Pullman, Washington

Deep Blue Something

Crawl to the window
Whisper to me if it snowed
We? ll plot to murder each other
And I'll be your alibi.
Bind me with wire
Tell me your favorite vice
And I'll discuss my childhood
- If you need a sedative
CHORUS
I like rain,
the innocence in praying
The faded faintly childhood
smell of plastic

When it? s set to burn,
Angel dust, the two of us,
Fresh-faced reminders
of lessons that we? ll
Never learn.
I see you? re sleeping
You always can cry if it helps
My soul is by the telephone
- If you? re needing sympathy.
And the rain won't wash away
all that you hold to be true
It remains somehow indifferent
- Regarding the weatherman.
REPEAT CHORUS

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