you get that sweet little girl to lie?
Meanwhile I'm here waiting.... And all that I know is that it's midnight
and you haven't called.
And all that I see is that it's midnight
And you haven't called. All that I know is I'm left with frustration
and this hyperactive imagination of mine. I would love to lay all my faith in you.
Why can't I let fate have its way with me?
I would love to place all my trust in you.
Why can't I?
'Cause...
It's over, it's over, it's over (again) This isn't a love song.
I'm through writing those for you.
All the while you claimed
the ghost in you lives, but it's dead
and it's inside my head And all that I know is that it's midnight
And you haven't called.

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