

The Dark

Humphrey-Camardella

Trapped in gasoline, a lizard on a string
No one ever screams any more
Trapped in gasoline, a lizard on a string
No one ever screams any more It's called the dark, it's not a sunny day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and fuck and park
Let in the dark, it's not another day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and move and park So tight, I can't breathe
Gods fingers chokin' me
Like a prisoner on his knees
Beggin' won't do a thing for me So c'mon, you can't fight it
So c'mon, you can't fight it
So c'mon, you can't fight it People, oh, they're my thing these days
They like to swim and catch them rays
Money, don't do a thing for me
I'm happy now, that's how I be It's called the dark, it's not a sunny day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and fuck and park
Let in the dark

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