

# Off & On

## Findlay

The blood is thick, thicker than my thoughts are quick  
Quicker than these thoughts turn sick, sick, sicker than my temperature rising,  
Sicker than the whites of their eyes despising me and all my lovers that I cant disguise  
And I'll never know why The air is clear, clearer than the taste of tears,  
Clearer than the smell of fear and I'm fearful for a long cold year with you,  
Don't you know what you do?  
You give me the horrors and I give you the goo that oozes  
Separate the scabs from the bruises I turn my thoughts off and on, off and on, off and on...(Instrumental) I'm out  
of breath, offers me a taste of death  
Equally the taste of life and I freeze to feel it,  
I prayed to my god and I prayed to yours Jesus, oh yes  
I prayed and I pleaded that I'd never go back  
But I'm always goin' back Coz the touch is sweet, sweeter than he touches me,  
Sweeter when that touch repeats, repeats,  
Please believe my heart spills its guts everytime that you leave.  
Don't you know what you do?  
You give me the horrors and I give you the goo that oozes  
Separate the scabs from the bruises Off and on, off and on, off and on...(Instrumental) He's gonna teach me how  
to live, he's gonna teach me how to live, he's gonna teach me how to live...

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