

Symphony of Skin

I the Mighty

This is the hardest thing I've ever had to say.
I guess I do exaggerate...
But it's so hard to say goodnight.
Just one more drink, please come inside.
I hold a bottle in each hand, one red and white.
You say whichever I would like...
You see the look that's in my eyes,
And so you ask what's on my mind.

To get you out of that dress tonight.
Should I be honest, should I lie?
If I had the chance to decide I'd:

Give up the ghost. Free up the soul.
Just for another night
As a note in your symphony.
The way you play every inch of me.
Tempo is slow, waves come and go,
Just like the rising tide.
As I swim through your sea of skin,
Got every inch of you trembling.

Another day, our 7th date.
A little party at your friend's,
That we'll extend through the week's end.
But now it's late and there's too many for the car.
Too cold a night to walk that far...

We suck it up and take the trunk.
Lucky for them, luckier for us.

Oh I simply could never get enough.
You've got me wondering if it's love...
Even if it's not, it's enough to:

Give up the ghost. Free up the soul.
Just for another night
As a note in your symphony.
The way you play every inch of me.
Tempo is slow, waves come and go,
Just like the rising tide.
As I swim through your sea of skin,
Got every inch of you trembling.

Give up the ghost. Free up the soul.
Just for another night
As a note in your symphony.
The way you play every inch of me.
Tempo is slow, waves come and go,
Just like the rising tide.
As I swim through your sea of skin,
Got every inch of you trembling.

Baby come in from the cold.
So glad you're home.
Will you spend the night,
Tiskeno z písničky-akordy.cz
And maybe your life with me?