

# Down

## Stroke 9

Frozen fingers on my skin  
Guilty hands clutching gin  
Your tin, thin eyes can't see within  
Soul to soul and shin to shin we burn  
And the silence won't subside  
As I crawl to your scaly side  
Your eyes could never hide  
My eyes and all their pride  
My shoulder to your face is so warm  
Dim light from moon outlines our form  
You're sinewy and shiftless and so forlorn  
Between here and there and everywhere you're torn  
Craving out a piece for me, saving three for you  
Squeeze me tight and that's all  
Waiting...waiting for you  
To call out my name, speak to me  
And say that it's alright to be on the wrong track  
Call out my name, speak to me  
And say that it's alright to be on the wrong track  
There's a warm breeze in the city tonight  
Soft light makes every sad sight seem alright  
And I'm spinning around and we're holding tight  
Soul to soul and face to face we turn.....

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>