Railings

Mansun

I'll press my face up to your railings
I'll listen, you've still got a little unused pain
A little hurt
A little furtherDon't burn your hand on the window
If you just want to take in the view
Don't you bend my wicked mind
With your mumbo-jumbo torture
If it's all the same to you
It's all the same...Here we are, we're here forever
We're gone tomorrow, why I might not even bother
But you're lovely and dark
It's getting darker nowYou press your face to my railings
I've still got a little unused pain
I'll shoot you down
With my good-luck paradox
With my teeth and my brain
With my teeth and my brain

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