Pause

Steel Pole Bath Tub

All I could remember was a girl and the dull metal taste in my mouth.
This ladder twists all bent and goes nowhere, my memories crawl like a curse.
On the wings of a snow white dove.
The hills are humming and the flowers are all dead, my ears ring all the time.
You're looking like this guy I know, who fell right out of his mind.
On the wings of a snow white dove.
The future rattles like a sick machine, primed and ready to blow.
Thats when she said to me its hell above, you're better off down below.
On the wings of a snow white dove.
And Im not...
Down.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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