

Death

Charles Bukowski

I love the sound of your tears
I can't listen anymore
Are you choking on your words?
He never got on his knee
If one little push is all it took
Maybe one would help to realize
You're the edge on which I live
I stare but I see nothing
You're not here to guide me
Can't break the flow - one more push
Chorus:
Give it to me
You should know that I'll take more from you
Give in to me
You should hope that I will not cut you out
Take one last look at me and tell me I change
Or just give in to temptations around me
Maybe when I come back I'll be known a little more

But then I could be known less
Misconceptions made me
Chorus
Sounds are not so clear
Distortion making clearer
(hounded/handed) out kisses
Slow it down, but make it faster
Finish up the beginning
Shine the light on my shadow
Relaxation techniques
Pointing at an arrow
Reach out your arms to be held
Stretch out your mouth to be loved
Can't break the flow - one more push
Give it to me (2x)
Chorus (4x)

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