Wishbone

Tantra

Choking on a wishbone
In the firing line of lovers
Who will never slow downAnd I won't let you steer
Commandeer the atmosphere
Since you suggested running away
It's romanticHit the redial
Maybe we can sigh a while
Save our second wind
For sentimental warm weatherFour forever
Two together
We'll play dead
We'll play deadShould 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 tanglesCan 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 meShould 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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