

Keys

John Swihart

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 seen
What 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 crumble
And 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 ahh
Oh 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 distance
You'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 future
Watchin' 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 help
And 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 all
Ahh ahh ahh ahh

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