

Crawl Out Your Window

Transvision Vamp

He sits in your room, his tune with a fistful of tracks
Preoccupied with his vengeance
Cursing the dead that can't answer him back
You know that he has no intentions
Of looking your way, unless, it's to say that he needs you
To test his inventions
Hey! Crawl out your window, e'mon don't say it'll ruin you
Come on down't say he'll haunt you
You can go back to him anytime you want to
He looks so truthful - is this how he feels?
Trying to peel the moon and expose it
With his business ander and his blood hounds that kneel
If he needs a third eye, he just grows it
He just needs you tot talk, or to hand him his chalk
Or pick it up after he throws it ...
Hey! Crawl out your window, e'mon don't say it'll ruin you
Come on down't say he'll haunt you
You can go back to him anytime you want to
Why does he look so righteous, while your face is so changed
Are you frightened of the box you keep him in
While his genocide fools and his friends rearrange
Their religion of little tin women
To back up their views, but your face is so bruised
Come out! The dark is beginning
Hey! Crawl out your window, e'mon don't say it'll ruin you
Come on down't say he'll haunt you
You can go back to him anytime you want to