

Crocodile

Hurricane Bells

Is that you?
Is that
Is that really you?
To call between my lips
Two kangaroo fingers push
Through and scratch my back in rhythm

Slow foot
Slow fast
Waiting for a night to wrap around us
I could go in there
Get some sweet stuff

All these things
In me (in me)
All these things
In me (in me)

Is that you?
Is that
Is that really you?
To hold beneath my skin
Two numbers click between her touch
When you pull me down into them
Rising and rising
(through the inside of a glass eye painting)
Calling me in there
Get that sweet stuff

All these things
In me (in me)
All these things
In me (in me)

Vocoder stuff (did you walk around the stairs?)

Is that you?
Is that
Is that really you?
To crawl between my lips

Two kangaroo fingers push
Through and scratch my back in rhythm

Slow foot
Slow fast
Waiting for a night to wrap around us
I could go in there
Get some sweet stuff

All these things
In me
All these things
In me

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