Here Comes That Feeling

Squeeze

Up in the morning, politely yawning
There's frost on the roof of the carFirst cigarette puffs, gold links in my cuffs
Egg on the shirt of my heartFingerprints in the dust with my name
Squint my eyes to see from my fame
Spot the words that fall from my lines
The deafness hides the light from the blindStop starting journey, the road returns me
Back to the world in the evening
The stage rehearsals, voice on the circles
Blah, blah my way to the ceilingI can't see the walls for the chairs
Are there people sitting out there?
Feed me with a frown or a laugh
Featureless the faces that askTonight I'm cracking, I'm murder acting
Foot lit the visual of my lines
I'll smoke and drink it, I'll eat and think it
Miserable the murder plot unwinds

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