

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