Keys

Mike Howard Music

I've got a number of keys
No doors to unlock
There's a hole in my wall
That lacks the capacity to shock
I know we're, looking at something I already seenWhat started up in my head
Ended out in my fingers
Now I'm sleepless in bed
As the last notes linger
In our mystery, that's called "Winning Combination"With 14 pairs, ringing 28 days
Feeling every cup left in the hands of the sights I've stayed
We're all watching, waiting for the building to crumbleAnd it's hard
It seems unnatural the best days
Aren't days at all
Oh it's not as if your violence in virtue is virtual
Or not at all
Ahh ahh ahh ahhOh body of mine
Stretch into something to say
From layin' around in the dark
As your hypnotist waves you towards the throne
Legs up in flames
Away in some distanceYou've got a hold of yourself
You've got your imagery
You've got a grip on your health
You've got possibility
You're hopin' for less collision in your futureWatchin' you moving upward
You see me step out of the cold
You make a cut with your knife
Are you drinking? You'll never get older
When your heart starts beating
That's when you start needing some real helpAnd it won't be hard
It feels so natural, your best days
Aren't days at all
Oh it's not as if your violence in virtue is virtual,
Or not at allAhh ahh ahh ahh

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