

Other Voices

The Orwells

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
But that's what night time's all about
Don't take me in, I'll drag you down
You're not the prettiest girl around
Take the breath, stop brinking out
Take the drink and let's make out
Your pupils wide, let's go outside
Light up a smoke and start to cry

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
Well I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out

Don't grab my hand, I'm not your friend
I'm waiting for my life to end
Give me the gun, pass me the pen
Tonight's the night, our lives will end
Well I spilled the blood, it's crimson red
I've got the voices in my head
Give me the gun, pass me the pen
Tonight's the night our lives will end

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'll let you in if you let me out.

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'll let you in if you let me out.