

Quicksand

Andy Davis

I've been coniving, devising a plan, to say something brilliant
to this girl.
Test driving the words in my head, cause I'm gonna wreck if I d
on't.
When she talks suddenly my knees won't bend, like I'm stuck in
quicksand.
And its because the gears that turn my head won't spin and she
slips through my hands again and again and again.
I love sleeping cause up in my dreams, the two of us make a goo
d pair, but then waking is a different thing cause I sort of li
ve in a nightmare.
When she talks suddenly my knees won't bend, like I'm stuck in
quicksand.
And its because the gears that turn my head won't spin and she
slips through my hands again and again.
Why do I get so paralyzed
I want to take her by surprise
So I'm coniving rehearsing my lines, she won't get the best of
me this time