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 myselfMy 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 yearnI'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 myselfCan 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 DOUGHTYPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/