

Every Dull Moment

Crooked Fingers

Every dull moment that we wait here nothing comes
Up to greet us barely breathing frozen thick and numb
They say if it happens that it's got to happen soon
Strange how something meaningless can mean so much
Can mean so much to you Strangers weep as distance keeps us waiting in the wings
Hidden in a hole she blew out my memory
Pity when familiar places turn so dark and cruel
Pity when familiar faces turn their backs on you
Now every new moment plants another wicked seed
Creeping up from underneath so subtle and discreet
They say if it happens that it's got to happen now
But what they say will happen hardly happens anyhow

Songwriters

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