

You heard the crickets of the early eve  
They lurk around the opening in two's & three's  
Clementine told you not to move with the breeze  
I'll take you down to places where we dare not speak

The red light in the doorway says she's armed  
But boy go try your luck and you might get pass  
Step into the dwelling of the liger's mouth  
Peer into the panic for a kick and swell  
You know you shouldn't be there but it's way past bed  
There's comfort in the fingers of your good intent  
You know you shouldn't be there but your money's all spent  
You've got your reputation and your good intent  
Your good intent

Out to feed that habit when you've sowed that seed  
Nothing made you feel out of the ordinary  
But the air turns sombre and the night took heed  
Took you on a waltz of hypocrisy

She broke your bones, now you're lying in the dirt  
The shadow of a hunter under your torn shirt  
It's not enough to say, it's not what's in your heart  
You've tainted every moment till death do we part

I know you didn't mean it, boy you meant so well  
The pennies are cascading down your wishing well  
I know you didn't mean it when you counted to ten  
You're slipping through the fingers of your good intent

I know you didn't mean it, though you meant so well  
The pennies are cascading down your wishing well  
I know you didn't mean it when you counted to ten  
You got your reputation and your good intent  
Such a good intent

It's not enough to hope for the best  
It's not enough to lie there on a brace  
The liger's on the prowl now you've pulled its strings  
One false move and soon you're playing dice for a