

## Fever

Quimby

Fever  
When the clocks strike  
At last you gotta be in fever  
I've gotta leave home too  
When the last train's gone  
We slide in the tattered town  
And we float on the edge of time  
Screaming eyes and glowing fever  
When the ghost of the town  
Rolls around in fever  
And the sky spreads a hundred thousand tears  
A dealer's mumbling  
A prayer bells are jangling a hell off a lay  
When bells ring out you find me in fever  
Well, just keep on movin  
The full moon tells you where to go  
Well, just keep on moving  
'cause the devil's never gonna say:  
You're wrong  
There's a poet with his poem  
What a poor boy!  
He's stumbling with his muse right beside  
He offers his poem some wine  
His eyes have infernal shine  
This fallen minstrel singing of fever  
Heaving sin in my skin is shaking in fever  
The fall in your arms gets hot  
It's sweating love  
We drift on the breath of the night  
A million sighs in the pale yellow light  
The need is begging for fever  
Well, just keep on moving  
The full moon tells you where to go  
Well, just keep on moving  
'cause the devil's never gonna say:  
You're wrong