

This Low Commotion

Timber Timbre

What does it mean to be unhealthy badly my love?
To be in a bad state so well

What does it mean to face desire so sadly?
To beg at the empty well

Residual images of our love
Are just a dot on the sheet of your love
To know every man, every place that youve been
You turned me on, then you turned on me

This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion
Is going down, down, down, down

This low commotion
This low commotion
This low commotion

America weren't you a miracle?
A fleeting chance in whole

But this low, low, low commotion
Would not leave our paridise alone

And my two hands landed
Like two spiders on your knee

And one right ring finger branded
But two lefts for two brands to please

Residual images of our love
Are just a dot on the sheet of your love
But to know every man, every face that you've seen
Baby you turned me on, then you turned on me

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Is going down, is going down
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Your low commotion
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