

Moist Silver

The Used

So close your eyes, your Christ is gone
The cripple boy that you once knew
The charm to make my chosen one
The painted lips, skin ripped and torn
Come touch the feel and lick and smell
The scent of what I've worn so well
Everybody wants, everybody says
Everybody begs in time
So drink me in like tainted wine
Go back down on my shopping cart
And taste the dreams that are known to mine
A simple word, a homeless glare
That binds me with the finished thread
And brings me down to pleasures bed
Everybody wants, everybody says
Everybody begs in time
You will be the first to ball
And the feeling will be told
We are moist silver
Morphine may be spinal ground
And you rest into my breast
We are moist silver
A giant poised, the feel regrets
A jovious cure, a complex thrill
A memory I won't soon forget
Washed out main to low ones drive
The touch the feel and lick and smell
The earch that only you could sell
Everybody wants, everybody says
Everybody begs in time
You will be the first to ball
And the feeling will dissolve
We are moist silver
Morphine may be spinal ground
And it's smothered into my breast
We are moist silver
Take, take it all this time
Oh, who do I want to follow
Everybody wants, everybody says
Everybody begs in time
You will be the first to ball
And the feeling will dissolve
We are moist silver
Morphine may be spinal ground
And it's smothered into your breast
We are moist silver, silver
Silver, we are moist silver
Silver, we are moist silver

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