

Call me outside, I'll come running down...  
You call me outside, I'll come running down.  
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When I satisfied each need invented by my eyes,  
I was a nest by a fox's hole or dirt underneath your boot soles  
.  
When I satisfied each need invented by my eyes,  
Till it was nothing like I'd imagined.

Like cocaine, their green eyes fixed on the television to pass  
the time,  
Until their two miles of elegant blinds halfway raised for the  
watching as you walked by:  
"Look, come to the window... she carries a candle at mid-day  
While the sun's still so high!"  
But you knew better than to pay mind to what people and the devil  
say.

Call me outside, I'll come running down into your vacant, intoxicating  
night.  
If you call me outside to their haunted streets, their red electric  
lights!  
Oh, I'm on the sad side of a nowhere town, but sister I'm all you've  
got,  
So call me outside, I'll come running down... then, not another  
word.