

# In The Darkness

Tim Booth

Entering the underground  
You're just across the way  
I know the stop you're getting off  
I see you everyday  
It's only space that separates across the morning train  
My silent thoughts can't penetrate your ipod with my foreplay  
Sex is fucking with my mind  
It drives me down the line  
Any girl with magic eyes  
I want to make her mine  
What can I do?  
It must be you to leave the lovers train  
Burn my house down to the ground  
And calmly walk away  
Into darkness  
Temperature rising  
My fortress is breached  
Trembling fingers  
No compromise reached  
Eat you and lick you and spin as we climb  
How much is too much  
And who draws the line  
Blood is much thicker than wine  
In the darkness