

## Kiss The Floor

Afghan Whigs

Hypnotized by this endless summer  
Filled with nothing I keep with me  
Won't let them take this nothing from me  
Won't let you waste my time for me

I've been a good boy so give it to me  
And keep your brothers away from me  
They know I took it, they're coming for me  
Now I can hear them following

We talked about it for days  
It's not supposed to happen this way  
Ohh

Don't believe it's getting cold  
Don't suppose I'm getting bold  
Shove my head against the door  
Crawl inside and kiss the floor

Waiting for the sun again  
Drink it, smoke it, stick it in  
Drink it, smoke it, stick it in  
Drink it, smoke it, stick it in

If I were going down  
Taking everybody else around  
If I were going down

Don't believe it's getting cold  
Don't suppose I'm getting bold  
Shove my head against the door  
Crawl inside and kiss the floor  
Waiting for the sun again

Drink it, smoke it, stick it in  
Drink it, smoke it, stick it in  
Drink it, smoke it, stick it in  
Yea yea, yea yea, yea yea  
Yea yea, yea