

# Thorn

## 8Ball

Walk all over me  
Even though you can't decide  
Look out, (jump back)  
You'll be on your own  
Hillside, slip and slide  
Feel the pain, it's no surprise  
Look out, look out  
Thorn will be your love  
I felt your hair across my skin  
I didn't know where to begin  
A shallow promise in my ear  
No thoughts, no dreams, no wishes, and no fear  
The rose is dead, your face serene  
No memories of things that once did seem  
To be to me important too  
You give me flowers when it's thorns I give to you

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