

Down

Stroke 9

Frozen fingers on my skin
Guilty hands clutching gin
Your tin, thin eyes can't see within
Soul to soul and skin to skin we burn
And the silence won't subsie
As I crawl to your scaly side
Your eyes could never hide
My eyes and all their pride

My shoulder to your face is so warm
Dim light from moon outlines our form
You're sinewy and shiftless and so forlorn
Between here and thereand everywhere you're torn

Carving out a piece for me, saving three for you
Squeeze me tight that's all

Waiting... waiting for you

To call out my name, speak to me
And say that it's alright to be on the wrong track
Call out my name, speak to me
And say that it's alright to be on the wrong track

There's a warm breeze in the city tonight
Soft light makes every sad sight seem alright
And I'm spinning around and we're holding tight
Soul to soul and face to face we turn...