

Scene of the Crime

Riley Etheridge, Jr.

Send me a sign, let me know
Give me a time, a place I should go
Reach inside, watch me grow
See me rise. Scene of the crime, star of the show
If you were mine, then we would know
The peace of mind and seeds that we sow
Are intertwined. We almost made it,
But making it is overrated. Scene of the crime, friend or foe
I've got a body to hide,
You've got a body on show
And with our bodies entwined,
We will know paradise. Scene of the crime, go with the flow
Take it fast, take it slow
Stay blind so I don't know what's right. Our breath evaporates
Before our eyes
The ground beneath
That shakes under our weight. We almost made it,
Making it is overrated. Making it is overrated
Making it is overrated
Making it is overrated
Making it is overrated. Scene of the crime
Scene of the crime

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