

# The Original

Incubus

I only go where I'm wanted  
You go only where you want  
I aim to be more like you  
There is a ghost in my house  
Rattling handles on every door  
Show us an open window or two  
Would you?

Doors are starting to close  
And you drew a rose my, my  
Your mind it is original, oh  
You're a skeleton key, opening me,  
My, my; your mind it is original,  
Girl you're the original  
Always were  
And always will be

The flowers of adaptation  
Unfold and lovingly alarm  
You effortlessly ring that bell  
Your stripes are yours and yours only  
The bow ideal of rare birds  
And now I am under your spell  
Oh, under your spell

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