

Gotta cross these night sky lights.  
Down through the doorway, where I could lose a life.  
The mess, obsessed, immersed in the lewd perfume.  
Feel some woman in the room.  
Maybe somewhere in the room.  
See, watching where you feel, the way you walked back down.  
Not about turning heads.  
Pretending not to know what it's all about.  
But it's about how you move me.  
And how I'd like to make you feel.  
(but in your mind charades? )  
Know what I am, know what I am.  
Alone, afraid, living fast as I can.  
No one will save me if I cannot save myself.  
It's in my mind sometimes at night.  
And I wait, for daylight, for you.  
Eye to eye, the feeling rushes inside.  
Eyes go wide they look away, already feel what's left to say.  
Is it great to you?  
Does the desperation show?  
It's in my mind sometimes at night when I'm waiting for the day  
light.  
But nothing is said.  
My mind is wound too tight.  
Strangers been talking, pretending to know me.  
Do you believe every lie they say?  
(ha ha ha)  
Like I think all these women really want me.  
And all these people - they're running around.  
Ripping it up and tearing it down.  
It's about how you move me, and how I'd like to make you feel.  
It's in my mind sometimes at night while I wait for the dayligh  
t.  
And I'm waiting eye to eye.