

Life of Crime

The Triffids

Sunlight was hot, and your mother was calling
My chest burning, rising falling
Dog licking drips from our garage tap
Miles from nowhere just a little dot on the map
I believe you will lead me to a life of crime
Tore the clothes off our backs and looked into the sun
Fouled our mouths with the sin of our tongues
And with sand between our toes
And with stains on our sheets
Down there damn was done
because the flesh was weak
Flesh was weak, down there damn be done
And around our necks the shame was hung
I believe you will lead me to a life of crime
Now your tracks are still fresh
and the branches are broken Nothing was stolen
but your window was open
I followed the tracks that you left behind
I followed the rail and the curve of your spine
And the grass still grows on the side of the road
Sun still burns
Rain still fails
Sin still burns little fiery holes
I hold on tight now to nothing at all
I believe you will lead me to a life of crime
Now my vision is dimmer
and the weather is colder
I went out for a ten-minute walk
that's the last thing I remember
That was the 5th, now its December Hey get well soon darling, I hope you recover
I believed you would lead me through this life of crime
I believed you would lead me as the blind lead the blind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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