In the Rising Sun (ft. Laura Lee Bishop)

Mike Doughty

Your back curves like a creeping vine
With the answers in the fluid in the stem of the spine
In the black-coffee bowl of your eye
Why do you overestimate the size of the lie?I've seen
The dangers of
Your rising sign
But I swear
I'd like
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's
All inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myselfMy nerves jump
Like a boiling pan
Like a skillet full of oil spits,
Rattling on the burner
When I stumble onto the thought
Of the match you lit and dropped and set the
Dial to slow yearnI've seen
The dangers of
Your rising sign
But I swear
I'd like
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's
All inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myselfCan I spell it out?
Should I spell it out?I've seen
The dangers of
Your rising sign
But I swear
I'd like
To drink the fuel straight from your lighter
It's all inside the wrist, it's
All inside the way you time it
I resent the way you make me like myself

Songwriters
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