Smoking Her Clothes

Inspiral Carpets

(ah, ah, ah, ah)
She turns from the light and her face is gone
Shape in the dark when there's nobody there, it's his mind playing games
Guilt is a terrorist, holds his mind as a hostage
Guilt is a terrorist, holds his mind as a hostage
(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound
(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do
(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm
(ah) she sits down by the water, (ah) she's smoking her clothes
When she gets too close, he feels so hot, he's burning
When she leaves so early, can't feel anything at all
She's wearing a cigarette and she's smoking her clothes
It's the force of gravity that keeps his train on the rails
That keeps his train on the rails (3x)
(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound
(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do
(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm
(ah) she sits down by the water, (ah) she's smoking her clothes
On the conveyor belt, there's 15,000 chocolates
She's placing a cherry on everyone that passes by
He's a lighthouse keeper, keeps the ships in the bay
The rocks under the water will always be there
(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound
(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do
(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm
(ah) but the rocks under the water (ah) will still drag you down
She's smoking her clothes (3x)
(she's smoking) (8x)

Songwriters
BOON, CLINTON DAVID / HINGLEY, THOMAS WILLIAM / GILL, CRAIG DOUGLAS / LAMBERT, GRAHAM PAUL / WALSH, MARTYN JOHNPublished by
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