

Watergate

The J.B.'s

watergate
scenery twisted
as i slip off the back of the rock
that's so hard to hold on to
and what a day you left me
you went through the back door
you knew there was no hope and i wish you were back there
to see what's going on
and i wish you could be here
to see what's going on watergate
serious twist it
as i stab at the back weave of thread
form fabric of existence
and what a way
you let be
you went through the black door and i wish you were back there
to see what's going on
and i wish you could be here
to see what's going on and i wish you could be here

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