Stung

The Belairs

Lost in foreign tongues
I was stung by your velvet touch
Look to the eyes, so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attack
If you call on me
Then I'm left to see
No, I'll never be that man you wish I'd be
If you call on me
Then I'm left to see,
No I'll never be those things that you should see
See that boy sleeps

Upon steel beams, he's made of dreams
You look to the eyes so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attack
See that little man
Running with his severed hands,
No he'll never work in this town again
See that little man
He's got the severed hands,
And he'll never work in this town again
Lost in foreign tongues
I was stung by your velvet touch

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