

In My Teeth

The Rosebuds

We were smoke on a ruthless night
Over naked field
On the corners alone we pattern the cold
In the quiet light
Come as will, and shake this mess
Somebody's kind, somebody's mess
We were? on the Spanish tiles
We were vines
I wanna know, I wanna hold her
To me and mine
The minutes of freedom fall out of sill
I'm far behind
This how I feel

(3x)

And you found the way to see me
I held your hair in my teeth
I wanna work my lovin' arms
(And you found a way to see me)
(With somebody else)
(In case I fell)

Listen to me and I'll make it sure that I read it right
Quilling doubts with whatever words come into your mind
Half grown, let our bodies rest, till the hours come
Meet back home

(8x)

And you found the way to see me
I held your hair in my teeth
I wanna work my lovin' arms