

Creepin'

The Cynics

(Bowm bowm bowm bow-dum...bowm bowm bowm bow-dum)

Like a honeybee beating on my screen door,
I got a little buzz and my head is sore,
And from my bed I can feel the sun,
Lord I hear the morning come.

Just a creepin'

Creepin', creepin', creepin'.

You shot outta hell like a bullet from a gun,

A flip of a switch,

A thief on the run,

And since the day you left me baby,

I can feel the lonely,

I can hear the crazy.

Just a creepin'

Creepin'

Just a creepin'

Creepin'

Head for the future,

Run from the past,

Hide from the mirror,

And live in a glass,

What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,

Kinda like molasses in late December.

Just a creepin'

Creepin'

Oh, creepin'

[Album version:]

Your cocaine kiss and caffeine love,

[Music video version:]

Your caffeine kiss and nicotine love,

Got under my skin and into my blood,

That need you back comes over me,

Like ivy crawlin' up a hickory tree.

Just a creepin'

Creepin'

Just a creepin' creepin'

Creepin'

Head to the future,

Run from the past,
Hide from the mirror,
And live in a glass,
What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,
Kinda like molasses in late December.
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Ah, come on!
Break it down, down, down, down...
Just last night I saw the light,
At the end of that tunnel on the other side,
Thought I found my way outta this pain,
Only to find your memory train.
Creepin', creepin', creepin', creepin'...

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