

Paralyzer

Finger Eleven

I hold on so nervously
To me and my drink
I wish it was cooling me
But so far, has not been good
It's been shitty
And I feel awkward, as I should
This club has got to be
The most pretentious thing
Since I thought you and me
Well I am imagining
A dark lit place
Or your place or my place

Well I'm not paralyzed
But, I seem to be struck by you
I want to make you move
Because you're standing still
If your body matches
What your eyes can do
You'll probably move right through
Me on my way to you

I hold out for one more drink
Before I think
I'm looking too desperately
But so far has not been fun
I should just stay home
If one thing really means one
This club will hopefully
Be closed in three weeks
That would be cool with me
Well I'm still imagining
A dark lit place
Or your place or my place

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