This Low Commotion

Timber Timbre

What does it mean to be unhealthy badly my love?
To be in a bad state so wellWhat does it mean to face desire so sadly?
To beg at the empty wellResidual images hover above
I'm just a dog, a machine for your love
To know every man, every place that you've been
You turned me on, then you turned on meThis low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
Is going down, down, down, downThis low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotionAmerica weren't you a miracle?
A fleeting chance in wholeBut this low, low, low commotion
Would not leave our paradise aloneAnd my two hands landed
Like two spiders on your kneeAnd one right ring finger branded
But two lefts for two brands to pleaseResidual images hover above
I'm just dog, a machine for your love
But to know every man, every face that you've seen
Baby you turned me on, then you turned on meThis low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
Is going down, is going down
Is going down, is going downYour low commotion
Your low commotion
Your low commotion

Songwriters
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