

Stung

Deer Tick

Lost in foreign tongues
I was stung by your velvet touch

Look to the eyes, so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attack

If you call on me
Then I'm left to see
No, I'll never be that man you wish I'd be

If you call on me
Then I'm left to see,
No I'll never be those things that you should see

See that boy sleeps
Upon steel beams, he's made of dreams

You look to the eyes so black
They're so cracked, I was your last attack

See that little man
Running with his severed hands,
No he'll never work in this town again

See that little man
He's got the severed hands,
And he'll never work in this town again

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