

# Risingson

## Sir Lord Baltimore

I seen you go down to a cold mirror  
It was never clearer in my error  
So you lick a shine upon your forehead or  
Check it by the signs in the corridor  
You light my ways through the club maze  
We would struggle through the dub dazeI sink myself in hair upon my lover  
It's how you go down to the men's room sink  
Sad we talk if how madmen think  
I sink myself in hair upon my lover  
I don't know her from another miss  
I don't know you from anotherSee me run now you're gone, dream onWhy you want to take me to this party  
and breathe  
I'm dying to leave  
Every time we grind you know we sever lines  
Where have all those flowers gone  
Long time passing  
Why you keep it testing, keep on tasking  
You keep on askingToy-like people make me boy-like  
Toy-like people make me boy-like  
They're invisible, when the trip it flips  
They get physical, way below my lips  
And everything you got hoi-poloi like  
Now you're lost and you're lethal  
And now's about atomic you gotta leave allThese good people, dream onNicer than the bird up in the tree top  
Cheaper than the chip inside my lap top  
All the variations you could do with me  
Nicer than the girl up in your mind you're free  
Automatic crystal remote control  
We come to move your soulYou kinda fade into the background  
Like a better smoke'll bring you back round  
Like a man slide inside you my dear  
Your cheap beer's filled with crocodile tearsSee 'em run now you're gone, dream onToy-like people make me  
boy-like  
Toy-like people make me boy-likeI found a reason  
I found a reasonDream on  
Dream on  
Dream on

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