

Slippery

Monty Alexander 7

Oh, how we lay like spoiled skin beneath the leaves
Oh, how the ring will never fit the finger properly
 If I could rip it from its bond
 I'd tie your eyes to me so tight
 Because the years are getting slower
Oh, I'm a suitcase with the hinges bursting free
 As to say you're stuffed too full
 You have to give your lover's throat away
So through each pore I sweat the linger of your love away
 So fast because our love is getting slippery

 Somehow the sky is holding up the heavens
But I can't get the ground to hold the earth up anymore
 And all our friends are finding life inside the ocean
But my pockets scream you can't afford to live there anymore
 For all of my life I will keep you in my lower leg
 Where all my sins are piled right up to my shoulder blade
And I will visit you with thoughts of the left side of my brain
 Until the artery leads me back to you

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