

Back Into History

Mad Dog Loose

Well I can listen to your whisper in the morning in a fight
And squeeze your Bahamas for a sentimental delight
Well does it really seem to matter in the words that I can shape
And say the way you understand
Like water running down into your private lake
Stay up all night
Multicoloured and bright
She's coming down to me
Keep me running wild
Forgotten stories to write
Back into history
Well am I really only talking to listen to myself
And touch the electricity
Of words combining thought about the way you felt
And then we're swinging in a circle moment circus of a day
Run into each other smashing secrets all about our little crossing way
Stay up all night
Multicoloured and bright
She's coming down to me
Keep me running wild
Forgotten stories to write
Back into history

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