

Thorn

Bain Mattox

Walk all over me
Even though you can't decide
 Look out, (jump back)
 You'll be on your own
 Hillside, slip and slide
Feel the pain, it's no surprise
 Look out, look out
 Thorn will be your love
I felt your hair across my skin
I didn't know where to begin
 A shallow promise in my ear
No thoughts, no dreams, no wishes, and no fear
 The rose is dead, your face serene
 No memories of things that once did seem
 To be to me important too
You give me flowers when it's thorns I give to you

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