

# In the Rising Sun (featuring Laura Lee Bishop)

Mike Doughty

Your back curves like a creeping vine  
With the answers in the fluid in the stem of the spine  
In the black-coffee bowl of your eye  
Why do you overestimate the size of the lie? I've seen  
The dangers of  
Your rising sign  
But I swear  
I'd like  
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter  
It's all inside the wrist, it's  
All inside the way you time it  
I resent the way you make me like myself My nerves jump  
Like a boiling pan  
Like a skillet full of oil spits,  
Rattling on the burner  
When I stumble onto the thought  
Of the match you lit and dropped and set the  
Dial to slow yearn I've seen  
The dangers of  
Your rising sign  
But I swear  
I'd like  
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter  
It's all inside the wrist, it's  
All inside the way you time it  
I resent the way you make me like myself Can I spell it out?  
Should I spell it out? I've seen  
The dangers of  
Your rising sign  
But I swear  
I'd like  
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter  
It's all inside the wrist, it's  
All inside the way you time it  
I resent the way you make me like myself

Songwriters

RICHARD RUSINCOVITCH, MICHAEL DOUGHTY Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>