

# Wishbone

## Tantra

Choking on a wishbone  
In the firing line of lovers  
Who will never slow down And I won't let you steer  
Commandeer the atmosphere  
Since you suggested running away  
It's romantic Hit the redial  
Maybe we can sigh a while  
Save our second wind  
For sentimental warm weather Four forever  
Two together  
We'll play dead  
We'll play dead Should we make believe you remember me  
From a holiday delayed by a storm?  
Should we chance our arms alarms  
To set high noon until the shiver in the river is gone? Hoping you might whistle, get all dizzy  
'Cause I found the reason why you're around  
If I won't stay sincere, talk you through the tangles Can you chase me 'til you my feet touch the ground  
And go dancing, tambourine style  
Walking in a single file  
You whisper half thoughts to me Should we make believe you remember me  
From a holiday delayed by a storm?  
Should we chance our arms arms  
Set to high noon until the shiver in the river is gone?

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