

Stung

Deer Tick

Lost in foreign tongues
I was stung by your velvet touchLook to the eyes, so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attackIf you call on me
Then I'm left to see
No, I'll never be that man you wish I'd beIf you call on me
Then I'm left to see,
No I'll never be those things that you should seeSee that boy sleeps
Upon steel beams, he's made of dreamsYou look to the eyes so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attackSee that little man
Running with his severed hands,
No he'll never work in this town againSee that little man
He's got the severed hands,
And he'll never work in this town againLost in foreign tongues
I was stung by your velvet touch

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