

Snakes In The Grass

The Essex Green

Two feet caught in the shadows, caught in the shadow show (please tell me what's going on)
Oh, I can't, it's nothing I've known

Signing shapes in the moonlight, keeping the laughter low (please tell me what's going on)

Oh, I can't, it's condiluted
A change of mind to day for certain
I know the book, I think I wrote it
The offer's dead, it's fiction
One, oh, one

Seething snakes in the grass, snakes in our own backyard (every one's on the telephone)
I'll be sure to overhear them

Enter loping in latin, the altar boys all know (please tell me what's going on)

Oh, I can't, it's condiluted
A change of mind to day for certain
I know the book, I think I wrote it
The offer's dead, it's fiction

So go ahead eight times a day
So go ahead and tell me what you want

Two keys twisted and turned, stalking our own front door (please tell me what's going on)
Oh, I can't, it's nothing I've known

Leaving notes in the carpet, reading them on the floor (please tell me what's going on)

Oh, I can't, it's condiluted
A change of mind to day for certain
I know the book, I think I wrote it
The offer's dead, the offer's dead it's fiction

I can't, I can't, it's condiluted
A change of mind to day for certain
I know the book, I think I wrote it
The offer's dead, it's fiction
One, oh, one